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(From *The Life and Death of Jason*.
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[see page 30]

Medea Took the Harp

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SIXTH READER

BY

JOHN CALVIN METCALF

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

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PRINCIPAL ELEMENTARY GRADES AND CRITIC TEACHER

WINTHROP NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

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EXTENSION WORKER IN RURAL SCHOOL PRACTICE

WINTHROP NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE



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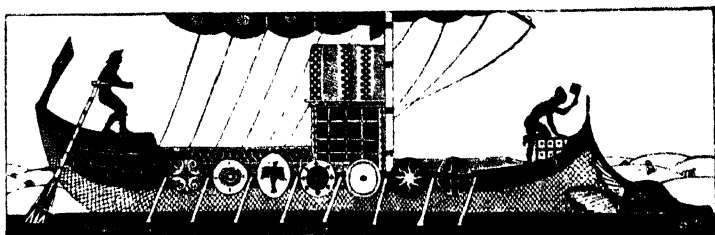
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Orpheus Took His Harp

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THE ARGONAUTS

I

Many and many a hundred years ago there was a Grecian king who had two children—'Phrixus* and 'Helle. Their mother died and the king wedded again. When, a little later, a famine came upon the land, the stepmother wished to kill Phrixus and Helle, that her own children might reign in their stead. She declared that the two stepchildren must be sacrificed to the gods, in order to 'appease their wrath and bring the famine to an end.

The poor children were brought to the altar, and the priest made ready to slay them with his knife, when • lo! a golden ram came flying out of the clouds, took Phrixus and Helle on his back, and vanished. The ram carried the two children far away over land and

* For words and phrases marked *, see Dictionary.

sea, but as he was crossing the narrow strait which divides Europe from Asia, Helle let loose her hold and fell in the sea and drowned. The strait was named Hellespont after her, though nowadays it is called the Dardanelles.

The ram flew on with Phrixus northeast across the sea which we know as the Black Sea, but the Greeks knew as the 'Euxine. At last he stopped at 'Colchis on the far southern shore of the Euxine, where Phrixus married 'Chalciope, the daughter of 'Aietes, the king, and offered the golden ram in sacrifice. Aietes then nailed the ram's fleece to a great tree in the grove of Mars, the war-god.

After a span of years Phrixus died and was laid away. His spirit had no rest, however, because he was buried so far from his native soil of Greece. So he came in dreams to the 'Minuan heroes in the land of 'Iolchos and called on them to set his spirit free.

And they asked, "How shall we set you free?"

"You must sail over the sea to Colchis," the vision answered, "and bring home the golden fleece. Then my spirit will come back with it, and I shall sleep with my fathers and have peace."

He came thus often and called to them, but when they awoke they said to each other, "Who dare sail to Colchis, to bring home the golden fleece?" In all the country there was none brave enough to try it, for the man and the time had not yet come.

Phrixus had a cousin called 'Aeson, who was king of Iolchos by the sea. He was an unhappy man, for he had a stepbrother named Pelias, who was fierce and lawless and did many a fearful deed. At last Pelias drove out Aeson and took the kingdom to himself and ruled over the rich Minuan heroes in Iolchos.

Aeson, when he was driven out, went sadly from the town, leading his little son by the hand, and ascended into Pelion, the sacred mountain, to hide the lad from the wrath of Pelias. At last he came to a lonely cave at the foot of a mighty cliff.

Aeson, pausing, said to him, "Fear not, but go in and whomsoever you shall find, lay your hands upon his knees and say, 'In the name of Jove, the father of gods and men, I am your guest from this day forth.'"

The lad obeyed and entered the cave without trembling, for he was a hero's son, and he found within 'Chiron, the ancient 'Centaur, the wisest being under the sky. Down to the waist he was a man, but below he was a horse; his white hair rolled over his broad shoulders and his beard over his broad breast, and his eyes were wise and mild.

In his hand he held a harp of gold and struck it with a golden key, and as he struck, he sang until his eyes glittered and filled the cave with light.

At last old Chiron paused and spoke to the lad in a soft voice. "Call hither your father Aeson," he said, "for I know you and all that has befallen you."

Aeson came in sadly, and Chiron asked him, "Why camest thou not thyself to me, Aeson?"

"I thought that thou wouldst pity the lad if he came alone," answered Aeson; "also I wished to try whether he was fearless and dare venture like a hero's son. Now I entreat thee to let the boy be thy guest and train among the sons of the heroes, that he may avenge his father's house."

Chiron, smiling, drew the lad to him and asked, "Are you afraid of my horse's hoofs, fair boy, or will you be my pupil from this day?"

The boy said that he would gladly become the Centaur's pupil. Aeson wept over his son and went away, but the lad did not weep, so full was he of the strange Chiron and his songs.



At sunset the sons of the heroes came into the cave, — Aeneas and Hercules and many another. One cried, "I have killed two deer!" and another, "I took a wild cat among the cliffs!" and Hercules dragged a wild goat after him by his horns, for it was as huge as a crag, and Aeneas carried a bear-cub under each arm and laughed when they scratched and bit.

Chiron praised them all, each according to his deserts. Then the lads sat down to their meal of venison and clear spring water, and when they had finished, lay down on the skins about the fire and played the lyre and sang. After a space, Chiron took the lyre and the lads joined hands and danced to his playing, till the night fell over the face of the land.

Aeson's son rose at the dawn with his schoolfellows and bathed in the torrent and plunged into the new life, forgetting Iolchos and his father. He grew strong and brave and cunning on the pleasant slopes of Pelion. He learned to wrestle, to box, to hunt; he also learned to ride, to play on the harp, and how to cure wounds. Old Chiron called him Jason, the healer, and that is his name until this day.

• Ten years passed by, and Jason had grown to be a mighty man. Some of his fellows had departed and some were still learning by his side. Hercules was gone to Thebes, to fulfill those wondrous labors which have become a proverb among men; Aeneas had gone home to Troy, where he was to fight in the famous

war. And it happened on a day that Jason stood on the mountain, looking north and south and east and west; and Chiron stood by watching him, for he understood that the time had come.

Far to the south there showed a pleasant country, with white-walled towns and farms nestling along the shores of the land-locked bay, and Jason knew it for Iolchos by the sea.

"Is it true what the heroes tell me," he asked, "that I am the heir of that fair land?"

"What good would it be to you, Jason, if you were the heir?" asked Chiron.

"I would take it and keep it."

"A strong man has taken and kept it long. Are you stronger than Pelias the terrible?"

"I can try my strength against his," said Jason.

Chiron sighed. "You have many a danger to go through," he said, "before you rule in Iolchos by the sea—many a danger and many a woe, and strange troubles in strange lands, such as no man ever saw before."

"The happier I," replied Jason, "to see what no man ever saw before."

Chiron, sighing again, said, "The eaglet must leave the nest when it is fledged. Will you go to Iolchos? Then promise two things before you go."

Jason promised, and Chiron told him: "Speak harshly to no soul whom you may meet, and stand by the word which you shall give."

Jason wondered why Chiron asked this of him, but he knew that the Centaur was a prophet and foresaw things long before they came to pass. So he promised, and hastened down the mountain to take his fortune like a man.

II

Jason went through the arbutus thickets and across the downs till he came to vineyard walls and the olive trees in the glen. Among the olives roared a river, all foaming with a summer flood.

On the river bank sat a woman, wrinkled and gray: her head shook palsied on her breast, and her hands shook palsied on her knees, and when she saw Jason, she spoke whiningly:

“Who will carry me across the flood?”

Jason was bold and hasty, and was just about to leap into the torrent, yet he thought twice before he leapt, so loud roared the stream, brown from the mountain rains and silver-veined with melting snow.

The old woman whined all the more:

“I am weak and old, fair youth. For Juno’s sake, carry me over the torrent.”

Jason was on the point of answering her scornfully, when his promise to Chiron came into his mind.

“For Juno’s sake,” he said, “the Queen of the Immortals on Olympus, I will carry you over the torrent unless we both are drowned midway.”

The old dame leaped on his back, as nimbly as a goat, and Jason staggered into the stream, wondering,

and the first step was up to his knees. The second step *was up to his waist, and the stones rolled under his feet, so that he slipped and went on, staggering and panting.*

"Fool," cried the old woman, "you have wet my mantle! Do you make game of poor old souls like me?"

Jason had half a mind to drop her and let her get through the stream as best she might; but Chiron's words were in his mind, and he answered, "Patience, mother; the best horse may stagger sometimes."

At last he reached the shore and set down his burden on the bank. A strong man he needed to be, or he could never have crossed that wild water.

He cast a last glance at the old woman before proceeding on his way; and lo! as he looked, she grew fairer than all women and taller than all men on earth, and her garments shone like the summer sea, and her jewels like the stars of heaven, and over her forehead was a veil, woven of the golden clouds of sunset, through which she looked on him with great eyes, filling all the glen with light.

And Jason fell on his knees, and hid his face between his hands.

"I am the queen of Olympus," said the woman, "Juno, the wife of Jove. As thou hast done to me, so will I do to thee. Call on me in the hour of need, and see whether the Immortals forget."

When Jason looked up she rose from the earth like a pillar of tall white cloud and floated away across the mountain peaks toward Olympus, the holy hill.

Then Jason blessed old Chiron, saying, "Surely the Centaur is a prophet and guessed what would come to pass when he bade me speak harshly to no soul whom I might meet."

He went on down toward Iolchos, and as he walked along, he found that he had lost one of his sandals in the flood. When he reached the city, the people flocked to look at him, so tall and fair was he; but some of the elders whispered together, and at last one of them stopped Jason and called to him, "Lad, who are you and whence come you?"

"My name, good father, is Jason, and I come from Pelion up above. My errand is to Pelias, your king; tell me where his palace is."

The old man, growing pale, said to him, "Do you not know the 'oracle, my son, that you go so boldly through the town with one sandal on?"

"I am a stranger here," replied Jason, "and know of no oracle; but what of my one sandal? I lost the other in a stream while I was struggling with the flood."

"I will tell you," said the old man, "lest you rush upon your ruin unawares. The oracle in 'Delphi has said that a man wearing one sandal shall take the kingdom from Pelias. Therefore, beware how you go up

to his palace, for he is the fiercest and most cunning of kings."

Jason laughed a great laugh. "Good news, father, both for you and me. For that very end I came into the town."

He strode on toward the palace of Pelias, while all the people wondered at his bearing. And he stood in the doorway and cried aloud:

"Come out, come out, Pelias the valiant, and fight for your kingdom like a man."

Pelias came out wondering. "Who are you, bold youth?" he asked.

"I am Jason, the son of Aeson, the heir of this land."

At that Pelias lifted up his eyes and wept, or seemed to weep, and blessed the heavens, which had brought his long-lost nephew to his hearth.

"For," he said, "I have but three daughters, and no son to be my heir. You shall rule the kingdom after me and marry whichever of my daughters you may choose. Come in; come in and feast."

He drew Jason into the hall and spoke to him so lovingly and feasted him so well that Jason's anger passed. At last he said to Pelias, who sat at the board with downcast eyes, "Why do you look so sad, mine uncle?"

Pelias sighed heavily again and again, like a man who has some dreadful story to tell. At length he said,

“For seven long years I have not known a quiet night and never shall know rest again, until the golden fleece be brought home.” And he related to Jason the story of Phrixus, and how the spirit of Phrixus tormented him, calling to him day and night for the golden fleece. His daughters came and narrated the same tale, crying, “Who will bring home the golden fleece, that the spirit of our kinsman may have rest, and that we may have rest, also?”

Now, this was all a lie, for the spirit of Phrixus, while it troubled the heroes, sought not the household of Pelias. Jason did not suspect falseness, however, and sat awhile pondering. He had often heard of the golden fleece, but he looked on it as a thing hopeless and impossible for any mortal man to win. He thought of it as only an idle dream.

When Pelias saw him silent, he began to talk of other things, and very graciously, addressing him as if he were his heir and asking his advice about the kingdom. At last Jason, who was young and simple, said to himself that Pelias was surely not the evil man that people called him.

“One thing more there is,” said Pelias, “on which I need your counsel. Though you are young, you have a wisdom and discretion beyond your years. I have one neighbor whom I dread more than all men on earth. I am stronger than he is at present and can command him, but I know that if he stay among us, he will work

my ruin. Can you give me a plan, Jason, by which I may rid myself of that man?"

Jason answered, half laughing, "Were I you I would send him to fetch that same golden fleece, for if he once set forth after it you would never more be troubled with him."

At that a bitter smile came across Pelias's lips, and a flash of wicked joy. Jason, seeing it, started, and over his mind came the warning of the old man concerning his lost sandal and the oracle; and he knew that he was taken in a snare.

"My son," said Pelias, gently, "he shall be sent forthwith."

"You mean me," cried Jason, rising, "because I came here with one sandal?"

He was very wroth, and Pelias rose to meet him, and it seemed that they would come to blows and have it out then and there.

But after a moment Pelias spoke again: "Why so rash, my son? You, not I, said what was said; why blame me for what I have not done? Had you bid me love the man of whom I spoke, I would have obeyed you; and what if I obey you now and send the man to win immortal fame? One thing I know, he will go and that gladly, for he has a hero's heart within him, loving glory and scorning to break the word he has given."

Jason saw that he was trapped, but his second promise to Chiron came into his mind, and he thought,

“What if the Centaur were a prophet in this also and meant that I should win the fleece?”

“You have well spoken, my cunning uncle,” he said, “for I love glory and dare to keep my word. I will go for the golden fleece. Treat my father lovingly while I am gone; and give me the kingdom, for my own, on that day I bring back the golden fleece.”

Pelias, looking at him, almost loved him in spite of his hate, and said, “I promise, and I will perform. It will be no shame to give up the kingdom to the man who wins the golden fleece.”

They swore a great oath between them and afterward both went in and lay down to sleep. And the next day Jason sacrificed a victim to Juno, and heralds were sent out to all the Minuan princes, inviting the heroes, Argus, the shipbuilder, and others, to take part in the expedition for the golden fleece.

III

Then the heroes came to Iolchos, and the people never wearied of looking at their height and beauty and gallant bearing and the glitter of their arms. They felled the tall pines on Pelion and shaped them with the ax, and Argus taught them to build a galley, the first long ship that ever sailed the seas. They pierced her sides for fifty oars, an oar for every hero of the crew, and pitched her, and painted her bows with vermillion, and they named her *Argo* after Argus. At night Pelias

feasted them like a king, and they slept in his palace porch.

While they toiled, Jason went northward to Thrace, till he found Orpheus, the prince of minstrels, where he dwelt in a mountain cave.

"Will you leave your mountains," asked Jason, "and come to sail with the heroes, to charm all men and monsters with your magic song?"

Orpheus sighed. "Have I not had enough of toil and weary wandering, since I lived in Chiron's cave above Iolchos by the sea? In vain I went down into Hades to win back my bride. I won her back, indeed, but lost her again the same day, and wandered away even to Egypt in my madness. At last my mother cured me, and I dwell here in my cave, softening the hearts of the savage tribes with music and the gentle laws of Jove. And now I must go again to the ends of the earth, into the misty darkness that is by the far eastern sea! But what is doomed must be, and a friend's demand obeyed."

So Orpheus rose up and went with Jason to a temple of Jove, where the god bade him cut a branch from a holy oak and make sacrifice. Taking the branch, they came down to Iolchos and the laboring heroes.

At last the ship was finished, but she was too heavy to be moved; her keel sank deep in the sand. Then the heroes knew not what to do; but Jason consulted the oracle of the sacred oak bough. The bough bade

Orpheus play his harp. Orpheus thereupon took his harp, while the heroes waited with the pine-trunk rollers to put under the ship and roll her to the water. He began his magic song, the song which had charmed gods and men; and when the good ship heard it, she longed to be away at sea. Every timber in her stirred and heaved with the desire; the *Argo* leaped up on the rollers, and the heroes carried her triumphantly into the waves.

They stored her well with food and water and pulled the ladder up on board. Each hero, seating himself at his oar, rowed in time to Orpheus's harp; away across the bay they rowed, while the people lined the cliffs to see the gallant crew off on its fateful voyage.

And first the heroes chose a captain from their crew. All called for Hercules, because he was the largest and mightiest, but Hercules refused and named Jason, because he was the wisest of them all. So Jason was chosen captain, and the heroes vowed to stand by him faithfully in the adventure of the golden fleece; who-soever shrank back or disobeyed would be looked on as a traitor and be devoted to the Furies, who track guilty men.

The galley sailed into the unknown eastern seas. Great nations have come and gone since then, and many a storm has swept the earth; many an armament, to which the *Argo* would be but one small boat, has sailed

those waters since, yet the fame of that small *Argo* lives forever and her name is become a proverb among men. The ship turned northward toward Pelion up the 'Aegean Sea. On the right hand was the open water, while on the left old Pelion rose, with the clouds crawling round his dark pine-forests and his cap of summer snow. The heroes rowed on over the long swell of the sea past Olympus, the seat of the Immortals, to the Hellespont. They kept up the narrow strait into the sea of Marmora and on till they found a pleasant bay, sheltered by high hills and walls of marble rock. There they ran the ship ashore on the yellow sand and furled the sail, and letting down the ladder, went ashore to sport and rest.

Hercules wandered off into the woods to hunt deer, followed by the fair boy Hylas, his squire. The youth lost himself in the glens and sat down to rest by the side of a glassy lake. The water nymphs, coming up to look at him, were pleased with him and carried him down under the lake to be their playfellow, forever happy and young. Hercules sought for him in vain, shouting till all the mountains rang, but Hylas down under the lake never heard him. While Hercules searched for him, a fair breeze sprang up. As the hero was nowhere to be found, the *Argo* sailed away, leaving Hercules behind.

The Argonauts went eastward into the open sea, which we now call the Black Sea, though it was called

the Euxine then. No Greek had ever crossed it, and even the heroes feared its rocks and shoals and fogs and bitter, freezing storms; they had heard strange stories of it, how it stretched northward to the everlasting night, the region of the dead. So the heroes trembled when they rowed out into that wild sea and saw it stretching before them, a waste of waters without a shore, but because they were heroes they rowed on.

Orpheus spoke to them as they labored: "We shall come soon to the wandering blue rocks; my mother warned me of them."

Presently they saw the blue rocks shining like spires and gables of gray glass, while an ice-cold wind blew from them and chilled the heroes' hearts. As the ship neared, they could see the rocks heaving upon the waves, crashing and grinding together. The sea sprang up in spouts between them and swept round them in sheets of white foam. The rowers lay back on their oars, wondering what to do, for the rocks were fearsome.

Orpheus called to 'Tiphys, the helmsman: "Between them we must pass; the rocks constantly open and close again. Be watchful and brave, for Juno is with us."

Tiphys, the cunning pilot, stood silent, looking hard ahead until he saw a heron flying toward the rocks.

"Juno has sent us a pilot," he cried; "let us follow the bird."

The heron darted like an arrow between the rocks, while the heroes watched to see what would befall. The blue rocks crashed together as the bird flew between them, but they only caught a feather of the heron's tail and bounded apart again from the shock.

Then Tiphys cheered on his rowers, and the oars bent beneath the stroke as the *Argo* rushed between those toppling ice-crags. Ere the rocks could meet again the good ship had passed through and was safe in the open sea.

They sailed along the Asian shore; past Sinope and many a barbarous tribe; past the country of the Amazons, women who fought like men; and all night they heard the clank of anvils and the roar of furnaces and saw the forge-fires gleaming through the darkness in the glens of the 'Chalybes, the smiths who never tire, but serve Mars, the war-god, forging weapons by day and night.

At dawn, looking eastward, they saw hanging midway between sea and sky snow-peaks which glittered in the first rays of the sun. They knew then that they had come to Caucasus, at the end of all the earth—Caucasus, the highest of mountains, the father of rivers.

They rowed three days to the eastward, while Caucasus rose higher hour by hour, till they saw a river rush headlong to the sea, and shining above the tree-tops the golden roofs of King Aietes, child of the sun.

"We are coming to our goal at last," said Orpheus.
"There are the roofs of Aietes and the woods where
all poisons grow; but who can tell us where in the black
forest is hid the golden fleece? Many a toil must we
perform ere we find it and bear it home to Greece."

But Jason cheered his comrades, for his heart **was**
high and bold. "I will go alone up to Aietes," he said,
"though he be the child of the sun, and win him **with**
soft words. Best so than for all to go and perchance
come to blows."

But the heroes would not stay behind, so they rowed
boldly up the stream toward the king's city. At the
same time a dream came to King Aietes which filled
his heart with fear. He thought he saw a shining star
fall into the lap of Medea, his daughter, who took it
gladly to the riverside and cast it in, and the river bore
it down into the Euxine Sea.

Aietes leaped up in fear, bidding his servants bring
him his chariot, that he might go down to the river and
appease the nymphs. So he rode thither in his chariot,
with his daughters, Medea and Chalciope, the wife of
Phrixus, by his side, and a great following of servants
and attendants. When he reached the reedy river-
edge, he saw the *Argo* come gliding up to the bank,
filled with heroes like to the Immortals for beauty and
strength; their weapons glittered through the white
mist of the stream. Jason was the noblest of them all,
for Juno, who loved him, gave him beauty and **tallness**

and splendid manhood. The heroes, too, were awed by the sight of Aietes, for his robes were of gold tissue and his diadem flashed fire; in his hand he bore a jeweled scepter which glittered like a star. Sternly he looked at the heroes from under his brows and sternly he spoke:

“Who are ye and what want ye here? Did you take no account of my people, the Colchians, who never tired yet in battle and never turned back to a foe?”

The heroes sat silent awhile before the face of that ancient king. But Juno put courage into Jason's heart, so that he rose and said in answer: “We are no sea robbers or lawless men. We come not to plunder or ravage, or carry away slaves from your land. My uncle Pelias, the Minuan king, sent me on a quest to bring home the golden fleece. These, too, my bold comrades, are no nameless men; some are sons of the Immortals and some of heroes far renowned. We, also, never tire in battle and know well how to give and take blows, yet we would be guests at your table and friends at your fireside.”

At that Aietes was filled with rage and his eyes flashed fire, but he held his anger in his breast and spoke mildly:

“If you fight with my people, many a man must die. Do ye indeed think to win the fleece from me in war? If you are wise, you will choose from among you the best man and let him perform the labors which I

demand. If he performs them, I will give him the golden fleece for a prize and glory to you all."

Then the heroes longed for Hercules and his strength, for there was no facing the thousands of Colchians in battle. But Chalciopé, the widow of Phrixus, spoke with Medea, her sister, concerning the men that had come from far away Iolchos. Medea, who had looked with favor on Jason, said, "If there is one among them who knows no fear, I will show him how to win the fleece."

IV

In the dusk of evening the two women went down to the riverside, and up to the ship, where Jason watched while his comrades slept. Chalciopé wept and took his hand and cried, "O cousin of my husband, go home before you die!"

"It would be base to go home now, fair princess," replied Jason, "and have sailed all seas in vain."

Both the princesses besought him, but uselessly.

"You know not," said Medea, "what he must do who would win the fleece. He must tame two brazen-footed bulls, which breathe devouring fire, and with them he must plow ere nightfall four acres of the field of Mars. After that he must sow the plowed land with dragons' teeth, from each tooth of which there will spring up an armed man; he must fight with them all and slay them. But little will it profit to conquer them, for the fleece is guarded by a serpent huger than

any mountain pine; over his body you must go if you would reach the golden fleece."

"Unjustly is that fleece kept there," said Jason, bitterly, "and by a lawless king. Unjustly shall I die in my youth, for I will attempt the deed ere another sun be set."

Medea, trembling, said, "No mortal man can reach the fleece, unless I guide him through the wood. Round it is a wall nine 'ells high, with towers and buttresses and gates of brass. Over the gateway sits 'Brimo, the wild witch huntress, brandishing a pine torch, while her mad hounds howl around her. No man dare meet her or look on her, but only I, her priestess; she watches far and wide lest any stranger come nigh."

"No wall so high," replied Jason, "but it may be climbed at last, no wood so thick it may not be crawled through; there is no serpent so wary or witch-queen so fierce but spells may soothe. I may yet win the golden fleece if a wise maiden help me."

He looked at Medea, who asked, "Who can face the fire of bulls' breath or fight ten thousand men?"

"He whom you help," said Jason, "for your fame is spread over the earth. Are you not the queen of enchantresses, wiser even than your sister 'Circe, in her fairy land in the West?"

"If it must be so," answered Medea, "I have a magic ointment here. Anoint yourself with that and you shall have the strength of seven men; anoint your

shield with it and neither fire nor sword can harm you. But what you begin you must end ere sunset, for its virtue lasts but for a day. Anoint your helmet with it before you sow the dragons' teeth, and when the deadly crop of the war-god's field springs up, the field will mow itself and perish."

Jason fell on his knees before her and thanked her and kissed her hands, and after she had given him the box of ointment, she fled trembling through the reeds. Jason, telling his anxious comrades what had happened, showed them the ointment, and all rejoiced.

At dawn Jason bathed and anointed himself from head to foot with the witch-oil, and also his shield, his helmet and his weapons, then bade his friends try the spell. So they sought to bend his lance, but it stood firm like an iron bar; they hurled lances at his shield, but the spear-points turned like soft lead; Caineus, the strong, tried to throw him, but could not move him a foot; Pollux struck him a buffet which would have slain an ox, but Jason felt it as a breath blowing against his cheek. The heroes danced about him with delight, and he shouted aloud in the joy of that enormous strength, till the sun rose and it was time to go and claim Aietes's promise.

Two of the heroes went ahead to tell the king of his coming. "Fulfill your promise to us," they said. "Give us the dragons' teeth, and let loose the fiery bulls; we have found a champion to win the golden fleece."

Aietes bit his lips with rage, for he had hoped that the strangers would flee in the night, but as he could not go back on his promise, he gave them the dragons' teeth. The king, together with his whole people, went out to the field of Mars. There Aietes sat on his throne, with his warriors on either hand, thousands and tens of thousands of them, clothed from head to foot in mail. On the other side, a mere handful against that mighty host, were the Greek heroes. Chalciope was there and Medea, wrapped closely in her veil.

Jason stood forth in the face of the multitude and cried aloud, "Fulfill your promise, and let your fiery bulls come out."

The gates opened to let out the fiery bulls. Their brazen hoofs rang on the ground and their nostrils sent out sheets of flame, as they rushed with lowered heads toward Jason, who never moved. The flame of their breath swept around him but singed not a hair of his head, and the bulls stopped short, trembling. At that Jason hurled himself upon the nearest and seized his horns; up and down they wrestled, till the bull fell groveling on his knees. The same thing happened to the other. Jason then yoked the bulls to the plow and began to plow the field, goading the brutes with his lance. All the heroes shouted, but Aietes bit his lips with rage, for the half of Jason's task was done. The hero took the dragons' teeth and sowed them like grain, waiting what would befall.

In a little while every furrow heaved and bubbled, and presently over all the field helmets began to rise from the earth; from every clod rose a man. They came out of the soil by thousands, each man clad from head to foot in steel. All of them together drew their swords with a mighty clang and rushed on Jason, who stood in their midst alone.

The heroes grew pale with fear, but Jason, snatching off his anointed helmet, threw it into the thickest of the throng. And, as if at a signal, the nearest warrior turned on his fellow and smote him, and the other smote back; almost in one instant the children of the dragons' teeth were fighting each other, forgetful of Jason. They fought on till the last man lay dead on the crimsoned earth, when the magic furrows opened and drank them down, and Jason's work was done.

He came up to Aietes and cried, "O king, lead me to the fleece this instant, before the sun goes down."

But Aietes feared and took counsel with himself: "He has conquered the bulls and sowed and reaped the deadly crop. He may kill the serpent yet." So the king delayed till the sun went down and all the land was dark. He bade a herald cry that to-morrow he would give the fleece to the strangers from far away.

When his mob of lords and servants had gone, Aietes turned to Medea: "This is your doing, false witch-
maid! You have helped these yellow-haired strangers and brought shame upon your father."

Medea shrank and trembled, on which Aietes knew that she was guilty.

"If they win the fleece," he said, "you die!"

Meantime the heroes marched toward their ship, sore enraged, for they saw that Aietes meant to cheat them of their prize and they desired to seek the grove and take the fleece by force. Jason, however, held them back, hoping for the further aid of Medea. After a time she came trembling to him and wept a while before she spoke.

"My end is come," she lamented, "and I must die. My father has found out that I have helped you. You he would kill if he dared, but he will not harm you from fear. Go then and remember poor Medea, when you are far away across the sea."

But all the heroes cried: "If you die, we die with you. We cannot win the fleece without you, and we will not go home lacking it, but choose rather to fall here, fighting to the last man."

"You need not die, Medea," said Jason. "Flee with us across the water. Show us how to win the fleece and come with us, and you shall be my queen and rule in Iolchos by the sea."

Medea wept at the thought of leaving her dear land and her friends and playfellows, but she had helped the heroes and she resolved to help them to the end.

"I will show you how to win the golden fleece," she said. "Bring your ship to the wood-side and moor her

there against the bank; let Jason come at midnight and one brave comrade with him, and meet me beneath the wall."

Then there was strife as to who should go with Jason on the adventure, for each man desired to be chosen. But Medea calmed them by saying, "Let Orpheus come, and bring his harp. I hear of him that he is the king of minstrels and can charm all things on earth."

At midnight Jason and Orpheus went up the river bank to the wall, where Medea awaited them; beside her stood her young brother, leading a yearling lamb. Medea brought them straightway to a thicket beside the gate of Mars; there she bade Jason dig a ditch and kill the lamb and strew on it magic herbs. No sooner had he done this than Brimo, the wild witch-huntress, sprang upward through the earth with her mad hounds around her. She had one head like a horse's and another like a hound's, and a third like a snake's, and a sword in each hand. She leaped into the ditch with her hounds, and they ate their fill, while Jason and Orpheus trembled.

• At last the witch-queen vanished with her pack into the woods; and the bars of the gate fell down and the brazen doors opened, and Medea and the two heroes entered the poison wood. They hurried among the fearsome trees that grew there, guided by the gleam of the golden fleece, until finally they saw it hanging on

a great tree in the middle of the forest. Jason would have sprung forward to seize it, but Medea held him back, pointing shudderingly to the tree-foot, where the mighty serpent lay. His coils stretched many a fathom; only half of him they could see, for the rest lay in the darkness far beyond.

When the serpent saw them coming, he lifted up his head and struck out his forked tongue and roared like a fire among the woodlands. But Medea called gently to him and told Orpheus to begin his magic song. As the minstrel sang, the leaves on the very trees hung still, while the serpent's head sank down, his brazen coils grew limp, and he fell into a gentle sleep. Then Medea took the harp, and murmuring many an unknown word, put her foot on the reptile.

At that Jason stepped warily across the mighty snake, tore the golden fleece with swift hands from the tree, and rushed back through the woods with his companions to the bank where the *Argo* rested. Jason and Orpheus leaped on board the good ship, and helped Medea in, and then the heroes lay back on their oars. On and on beneath the dewy darkness they fled down the river, past gardens and cities and marshes out into the rolling waves of the Black Sea.

V

A long, long voyage awaited the Argonauts before they saw their native land again. Aietes pursued them

with all his fleet and drove them out of their course, so that they were lost in the wilds of the sea and knew not which way to sail, having no compass as sailors have to-day. When at last they passed through the Hellespont into the Mediterranean, they were carried by fierce tempests far to the west, even to the Pillars of Hercules.

After a weary age of storms, a fair wind arose and the Argonauts sailed eastward past Sardinia until they came to a flowery isle on a still, bright summer evening. As they neared the lovely strand, sweet singing reached the wanderers, soft and lulling. When Medea heard the music, she cried out, "Beware, heroes, for those are the rocks of the Sirens. You must pass close to them, for there is no other channel, but those who listen to that song are lost."

Orpheus, the king of minstrels, answered her: "Let them match their song against mine. I have charmed trees and dragons; how much more the hearts of men!" Catching up his lyre, he began the magic song.

Soon the heroes could see the Sirens basking on the rocks in the setting sun, three lovely maids with flowing hair. Slowly they sang and sleepily, with silver voices, which stole across the waters and into the hearts of all the heroes, in spite of Orpheus's song. As the Argonauts listened, the oars fell from their hands and the ship floated slowly shoreward, drawn by that lovely music. And one hero said, "What use in wandering forever? Let us stay here and rest awhile." And

another, "Let us row to the shore and listen to the singing." Thereupon Medea clapped her hands together, crying, "Sing, Orpheus; sing a bolder strain; wake up the hapless sluggards, or they will never see Grecian shore again. If they land, the Sirens will devour them."

Then Orpheus lifted his harp and smote it with all his might and sang the song of Perseus, how he passed through a thousand perils and slew the Gorgon and now sits among the Immortals on Olympus; and Orpheus praised toil and suffering and battle and heroic death. And the heroes cried, "We will be men like Perseus and will dare and suffer to the end." So they rowed with steady stroke past the Sirens, who sang of ease and rest and endless pleasure. They sailed on and on, passing through many a peril by sea and land, sometimes hot and sometimes frozen by the wind—hungry, thirsty, weary, but resolved to reach home with the golden fleece and carry their work through to the very end.

At last, worn and battered and few in numbers now, the wanderers came to Iolchos by the sea. They ran the ship ashore, but they had no strength left to haul her up the beach; they crawled out on the sand and kissed their native earth and wept. And the people crowded around them and asked them who they were.

"We are the sons of your princes," they made answer, "who sailed away years and years ago. We went to fetch the golden fleece, and we have brought it.

Give us news of our fathers and mothers, our sisters and brethren."

There was great rejoicing in the land when it became known that the Argonauts had come home; and mothers and fathers and friends hurried down to the seaside to give the heroes welcome. Jason went with Medea to his uncle's palace; Pelias sat there, crippled and blind with age, while opposite him was Aeson, Jason's father, likewise stricken with years. Jason fell down at his father's feet, and wept and called him by name. The old man, stretching out his hand, said, "Do not mock me, young hero. My son Jason is dead long ago at sea."

"I am your son Jason," answered the hero. "I have brought home the golden fleece."

At that his father also wept and called on the Immortals and blessed his son.

Jason became king, in place of Pelias, and ruled with Medea in Iolchos by the sea.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HELPS TO STUDY

The Greeks believed not in one God, as we do, but in many gods. These gods lived on Mount Olympus, a peak in northern Greece. Here Jove, the king of the gods, held his court, with his wife Juno beside him and all the other deities around him. Among the most important of these were Mars, the god of war, Mercury, the messenger, and Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. The Greeks also believed in other supernatural beings—nymphs, who inhabited

streams and woods, Centaurs, who were half men, half horses, and many other strange creatures. They fancied, too, that in the early ages of the world the gods walked with men and even intermarried with them. The Grecian tales of the gods and heroes are the most beautiful mythical stories ever told—as charming to readers to-day as when they were given birth thousands of years ago. “The Argonauts” is one of these ever-living Greek stories.

I. Find Greece on the map. Look for the Dardanelles (the Hellespont); also the Black Sea. What did Aletes do with the golden fleece? Tell how Aeson lost his kingdom. Where did he take his son? How did Chiron train his heroes? What lessons may we learn from his system of training? What did Jason decide to do? Tell what promises he made to Chiron, and how they helped him later.

II. How did Jason win Juno's favor? Of what prophecy did Jason's appearance remind the elders when he entered the city? How was this prophecy fulfilled? Show how Pallas proved himself the most cunning of kings.

III. Tell of the preparations for the expedition. Why was Jason made captain of the ship? Give instances which show that this was a wise choice. How did the *Argo* pass between the moving rocks? How were the Argonauts received by Aletes?

IV. Who came to the aid of Jason? How? Tell what happened the next day. What happened the following night? Which task was most difficult? Why did Medea leave her country?

V. Give the main incidents of the return voyage. Find the Strait of Gibraltar, or the Pillars of Hercules, as the passage was called by the Greeks. It was said that Hercules made the strait by cutting a mountain in two. Trace the voyage of the *Argo* on a map, from the time it left Colchis until it returned.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

The Story of the Illad—A. J. Church.

The Golden Fleece and The Dragon's Teeth, from Tanglewood Tales—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor, from The Arabian Nights Entertainment.

ORPHEUS AND THE SIRENS

The singing contest between the Sirens and Orpheus, accompanied by his lute, and his final victory, is graphically described by William Morris in *The Life and Death of Jason*.

THE SIRENS:

Oh, happy seafarers are ye,
And surely all your ills are past,
And toil upon the land and sea,
Since ye are brought to us at last.

For as upon this beach we stand,
And o'er our heads the sea-fowl flit,
Our eyes behold a glorious land,
And soon shall ye be kings of it.

ORPHEUS:

A little more, a little more,
O carriers of the Golden Fleece,
A little labor with the oar,
Before we reach the land of Greece.

E'en now perchance faint rumors reach
Men's ears of this our victory,
And draw them down unto the beach
To gaze across the empty sea.

THE SIRENS:

Come to the land where none grows old,
And none is rash or over-bold,
Nor any noise there is or war,
Or rumor from wild lands afar,
Or plagues, or birth and death of kings;
No vain desire of unknown things
Shall vex you there, no hope or fear
Of that which never draweth near;
But in that lovely land and still
Ye may remember what ye will,
And what ye will, forget for aye.
So while the kingdoms pass away,
Ye sea-beat hardened toilers 'erst,
Unresting, for vain fame athirst,
Shall be at peace for evermore,
With hearts fulfilled of God-like lore,
And calm, unwavering God-like love,
No lapse of time can turn or move.
There, ages after your fair fleece
Is clean forgotten, yea, and Greece
Is no more counted glorious,
Alone with us, alone with us,
Alone with us, dwell happily,
Beneath our trembling roof of sea.

ORPHEUS:

Oh, idle dream! Ah, verily
If it shall happen unto me
That I have thought of anything,
When o'er my bones the sea-fowl sing,
And I lie dead, how shall I pine
For those fresh joys that once were mine,
On this green fount of joy and mirth,
The ever young and glorious earth;
Then, helpless, shall I call to mind
Thoughts of the flower-scented wind,
The dew, the gentle rain at night,
The wonder-working snow and white,
The song of birds, the water's fall,
The sun that maketh bliss of all;
Yea, this our toil and victory,
The tyrannous and conquered sea.

THE SIRENS:

Ah, will ye go, and whither then
Will ye go from us, soon to die,
To fill your threescore years and ten
With many an unnamed misery?

Come back, nor, grown old, seek in vain
To hear us sing across the sea;
Come back, come back, come back again,
Come back, O fearful 'Minyae!

ORPHEUS:

Ah, once again, ah, once again,
The black prow plunges through the sea;
Nor yet shall all your toil be vain,
Nor yet forgot, O Minyae!

In such wise sang the Thracian, in such wise
Outgushed the Sirens' deadly melodies;
But long before the mingled song was done,
Back to the oars, the Minyae, one by one,
Slunk silently; though many an one sighed sore.
As his strong fingers met the wood once more,
And from his breast the toilsome breathing came.

But as they laboured, some for very shame
Hung down their heads, and yet amongst them some
Gazed at the place whence that sweet song had come;
But round the oars and *Argo's* shielded side
The sea grew white and she began to glide
Swift through the waters of that deadly bay.

WILLIAM MORRIS.



THE PERILS OF ULYSSES

I

When Troy fell after ten years' siege by the Greeks, Ulysses, king of Ithaca, set sail with his fleet in the expectation of shortly setting foot on his island home. Instead of a joyful homecoming, however, his ships were driven by storms to the far end of the Mediterranean, and the king and his companions struggled for another ten years to reach Ithaca. Ulysses passed through a hundred adventures and suffered countless perils and hardships ere he was permitted to look again on the crags and headlands of his little kingdom.

After many wanderings and numberless escapes from shipwreck and the hostility of savage tribes, the Greek fleet, coasting by unknown shores, came one morning to the land of the Cyclops. These were giant shepherds who neither sowed nor plowed but dwelt in caves and gained their sustenance from the milk and flesh of their herds of sheep and goats. Ulysses, leaving his followers on the seashore, made his way inland with twelve men to find out what manner of folk inhabited the country. He bore with him a goat-skin flagon of very strong and fragrant wine to offer as a gift and peace-offering to the people whom he might meet.

The first sign of habitation the Greeks found was a large cave in a hillside near the sea, which they

entered without hesitation. On one side of the cavern was ranged a line of troughs filled with milk of sheep and goats; on the other side stood the pens where the animals were kept at night. While the Greeks explored the cave, their ears were of a sudden deafened by a noise like the falling of a house. They presently discovered the occasion; the owner of the cavern, who had been abroad in the mountains feeding his flock, as was his custom, had returned, driving the animals before him. The crash heard by the strangers was caused by his throwing down a great pile of fire-wood he had gathered for the cooking of his supper.

At the sight of the newcomer the Greeks hid themselves in the recesses of the cave, and with good reason. Polyphemus, the largest and savagest of the Cyclops, resembled a mountain crag more than a man, so immense was his stature. After driving his flock into the cavern, he closed the entrance with a stone of such massive size that twenty oxen could not have moved it. Then, sitting down, he milked his goats and ewes, and kindled a fire on the floor, by the light of which, as he cast his huge eye around (for he had but one eye and that placed in the center of his forehead), he saw some of the affrighted strangers.

“Ho, guests! what are ye—merchants or wandering thieves?” he bellowed out in a voice so thundering that it took from the Greeks the power of replying.

Ulysses alone summoned the resolution to make

answer. He told the giant that he and his company had come neither to plunder nor to traffic, but were Greeks returning from the siege of Troy, and besought the Cyclop to show them hospitality.

"Where is your ship?" asked Polyphemus.

Ulysses, fearing that the giant wished to learn the whereabouts of the fleet in order to destroy it, answered that their vessel had been lost in a storm and that they were castaways upon the Cyclops' coast. Polyphemus scowled at this and without more words seized two of the Greeks, dashed them to pieces on the ground and proceeded to devour them, washing down the horrid feast with great draughts of milk. When he had finished, he laid himself on the ground, as long as some tall tree, and went to sleep.

The poor wanderers were beside themselves with horror at what they had beheld, and Ulysses was tempted to stab the monster as he slept; but he refrained because he remembered that only Polyphemus had the strength to roll away the stone from the door, and if he were slain they must all perish in the cavern. So the unhappy Greeks passed the night in fear and trembling.

At daybreak the Cyclop awoke, and, kindling a fire, killed and ate two more of the prisoners; milked his sheep and goats; pushed aside the great stone, and led out his flock. When the last animal had come forth, the giant rolled back the stone before the entrance,

shutting up the Greeks inside, and went off with his beasts to their pastures in the mountains.

The wanderers were in despair, all save Ulysses. The leader, knowing that something must be done or they would all perish, at length thought of a plan. He chose a stake from the wood in the cavern, the size of a ship's mast; and, with the aid of his men, sharpened it at one end and charred it in the fire until it was hard.

When the evening was come, the Cyclop drove home his flock. Opening and shutting the door of his cave again, he once more slew and devoured two of the Greeks for his supper. Ulysses, with his plan in mind, now approached the giant, holding the wine-skin in his hand.

"Of a truth," he said, "thou wilt have few guests if thou treat those who come here as thou hast treated us. I have an offering for thee. Taste this wine, that thou mayst know what manner of drink our ship held."

The great brute willingly drank, and enjoyed the taste of the wine so much that he prayed Ulysses to give him more. And he asked Ulysses for his name, in order to bestow a favor on him. Ulysses replied that his name was Noman. "Then," said the Cyclop, "this is the kindness I will show thee, Noman: I will eat thee last of all thy fellows."

He had scarce spoken before the strong wine overcame him and he sank down in deep sleep. When the monster was wholly insensible, Ulysses and his men

heated the end of the stake red-hot in the coals and drove it with all their force into the single eye of the drunken cannibal. The sharp wood, piercing his eye, destroyed it.

Polyphemus, waking from his slumber, plucked the stake from his head and cried out in a mighty voice for his brethren, the Cyclops, who dwelt hard by in caverns in the hills. Hearing the terrific shouting, they came to the outside of the cave and made inquiry of Polyphemus as to what ailed him. He answered that Noman was slaying him with guile.

"If no man is hurting thee," they said, "we may not help thee. Thou canst not escape the sickness sent by Jove." Thereupon they departed, thinking that he suffered from some illness.

Polyphemus, blinded and groaning with pain, lifted the stone from the entrance of the cavern, that his flock might go out to pasture. But lest any of the Greeks should escape with the beasts, he sat in the doorway and felt among the flock as it issued forth. Ulysses, however, was not to be caught so easily. He had in mind a way of escape and he now put it in practice. One sheep he took and fastened a man beneath it with the willow twigs that covered the floor of the cave, and two other sheep he set, one on either side of the first. So he did with the six men, for but six were left of the twelve who had ventured with him from the ship. Ulysses himself caught hold of the underside of

a large ram, the flower of the flock, and hid in the animal's long fleece. Polyphemus felt the backs of the sheep as they passed him, but never thought to make search beneath them, and so the Greeks escaped from the cave.

They hastened to their ships, where their comrades received them as men come back from the dead. The Greeks lost no time in casting off from that terrible shore; and when they had gone some little distance, Ulysses cried out in a loud voice to the Cyclop, "Thou shouldst not have so abused thy monstrous strength. Jove has sent thee punishment by my hand."

Polyphemus, hearing, came forth from his cave enraged, plucked up a great fragment of a rock, and threw it in a frenzy at the ships. It narrowly missed the bark on which Ulysses sat but did no mischief, and the crews bent to the oars to escape his further wrath.

II

For days and weeks the Greeks sailed the blue sea, seeing many new sights and meeting with wonderful adventures, too many to relate. The most terrible of these occurred at Lamos. The fleet put into this harbor for food and water, all save the galley of Ulysses, which waited without. The people of the land were giants; they came down to the seaside, picked up huge rocks and destroyed the ships and the sailors. Ulysses

escaped with his single bark, which was all that was left now of his once stately fleet.

The ships sailed on with light and variable winds until it came to the island where dwelt Circe, who was very beautiful and skilled in magic. It was necessary for the Greeks to go ashore to procure food; but Ulysses, remembering their past mishaps, divided his men into two companies, one of which he commanded and the other Eurylochus. Lots were cast to see which party should go into the country, and the lot fell on Eurylochus.

Accordingly, Eurylochus and his men went upon the island, which they found covered with beautiful trees and full of pleasant streams; it had been long since they had seen so fair a land. At length, as they walked along, they came to Circe's house, which was built of polished stone and surrounded by a grove of fruit trees. To their dismay they saw among the trees great and terrible beasts—lions, wolves, and leopards—and they held back in fear of their lives; but the beasts, coming to them, fawned on them like dogs. And the Greeks, standing without, heard Circe singing in clear and lovely strains as she worked at her spinning-wheel. At that the strangers plucked up courage to knock at the gate, and Circe bade them come in and feast. All entered except Eurylochus, who stayed without, suspicious that some trap had been laid for them.

Circe, seating her guests on chairs of state and welcoming them with winning words, placed before them meal cakes and honey and wine in which she had mixed powerful drugs. The visitors were long at the food, for they were hungry; but at last they finished. No sooner had they ended than Circe touched them with a rod she held, and straightway they were transformed into swine with bristles and snouts, only they retained the minds of men. The enchantress, having changed them into beasts, drove them from the hall into sties, where she penned them and fed them acorns.

Eurylochus waited long at the gate for his companions to come out, but waited in vain. After some time he was surprised beyond measure to see a herd of swine issue from the palace, and though he knew not what had come to pass, he suspected that his friends were the victims of enchantment. He hurried back to the ships and gave Ulysses an account of all that he had seen.

Ulysses, knowing that his followers were the sufferers from some foul witchcraft, snatched up his sword and commanded Eurylochus to lead the way to Circe's palace. But Eurylochus, who was unmanned with fear, besought his leader not to go lest the same evil fate which had befallen the others should be his portion.

"Do thou stay here and rest," answered Ulysses. "But I will go, for duty compels me. I must see if there is any hope of rescue for my men."

So saying, he went into the land unaccompanied by anyone, for none of the Greeks had the hardihood to partake of that perilous adventure; they dreaded the enchantments of the witch. Ulysses walked on until he came to the shining house standing in its grove of green trees, but as he was about to enter the gate, of a sudden there confronted him a young man of noble aspect bearing a golden rod in his hand. It was the god Mercury.

"Knowest thou not," said Mercury, "that this is the house of the great Circe, who has changed thy friends into swine? Art thou prepared to share their fate?"

But neither the god's words nor his coming from Olympus could keep Ulysses from entering the palace; compassion for his followers made him careless of his own danger. When Mercury saw that Ulysses could not be persuaded, he gave the hero a little white flower which is of value against charms.

"Take this in thy hand," said Mercury, "and when Circe strikes thee with her rod, rush upon her with thy sword and make her swear not to use enchantments against thee; then force her to restore thy companions to human shape." With these words he vanished.

Ulysses knocked on the gate, and a sweet voice bade him enter. The hero came into the same hall which his comrades had entered a few hours before. Circe

made him welcome with honeyed greeting, placing him on a high throne and offering him a golden cup filled with wine, in which were mixed the same drugs she had used before. Ulysses drank the wine, holding the flower all the while. And when the cup was empty, Circe smote him with her rod, crying, "To thy sty. Mingle with the swine, thy friends."

But to her amazement Ulysses retained his human form and did not turn into a beast, for the little flower saved him. Drawing his sword, he sprang from his seat toward her, and she fell on her knees and clasped him and besought him not to slay her.

"What manner of man art thou?" she cried. "No one is proof against this charm but thou; thou hast a mind, methinks, that may not be enchanted. Thou canst be none other than Ulysses, renowned over all the world, who prophecy told would some day come hither. Put thy sword into thy sheath, and let us be friends."

"Nay, Circe," said Ulysses, "how canst thou bid me be gentle with thee when thou hast turned my company into swine? Thou must swear not to plan mischief against me."

Circe swore solemnly by the gods that she would harm him not and gave direction to her handmaids to spread carpets before Ulysses and set out silver tables and dishes of pure gold, filled with the food which the gods eat on Olympus, and bathe his limbs and rub them

with olive oil. But Ulysses sat sad-faced on his throne, eating no mouthful of the rich delicacies set before him.

When Circe saw that he ate nothing, she said, "Why dost thou not touch meat or drink, Ulysses? Surely thou art hungry after thy journey hither from the ship. Have no fear of the food, for I have sworn to harm thee not."

"Circe," answered the hero, "no true man would have the heart to feast ere he had redeemed his comrades."

At these words Circe went forth to the sties and drove out the swine, which she anointed with some magic ointment. And lo! the bristles dropped from them and they became men again, goodlier in appearance than before. Finding themselves restored to their natural shape, they clung to Ulysses and wept with joy; even the enchantress Circe was moved with compassion. She sent for the remainder of the travel-worn Greeks, who had given up their commander for lost and were overjoyed to see him alive and whole. The company rested from their labors and feasted in the palace for many days, living in comfort and almost forgetting the hardships of the sea.

At length, however, Ulysses awoke from the trance of ease in Circe's palace, and the thought of home came to sting and goad him. One day he told Circe that he must continue his voyaging, and she made no

effort to hinder him, only foretelling what other trials and adventures awaited him, especially warning him of the Sirens. These three dread sisters lived on an island in the midst of the sea and sang with such sweet voices that sailors were drawn ashore perforce. But no sooner had they landed than the Sirens set upon them and slew them.

III

The little company of Ulysses once more pushed out into the sea and raised their sail. And they sailed for many days over the blue waves, past islands and rocks until at last one afternoon near sunset they came into a calm. All the sea lay in prostrate slumber and not a gasp of air could be felt. Ulysses, guessing that the island of the Sirens was not far off and that they had charmed the air with their singing, took cakes of wax and stopped up the ears of his men, after commanding them to bind him fast to the mast. Accordingly, they bound him with cords, hand and foot, though his ears were unstopped.

Soon the ship drew near a lovely isle, and there came to Ulysses, softly across the face of the still water, the most beautiful music he had ever heard. The singing was so sweet and soothing that he was beside himself with the longing to go ashore on that green isle and rest. He sought to break his bonds; he wept, entreated, commanded his men to unloose him,

but the deaf crew would not obey and rowed steadily past the island until the music died out in the distance.

On and on they sailed, day after day, sometimes with a good breeze to waft them and sometimes in a calm, when the mariners toiled at the oars and lamented their hard lot. At last a great storm overtook them and destroyed the good ship in the midst of mountain waves. Ulysses was left battling with the sea, but the gods protected him and cast him ashore, naked and alone, a shipwrecked wanderer.

The hero, after so many adventures and hardships, now found himself among a good and kindly folk instead of some fierce cannibal tribe. He rested here and was given rich garments and other presents; and at last was sent in a ship across the sea to Ithaca. After twenty years of absence he looked through blinding tears on the familiar crags and rocks of his own home.

Ulysses had no sooner landed and the ship put back into the sea than a woman appeared before him, majestic and beautiful beyond mortal wont. And the hero sank on his knees before her, for he knew that she was the goddess Minerva, who had befriended him at the siege of Troy. Minerva told him of all that had passed in Ithaca in his absence and of the straits in which Penelope, his wife, and Telemachus, his son, now found themselves. The palace, wanting Ulysses, had become the resort of the insolent lords of Ithaca

and the neighboring isles, who, in the belief that the king was dead, came as suitors for the hand of the beautiful Penelope. The queen had given her promise to none of them and was little better than a prisoner in the hands of the suitors, who, under the pretext of awaiting her decision, occupied the palace, 'domineering insolently and wasting the king's substance in their riotous feasts. Ulysses was cast down in mind by these tidings, for his enemies were a multitude and he was alone.

Minerva, however, cheered him, saying, "I will help thee, but now I must change thy outward form, so that thy person may not be known of men."

The goddess thereupon transformed the hero into a very old man and his rich robes into such tattered rags as beggars wear. A staff supported his steps and a bag hung from his back to hold the scraps which might be given him; thus he was changed from a king into a poor wretch.

Ulysses now bent his course to the cottage of a herdsman he knew well, where the dogs, taking him for a beggar, set upon him and would have done him a mischief if their master, 'Eumaeus, had not driven them off with stones and shouting. Eumaeus, bringing Ulysses into his house, set meat and drink before him and spoke kind words to him, in the supposition that he was a beggar. The hero was touched by his

good spirit, and said, "May Jove and all the other gods reward thee for the hospitality thou hast shown me!"

Eumaeus then lamented the troubles of the island and the lost Ulysses. "I shall never find so kind a master more," he said. "Not if my father or my mother could come to me from the tomb, would my eyes be more blessed than they would be with the sight of Ulysses. I am thankful for the love and care he had to me, a poor man."

The tears stood in Ulysses' eyes as he listened. "I say to thee," he answered, "that Ulysses is not dead but will return. Ere this month be ended thou shalt behold him dealing vengeance on his enemies."

Eumaeus heard him, not knowing whether to believe or doubt, and he spread a bed of sheepskins for the wanderer, who lay down and slept under the poor roof in the guise of a mendicant.

In the morning ere Ulysses had come forth from the hut, a young man made his appearance. He was Telemachus, the prince, who had heard that a stranger had come to Eumaeus' cottage and wished to know if there were any news of Ulysses, his father. Ulysses looked on the young man with yearning, for it was his son whom he had left a babe in arms when he had sailed for Troy, and had never seen since. He talked with Telemachus and made inquiries of Penelope and

hardly restrained his tears when he heard of his beloved wife.

As they thus talked together, the goddess Minerva showed herself to Ulysses, though invisible to Telemachus, and made signs to him that the time had come for him to reveal himself to his son. By her power she transformed Ulysses into his proper shape; Telemachus of a sudden saw a king in the vigor of his age where a 'decrepit beggar had sat but a moment before, and he was struck with fear.

"Some god hath done this house an honor," he said, turning away his eyes, and he would have worshipped if Ulysses had not stopped him.

"Look well at me," spoke the hero. "I am no god but only mortal man. I am thy father, that Ulysses by reason of whose absence thy youth has been exposed to wrongs from evil men."

He kissed his son and the tears ran down his cheeks. Telemachus, however, could not be persuaded to believe that this was in truth his father; he maintained that some deity had taken that shape to mock him, for it was not in the power of mortal man to change his appearance from youth to age.

"I am he," answered Ulysses, "who, after twenty years of absence and a world of suffering, have recovered the sight of Ithaca. It was the will of Minerva to change me as thou sawest me. The gods raise up and throw down men as it pleaseth them."

Then Telemachus could hold out no longer, but gave a full faith to all that Ulysses said—that it was indeed his father who stood before him in the flesh; and the two mingled their tears.

“Tell me who these suitors be,” said Ulysses, “and how stands the queen, thy mother, affected by them?”

“She keeps them in an expectation which she never means to satisfy,” answered Telemachus, “that she will accept one of them in marriage. She fears to displease them by a positive refusal, for they are dangerous. So she puts them off from day to day, telling them that she will marry one of them when she has finished the web which she is spinning. But the threads she spins in the daytime she unravels at night, and thus the web is never finished.”

“Reckon up the number of the suitors,” said Ulysses, “that we may see whether there is a chance of prevailing against them in combat ”

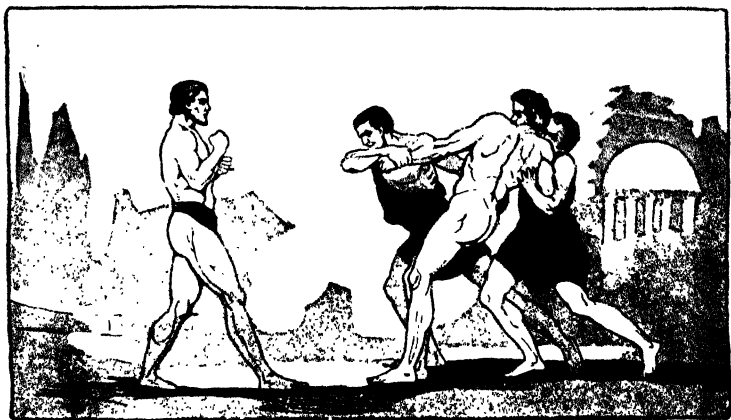
“Oh, father,” cried Telemachus, “I have oftentimes heard of thy great wisdom and strength, but this speech moves me to amazement. Not ten or twice ten in number are these suitors, but many more; they are nigh a hundred.”

Ulysses, however, was not daunted when he heard this, for it was not less than his expectation, and he gave direction to Telemachus to mingle with the suitors and in no wise reveal the secret of his coming to anyone—even to the queen, his wife. Moreover, he

charged the prince that when he himself should come shortly to the palace in his beggar's likeness not to raise a hand in his defense, no matter what ill usage he might suffer. Telemachus, promising to obey, departed, and Ulysses once more became an aged beggar.

Seemingly bent with years and making his way with difficulty, the hero entered the palace hall where the suitors sat at meat. When they saw him in his tatters, they began to break jests in mirthful manner and taunt him with his poverty and age. Ulysses, who had expected such treatment at their hands, was nothing moved by his reception, but Telemachus found it hard to look on as his father was insulted and scorned. Ulysses came forward as if he were a true beggar, with face unmoved and hands held out for alms. Some of the suitors, pitying him, gave him money, but the greater part reviled him and bade him begone because his rags and misery spoiled their feast. Indeed, one of the lords, Antinous, angered by some reply that Ulysses made, struck him a heavy blow with a stool, though the other suitors, insolent as they were, disapproved of this ill-usage of a beggar, for they feared the displeasure of the gods.

Harder to bear than the blow was the reviling of a common beggar named Irus, who was in the custom of receiving alms in the hall and looked with jealousy upon another suppliant. Irus made sport for the



lords, for he had the appetite of six men and would eat all put before him. This beggar, with many scornful and derisive words, challenged Ulysses to fight with fists. Ulysses, however, making mild answer, besought Irus to enjoy his share of the bounty, since there was enough for both. But Irus thought that the forbearance of Ulysses was nothing but fear and urged on the combat, storming and bellowing. The hero at last made ready for conflict, as there was no remedy for it, and slipped off the tattered robe from his shoulders. When Irus saw his great breadth and his mighty muscles, swelling like cords, he was overcome with fear and would have made peace if the lords had so permitted. But they, pleased with the sport of seeing two beggars fight, forced him to confront Ulysses.

The contest was brief. Irus, though large, had no

courage and struck feeble blows, while Ulysses felt that there could be little glory in a combat with such an enemy. Therefore he smote Irus with force on the side of the head, and the beggar sank to the floor and would not renew the struggle. The suitors applauded the issue and thanked Ulysses for ridding them of the 'unsavory Irus, though in their hearts they would not have cared if Irus had been the victor and Ulysses the conquered. It was mere mirth to them to see wretches come to blows.

At nightfall the suitors betook themselves to music and dancing and other diversion. And when they were heavy with wine and sleep they departed to their quarters, leaving Ulysses and Telemachus alone in the hall. The prince, by his father's direction, then brought into the hall shields and spears, which he placed near the door. Ulysses instructed him to answer anyone asking why the arms were put there with the explanation that he had taken them down for cleaning. So Ulysses made his preparations, and Telemachus knew not what he planned.

Now the hero had not seen his wife since his return to Ithaca, for the queen did not mingle with the suitors at their banquets, but spent her time in spinning and in teaching housewifery to her maids. Only on solemn days would she come into the hall and show herself to the suitors, who would clamor for her to give them some decision. Ulysses, filled with longing to look

upon her whom he had not seen for twenty years, the wife he had left but a girl when he sailed away to Troy, stole through the passages of the palace until he came to the queen's apartments. The maids, seeing him, told Penelope that it was the beggar who had caused the uproar in the banqueting hall that day. Penelope commanded that he be brought before her, saying, "It may be that he has traveled and heard something concerning Ulysses."

Ulysses was right glad to hear himself named by his queen, to find himself in no wise forgotten after many years. He sat before her, moved by his feeling but not daring to show that he was moved. It was the same Penelope he had left so long ago, not a girl now but a gracious matron, if anything nobler and more beautiful than the wife of his memory. But Penelope knew not that he was Ulysses, for she supposed him to be but some poor vagrant come for charity. She asked him of his travels and talked long of Ulysses and treated him kindly, directing the handmaids to bathe his feet and lay a bed for him, that he might rest. As she talked, she pulled from the web the threads which she had spun that day.

An old woman, who had been the nurse of Ulysses, brought water for the bathing and removed the sandals from his feet. The hero had a scar on one of his knees which he had received from a wild boar's tusk when hunting on Mount Parnassus; and as the old nurse

bathed his feet, her eyes fell on the scar and she knew at once that the stranger was no other than Ulysses.

“Thou art my lord,” she said, “and I knew thee not until I saw the scar!”

But Ulysses put his hand to her mouth and checked her with urgent words. “Woman, why wouldst thou destroy me? Be silent lest another learn who I am. I am in peril of my enemies.”

The old nurse became silent and finished the washing, as if nothing had occurred, and went from the chamber, so that no one else learned that the beggar was Ulysses. And the hero lay down on his bed, filled with many thoughts and waiting for the morn.

V

The next day the suitors again thronged the hall, hungry and ready for feasting. Some of them, seeing the pile of arms at the door, inquired the meaning thereof, but Telemachus replied that he had taken them down to clean them, and with this they were satisfied. The lords began once more to feast and riot, as was their wont, day and night. Ulysses sat in a lowly place at the door, where he was near the weapons. His presence moved the proud lords to 'gall, for it dulled their sport to have with them a wretched beggar, and they taunted him with scornful words. All of them joined in the reviling save one man, who, being a prophet, had a sense of coming evil and went forth to his home.

Among the arms that Telemachus had brought into the hall was a bow which Ulysses had left when he departed for Troy. It had lain by ever since, out of use and unstrung, for no man but Ulysses had the strength to draw it. Minerva now put it in the mind of Telemachus to make proposal to the suitors of a trial: that on him who should be able to bend the bow his mother would bestow her hand in marriage—Ulysses' wife to be the prize of the man strong enough to master Ulysses' bow!

Great strife and emulation was stirred up among the suitors at these words of Prince Telemachus. In order to grace her son's words and confirm the promise he had made, Penelope showed herself to the suitors that day. She appeared so fair by the working of Minerva that the suitors were filled with longing and called out for the bow, in order to make trial as to which of them should wed the lovely queen of Ithaca.

Telemachus then delivered the bow into their hands and set up a mark for them to shoot at, if perchance more than one was able to draw the mighty weapon. The Lord Antinous, the most arrogant of all the suitors, took it in his hand and sought with all his power to bend it. But he could not draw together the ends of that tough wood and at length he desisted from the effort, blushing for shame. Then one after another of the company strove to bend the bow with no better success. They anointed the wood with fat

to make it pliable, but even at that they were unable to draw it. No one of them could wield it.

After they had all tried and failed, Ulysses prayed that he might have leave to try; and immediately a clamor was raised among the suitors, who swelled with rage at the thought of a beggar's seeking to rival them in such a game. Telemachus, however, ordered that the bow be given him, saying, "It is mine to give or to withhold." They durst not gainsay the prince, and Ulysses was given the bow while all waited in rage and scorn to see what he might do.

Ulysses, taking the great bow in his hand, commanded the doors of the hall to be made fast; Telemachus obeyed and then took his stand beside his father. The hero, before he essayed to bend the bow, examined it with care, to see whether by long lying it had contracted any defects. When he had spent some time in making proof of the wood and found it sound and unrotted, Ulysses, with one effort of his mighty muscles, bent the bow so that the cord twanged like a harp string. The suitors looked on with amazement at beholding an old beggar draw the weapon which their strength had failed to move.

The hero was now assured that the end of all his labors and perils approached and he bowed his head and gave thanks to the immortal gods, the rulers of human destiny. A moment he worshipped, then fitted an arrow to the bow and sent it straight to the mark.



Fitting another arrow to the cord, he aimed again but not at the same target. As he did this the rags fell from him and his own kingly form returned, so that he stood forth the mighty Ulysses of old; and the suitors were amazed and affrighted when they beheld him.

Ulysses let fly the second arrow, which struck Antinous full in the throat as he lifted a cup of wine to his lips: it pierced the throat through and through, and Antinous fell over on the table dead. Wonder and rage seized the suitors at seeing their leader thus slain; they drew their swords and rushed toward Ulysses. But they were taken by surprise, and perchance Minerva darkened their wits, for Telemachus, who had plucked a shield and spear, drove them back, while the arrows of Ulysses, flying one after another without pause, covered the floor with the dead. **The**

suitors slipped in the blood and lost their courage, and became little more than sheep for slaughter; when at last they drew together in a mass to overwhelm Ulysses, the fallen so blocked the way that they could only come on singly, to meet their death at Ulysses' hand. So the fight went on until the last man of them lay stretched on the floor, and Ulysses and Telemachus alone remained alive.

When the hero and his son had cleaned themselves from the slaughter, they came to the apartments of Penelope, where she sat with her maids. The queen and her attendants had been in great fear because of the outcries that had come from the banqueting hall, but the mother, seeing her son safe and whole, was no longer alarmed, but rejoiced in his safety.

Ulysses, approaching her, announced himself and told how, after many dangers and wanderings, he had come home at last. The queen looked on him and saw that he was like Ulysses, and yet the changes which twenty years of war and toil and peril had made in his countenance left her in doubt. One moment she was persuaded that he was Ulysses, and the next moment she hesitated and believed not. Ulysses stood in patience, waiting for her to recognize and own him, but Telemachus was moved to wrath and blamed his mother as cruel and unbelieving. Penelope, however, only looked the more, until at last the conviction came to her, overpowering all her doubt, that this was

indeed Ulysses returned from Troy; and she rushed into his arms and bade him welcome home.

The heart of Ulysses was filled with joy and with gratitude to the high gods, in that they had spared him through such countless dangers, to bring him back at last to his own roof-tree and to his wife and son. And he abode for many years in Ithaca, ruling the land justly and gaining the name of the wisest and most beloved king in all the world.

CHARLES LAMB.

HELPS TO STUDY

Ulysses was among the heroes that captured the city of Troy, which was in Asia Minor near the Dardanelles. Paris, one of the sons of Priam, king of Troy, carried away the wife of Menelaus, a Greek king. Menelaus called on all the Greeks to help him regain his wife, and a great fleet sailed across the Aegean Sea, bearing the soldiers of the various Greek states. Troy was taken after a siege of ten years. The perils which befell Ulysses, king of the island of Ithaca, on his return voyage to Greece, are here described by Charles Lamb, an English writer.

I. Describe the cave in which the Cyclops lived. In what way did the Cyclops differ from men? Why did Ulysses deceive Polyphemus about the ships? Why did he not kill the giant while asleep? What trait in Ulysses is shown by these two acts?

II. Tell what happened to the heroes on Circe's island. How did Ulysses deliver his companions?

III. How did Ulysses show his wisdom when approaching the Sirens? Compare his plan with that used by the Argonauts. What other incidents took place before he reached Ithaca? What had happened in Ithaca during his absence? How had Penelope kept the suitors in expectation?

IV. Tell what happened in the palace hall when Ulysses entered; also tell of his interview with Penelope.

V. Give an account of the way in which Ulysses triumphed over the suitors and regained his kingdom.

Give all the instances you can of the craftiness of Ulysses. Give instances of his courage and steadfastness of purpose. What do you learn about Penelope's character? What impression do you get of Telemachus?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Circe's Palace, from Tanglewood Tales—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

A Wonder-Book—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The Odyssey—Translation of William Cullen Bryant.

The Story of the Odyssey—A. J. Church.

Heroes of Chivalry and Romance—A. J. Church.

Ulysses—Alfred Tennyson.

The Greek Heroes—Charles Kingsley.

The Shepherd of King Admetus—James Russell Lowell.

The Heroes of Asgard—A. and E. Keary.

The Neckan—Matthew Arnold.

Heroes of the Norselands—Katherine T. Boulton.



ULYSSES TO CIRCE

Ah, God! that I might see
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,
Yon lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing crags,
The screaming gull and the wild-flying cloud:—
To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,
To smell far out the 'glebe of my own farms,
To spring alive upon the precipices,
And hurl the singing spear into the air;
To scoop the mountain torrent in my hand,
And plunge into the midnight of her pines;
To look into the eyes of her who bore me,
And clasp his knees who is my sire,
Prove if my son be like my dream of him.

We two have played and tossed each other words;
Goddess and mortal we have met and loved.
Now I am mad for silence and for tears,
For the earthly voice that breaks at earthly ills,
The mortal hands that make and smooth the bed.
I am an-hungered for that human heart,
That heart a sweet hive of memories—
There, there to lay my head before I die,
There, there to be, there only, there at last!

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

WULNOTH THE WANDERER

I. The Training of a Hero

Many, many years ago Wulnoth, a Saxon child, driven from his home by pirates, took refuge at the court of the king of Norway. The king's castle was later stormed and captured by the Danes; only Wulnoth and the king's daughter, Edgiva, escaped capture or death. They found a place of safety in a cave near the seashore.

Wulnoth abode in the cave of the old woman, Wyborga the Wise, but he longed to follow the Danish pirates who had borne off Guthred the Prince and had done so much evil in the land.

But Wyborga said, "Not yet, Wulnoth. Thou hast much to learn and Guthred hath much to learn ere ye two meet again."

Then answered Wulnoth, "What must I learn, mother, and who shall be my schoolmaster?"

Wyborga went to the door and called softly, and a shadow fell before the entrance of the cave as there entered a wild-looking man.

"Wulnoth," he said, "I am Osth the 'berserker and the giant"—truly he was a 'gigantic man. "Wyborga the Wise has bidden me teach thee if thou wilt be taught, but the time will be long and the work hard, for he who would gain knowledge must gain it at hard cost, and he who would conquer others must conquer self."

Wulnoth asked, "For how long must I learn, Osth?" and the berserker replied, "Until thou art perfect."

Then did the Princess Edgiva come to Wulnoth and place her arms round his neck, calling him her good Wulnoth and bidding him go, while Wyborga promised that each new moon he should come and see them in the cave. So Wulnoth consented and went away with Osth into the high mountain, along the goats' road, which is hard to climb and weary to walk.

There in a cave the boy dwelt with the wild man, drinking no wine or milk but only the clear water of the stream. He ate wild fruit and goat's flesh; and each morning Osth set him to roll great stones up the hill, which rolled down as fast as they were brought to the top, until at length he cried in anger:

"Of what avail is this, Osth? The stones will not remain at the top, and if they did they are of no use there," but to that Osth only grunted and said that he who would succeed must labor.

"It shall not be my fault if I do not succeed," thought Wulnoth, and he set to work again, and rolled the stones all day long, though he could not see any use in it, until one day the giant said to him:

"Seest thou yon oak tree, Wulnoth? Canst thou pull off a branch at one wrench?"

"Neither I nor any man could do that," answered Wulnoth, but the berserker said, "Try."

So Wulnoth went to the oak, and, taking a firm

grip on a strong branch, began to pull, and lo! the branch was torn off.

“Whence did I get this strength?” cried the youth in wonder. The giant answered, “Rolling stones. Each stone added a little, and each little joined the rest, until thou canst do this. Thou must learn another lesson now.”

So Osth set him to leap the precipices and to descend from point to point, until he was as sure-footed as the goat; then one day he bade him strip and wrestle.

Now, Wulnoth wrestled hard, but he could not throw the giant while each time the giant threw him, so that he lost heart and said, “What use wrestling with thee, Osth? I shall never conquer thee.”

But the giant answered with a grunt, “He who would succeed must labor,” and again Wulnoth was silenced.

One day there came a bear, and the giant asked, “Canst wrestle with yonder honey-finder, Wulnoth?”

“Nay,” said Wulnoth. “Neither can any man.”

But Osth answered, “Go and try.”

So Wulnoth went to the bear, which rose up on its hind legs and opened wide its paws. But Wulnoth, taking a good grip, squeezed its ribs and threw it down, so that the honey-finder got up and ran off grunting.

Wulnoth said, “Whence have I got this cunning?”

"Through being thrown by me," answered Osth.
"Thou must learn another lesson now."

Osth set Wulnoth to pulling against him until at length the lad could hold a bullock by the horns and, if need be, cast it to the ground. Day by day did the giant make him work until his bones ached and his limbs were weary, but he grew so strong and mighty that he could run all day and not stop, climb the steepest hill, leap the widest chasm, wield a club in either hand, and shatter a rock with every blow; and after each task in which he succeeded the giant laughed and grunted and said that it was well.

II. The Adventure in the Hall of the Danes

The days went by, and at last Wulnoth was filled with a great longing to serve the bravest and noblest monarch in the world. Knowing that the time had come for the lad to go forth upon his adventures, Osth bade him farewell. Wulnoth had heard of the great deeds of Regner, the king of the Danes, and determined to go at once to the court of that ruler. While journeying thither, he made himself known to Wahrmond, one of the king's bravest subjects, who was returning from a successful battle. He led Wulnoth into the great hall of the Danes, where the two sons of Regner were feasting during the absence of their father.

The hall was long and low and its beams were black with the smoke of years. The walls were covered with

skins and antlers, with shields and swords, helmets and breastplates.

At the upper end of the room the lords sat in carved chairs at a great table, drinking ale from their drinking-horns. The two sons of Regner, Hungwar and Hubba, sat side by side at the head of the table. Hungwar, the elder, was covered with shaggy hair like a bear, but Hubba was smooth-faced except for his long, drooping mustache. The brothers were alike, however, in their savage, evil look.

Below the great lords, at a table which ran the length of the hall, were placed the common soldiers and the followers of the nobles. There was plenty to eat and drink, and the deep hall rang with shouts of laughter and outcries, which were stilled ever and anon as some minstrel smote his harp and broke into a song of praise of one of the great lords.

Into this scene of wild revelry, Wahrmund led Wulnoth the Wanderer. The appearance of the two men caused Hungwar to look up from his platter, and he raised his drinking-horn to Wahrmund.

"So thou hast come back, Wahrmund," said the prince. "What of thy voyaging?"

"The voyage was short, the task soon done," came the answer. "The men of Osric are scattered afar, and their homes are no more than gray ashes."

"Good!" cried Hungwar. "Osric will not defy us again." Then, looking closely at Wulnoth, he paused

in his speech. "What flaxen-haired giant attends thee, Wahrmund?" he asked. "What does this man here?"

"By the great god Thor," said one of the nobles, a viking named Guthrun, "he is a goodly man." And raising his horn, he cried to Wulnoth, "Hail to thee, stranger!"

"Hail, lord," replied Wulnoth, bowing at the courtesy.

"Now by Odin," said Hubba angrily, "are there no men in Denmark, Guthrun, that thou art so pleased with this berserker?"

Guthrun, who was a giant himself, with his long hair in two plaits and with massive armlets of gold on his arms, laughed merrily and made answer:

"We are men, Hubba, and therefore we love all real men—be they friends or foes. A stout foeman should make a fighter's heart rejoice."

"How camest thou by this man, Wahrmund?" asked Hungwar, stopping a discourse which might have ended in a quarrel.

Wahrmund told his tale of the finding of Wulnoth. When he had finished, Hungwar turned to Wulnoth, who stood erect and calm, awaiting the prince's pleasure.

"Why hast thou sought these halls, stranger?" asked the son of Regner. "Most of thy people—for thou hast the Saxon hair and eyes—shun us rather than seek us. Perchance thou hast fled from some fate thou

didst deserve. Beyond doubt thou art a landless and nameless wanderer."

Then Wulnoth made answer: "I am indeed the Wanderer, for I have come far in my search. As for my place, I am of the North, whither I was taken in childhood after the sword of the Dane had harried our land. Thou sayst truly that I am landless and nameless; and, moreover, I am a 'thrall, though I have rent the thrall collar from my neck and made myself free. But what I am makes little difference to thee, lord, for it is said thou lovest brave fighters better than those of noble blood."

"Thou hast come to serve under me, then?" asked the Dane.

"Nay," replied Wulnoth, "I seek the bravest, the mightiest, the noblest in the world. Only him will I serve."

At that Hungwar frowned and struck the table with his hand.

"Am I not he, dog?" cried the Dane.

Wulnoth laughed. "Nay," he said; "I seek one whose name is greater than thine—Regner Lodbrok, thy father."

At that all the table cried out that it was well, for Regner Lodbrok was the mightiest champion of the Danish race.

"So thou seekest to serve my father?" sneered Hungwar. "He who seeks such honor must be

worthy. If thou wouldst serve none but the bravest, thou must prove thyself brave."

"I would that I might match myself against thee," said Wulnoth calmly.

The lords all laughed at that, for they liked to see Hungwar bearded. None but a gallant man would have dared to do it.

Hungwar frowned darkly. "Thou art bold, Wanderer," he said. "The bloodhound runs not with the wolf."

"Yet the wolf sometimes pulls down the bloodhound, Hungwar," was the answer. "Enough of talk. Thou desirest to see my strength. What test shall I have?"

Then Hungwar, taking up a great block of wood, said, "Let us see what thy sword is worth, Wanderer. Split that block at a blow."

"Too easy a task, Hungwar," Wulnoth replied, smiling. "Let us see thee rend it asunder with thy naked hands."

"Thou art a fool," cried the Dane. "No man living may do that."

"We shall see," said Wulnoth. So saying, he bent one knee upon the block and grasped it firmly with both hands. All those present rose to their feet to watch him. Wulnoth gripped the block still more tightly and began to pull; he pulled until the muscles of his arms and back stood out like ropes and he thought to himself

that Östh's teaching was at last bearing fruit. And as he pulled with still increasing strength, suddenly there came a sharp sound of rending wood and the block fell apart in two pieces. The lords and soldiers, beholding the feat, shouted till the roof rang.

"What other task wilt thou set me, Hungwar?" asked Wulnoth. "Since I seek thy father's service, I wish to prove that I am worthy."

Hungwar frowned and answered not at once, for he began to feel a hatred for this stranger and would gladly have seen him shamed.

"Perchance the block was cracked," he said at last, "and I noticed it not."

Wulnoth smiled. "It may indeed be so," he answered.

Hungwar then laid his hand on an iron mace, with a handle an inch thick.

"Some of you strike hard blows," he said. "Who can sever this iron with one stroke of the sword?"

"I will try," said Guthrum, who, like all the vikings, loved trials of strength.

Placing the mace on the riven block of wood, he lifted his sword high in the air and smote with all his might. The steel bit deep into the iron but failed to cut it through. Other mighty vikings tried to sever the bar with their swords, but though they made good strokes none of them could quite shear through the metal.



The Keen Blade Sung in the Air

At last it came Wulnoth's turn to try. He looked at the mace, hacked as it was with sword cuts, and said, "Give me another bar, for this one is much cut into, and let the new bar be thicker."

All cried aloud at this and Hungwar sent for his own mace, which had a handle nigh two inches thick.

"Canst cut that, boaster?" he asked.

Guthrun cried out that the test was not fair, since the new mace was far thicker than the first. But Wulnoth only smiled as he took up his great sword for the trial.

High he lifted the weapon, and the keen blade sung in the air like the scream of a gull in a storm as the Wanderer swung it round and round his head. A moment and it fell with a crashing sound, and lo! the iron mace was sheared in two, clean cut, and the wooden block beneath it was also split under the blow.

"Hail to the Wanderer!" cried the vikings. "Thou art worthy to be of our number!" And they would have made him welcome in their midst.

But Wulnoth shook his head, saying, "Set me yet another task, O Hungwar."

Hungwar did not reply, but Hubba, who had sat silent, did. "I will set thee a task," he cried. "All this is child's play and has no danger in it. But I will give thee a labor worthy of a hero. Come hither, Wiglaf."/>

A man rose from the lower end of the table. He

was great of stature, with bare, hairy arms, thick as trees.

"What is thy pleasure, Lord Hubba?" he asked.

"See here, Wanderer," said Hubba to Wulnoth, "this man is a mighty boxer and no one can stand a buffet from his fist. Wilt thou exchange a blow with him?"

"That will I," replied Wulnoth. "Strike, Wiglaf."

"Not so," cried Guthrun loudly. "If Wiglaf strikes first, how shall Wulnoth have strength to strike back? Let them fight a round, giving and taking blows as they may. It will be a splendid sight."

"So be it," said Wulnoth. "I care not."

"Take heed, Wanderer," whispered Wahrmund in Wulnoth's ear. "He is a cruel man and fights none too fairly. He will kill thee if he can."

But Wulnoth only smiled, and the vikings forgot their drinking-horns and watched the combat in breathless silence.

For a little time the two men played, feinting, each trying the other's skill and strength. Wulnoth gave and took several light blows. Suddenly Wiglaf, springing forward, smote at him with force enough to have felled an ox. But Wulnoth stopped the blow and turned it aside harmlessly, and before Wiglaf could recover he struck the boxer in return. Though Wiglaf caught the blow on his arm, there came a sound as of

a cracking stick, and the boxer's arm fell helpless, with a broken bone.

At this all the vikings started to their feet and lifted their drinking-horns and cried aloud that Wulnoth was of the best of them and an honor to their company. Hungwar and Hubba frowned, however, for they saw that the Saxon stranger was mightier than they.

But Wulnoth was not yet through his trial of strength. Rising, he said to the company: "All the tasks ye have set me I have accomplished, O lords. Now I will set myself a task, and if any of you dare do it, let him try it first. See yon beast?"

He pointed to the open beyond the door, where in a fenced field a great bull had begun to bellow and stamp.

"Wanderer, what new wonder canst thou show us?" asked Guthrun. "Be careful of that brute; he has killed five men already."

Wulnoth, pointing to him, said, "Which of you will go and bring the beast to the ground with naught but his naked hands?"

Hungwar cried thickly, "Fool, no man on earth can do it."

"That we shall see," said Wulnoth. Casting his sword aside, he leaped the rails into the field as easily as if he had the wings of a bird. All the assemblage

crowded out to watch him, thinking that the stranger would surely be slain by the fierce animal.

As Wulnoth approached, the bull glared at him with bloodshot eyes and lowered its great head, pawing the ground and roaring aloud. It so stood a moment, then charged forward, quick as a bolt of lightning; the onlookers gasped, expecting to see Wulnoth killed that instant. But swift as the bull was, Wulnoth was swifter. He sprang aside, letting the monster pass.

The animal wheeled for another charge, but Wulnoth was ready for him. He gripped the wide-spreading horns in his mighty hands and pushed with all his force against the bull. The bull pushed in return, and the two stood motionless, man and animal, each putting forth his strength.

And while the vikings looked on with wondering eyes, they saw a sight never seen before. As Wulnoth pushed, slowly increasing his force as Osth had taught him, the bull faltered and was driven back little by little. Suddenly Wulnoth put forth his utmost strength; he swung out with both hands and the bull was jerked off its feet and fell to its knees, crying out in pain. The beast was conquered; all its fierceness was gone and it was tamed.

At such a sight, a man victorious with naked hands over a great brute, the vikings gave a shout and caught

up Wulnoth on their shoulders and bore him around, crying, "Hail to the hero!"

And so Wulnoth, biding his time for revenge, became a follower of Regner Lodbrok, the king of the Danes.

DANISH LEGEND.

HELPS TO STUDY

This is a story of the great Scandinavian heroes of long ago. It concerns the age of the vikings, when the Danish ships, resembling the *Argo*, swarmed in the North Sea and the English Channel, and the Danes conquered much of England, Ireland, and France. More terrible and ruthless fighters have never been known, and it was necessary for Wulnoth to undergo a long and hard training to hold his own against them.

I. Tell how Wulnoth was trained by Osth. Compare the training of Wulnoth with the training Chiron gave his pupils.

II. Tell what happened when Wulnoth was brought into the great hall of the Danes. How was his training tested? Give your opinion of Hungwar's character and your reasons for this opinion. Also give your opinion of Guthrun, Wahrmund, and Hubba. Which of these men were true heroes, rejoicing in strength and skill wherever found?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Siegfried the Volsung—Katherine T. Boulton.

King Alfred, from *Heroes Every Child Should Know*—Hamilton W. Mable.

Hereward the Wake—Charles Kingsley.

Sigurd the Volsung—William Morris.

Harold—Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

ROLAND AT RONCESVALLES

I

The mighty Emperor Charles, known in history as 'Charlemagne, led his army from France into Spain, to punish Marsilius, the king of that country, for having levied war on him and invaded his dominions. The emperor defeated Marsilius in battle and made him agree to pay tribute. In order to arrange for the payment of the money, he sent his courtier Ganelon to Marsilius.

This Ganelon, though he had long been a follower and counsellor of the emperor's, was a bitter enemy of Roland, Oliver, and the other 'paladins, who were the knights and friends of Charlemagne. He was not without good qualities, being brave and tactful; but he was also envious, false, and treacherous, and he especially resented the favor which Charles showed Roland. On taking his leave of the court to go into Spain, Ganelon embraced Roland over and over again, using such pains to seem loving and sincere that his 'hypocrisy was manifest to all but the monarch who foolishly trusted him. For the emperor was old now and his wisdom had abated.

Ganelon was received with great honor by Marsilius. The king, attended by his lords, came fifteen miles out of Saragossa to meet him and conducted him into the city amid rejoicings and acclams. For several days

there was naught but balls, feasting, and tournaments; the ladies threw flowers on the heads of the French knights, and the people shouted, "France! Mountjoy and St. Denis!" Every honor was shown Ganelon and his train.

After the ceremonies had been completed, the king and the ambassador began to understand each other. One day as they sat together in a beautiful garden beside a fountain of marble, they talked of what was in their minds. The water of the fountain was so clear and smooth that it reflected every object as if in a mirror; all about were fruit trees which gave out fragrance from their blossoms. Ganelon, without looking the king in the face, was able to see his expression in the water, and governed his speech accordingly. Marsilius likewise watched Ganelon closely without so seeming.

The king lamented the injuries which the emperor had inflicted on him by invading his land, and charged the Frankish monarch with wishing to bestow the kingdom of Spain on his favorite Roland. Marsilius, going from one thing to another, uttered his belief that good men might get their rights if the ambitious Roland were dead. Peace would then reign between France and Spain.

Ganelon heaved a sigh, as if compelled to admit the force of what the king had spoken; and at last, raising his face to Marsilius, he said triumphantly, "Every

word you speak is truth. Die he must, and die also must Oliver, who struck me a foul blow. Is it treachery to punish affronts like that? I have planned everything; I have fooled their feeble-minded master, the emperor. Roland will come to your borders—to Roncesvalles—for the purpose of receiving the tribute. Charles will await him at the foot of the mountain. Roland will bring but a small band with him; you will secretly have your whole army at your back. Surround him—and, then, who will receive the required tribute?”

The traitor had scarcely uttered these words ere there came a change over the face of nature. The sky all at once darkened; there was thunder and lightning, and a laurel tree was split in two from head to foot. Marsilius, as well as Ganelon, was terrified at the omen, but all the same the king and the traitor came to an agreement, and Marsilius made ready to march to Roncesvalles at the head of his forces.

Ganelon sent word to Charlemagne that Marsilius was coming humbly and submissively to pay tribute into the hands of the emperor's representative, who, he said, had best be Roland. He added a brilliant account of the tribute and the accompanying presents for Charles which Marsilius had prepared. The emperor was much pleased with his ambassador's diligence and success, and matters were arranged as he desired. Roland was named to go to Roncesvalles

and receive the tribute, while Charles waited at the foot of the mountain.

The paladin accordingly went to Roncesvalles, accompanied by a moderate train of warriors, never dreaming of the treachery planned against him. In the meantime, Ganelon had hurried back to France to secure the success of the plot, while Marsilius quietly brought into the passes of Roncesvalles the whole of his mighty army. He had also, by Ganelon's advice, **brought** a store of wine and rich food to set before **his** victims. "That will render the onset more effective," the traitor had said, "the feasters being unarmed. One thing, however, you must not forget. My son Baldwin will surely be with Roland. You must do him no harm for my sake."

"I give him this garment off my own body," said the king. "Let him wear it in the battle and have no fear. My soldiers shall be told not to injure a hair of his head."

Marsilius now made his first move in casting the snare around Roland by sending him presents of wines and other luxuries, which, he hoped, would lessen the vigilance of the paladins. He also privately told his captains that they would know Ganelon's son by the surcoat he wore, and that he was the only soul amongst the Franks whom they should spare.

The paladins, who distrusted Ganelon, meanwhile begged Roland to be on his guard against treachery

and to send to Charlemagne for more soldiers. The great heart of the hero, however, was unwilling to harbor suspicion without proof; and he refused to summon aid which might not be needed. He would do nothing but what his liege lord had commanded him. And yet he could not wholly avoid a misgiving, for the fears of his friends disturbed him in spite of the calm confidence with which he met them.

King Marsilius was to arrive the next day with his tribute. At break of dawn Oliver rode out to see the peaceful pomp of the Spanish court as it drew nigh. He mounted the nearest height, and instead of a procession of lords and servants bearing gifts, he beheld the great army of Marsilius already forming in the passes.

"O evil Ganelon!" he exclaimed. "This, then, is the end of thy labors!"

Putting spurs to his horse, he rode down the mountain to Roland.

"Well," cried the hero, "what news?"

"Bad news," said his cousin; "such as you would not listen to yesterday. Marsilius is here in arms, and all the world is with him."

At this the paladins pressed around Roland and entreated him to sound his horn in token that he needed help. Charlemagne, far off, would hear the blast and come. Without replying to their entreaties, Roland mounted his horse and went up the mountain to see for himself.

As soon as he saw the great multitude of men below him, filling the pass from side to side, with the sunrise light gleaming on ten thousand helmets and spears and swords, he cried out, "O miserable valley! the blood shed in thee this day will color thy name forever!"

Roland's little camp now stirred with preparation for the coming contest. The knights put on their armor with impatience; there was nothing but lacing of helmets and mounting of horses, while good Archbishop Turpin went from rank to rank exhorting and encouraging the warriors. Roland and his captains withdrew to one side for a moment's council. The hero fairly groaned for sorrow, so wretched felt he at having brought his people to die in Roncevalles.

"If it had entered into my heart," he said, "to conceive the king of Spain as such a villain, never would you have seen this day. Let us die, if die we must, like honest and gallant men, of whom it shall be said that only our bodies died. I did not sound the horn, because our liege lord could not save us, even if he heard."

So saying, Roland sprang into the saddle and cried out, "Away, away against the Saracens!" But he had no sooner turned his face from the knights than he wept bitterly. "Oh! God," he prayed, "think not of me, but have pity on these thy servants!"

With a mighty dust and a tremendous sound of horns and tambors, the army of the Moslems drew

near; horses were neighing, a thousand pennons fluttered in the air, and a mighty forest of sparkling spears stretched as far as the eye could reach.

“Now, friends,” said Roland, “every man for himself and St. Michael for us all! There is not one here that is not a perfect knight.”

Well might he say it, for the flower of France was there—every man a picked soldier, gallant and true.

II

As the great Saracen host halted in 'serried ranks, the captains came out in front to meet the leaders of the little Frankish band. The knights on both sides put lance in rest and rode at each other, one after another. The advantage of these single combats rested with the Christians. The paladin Oliver overthrew the mighty Saracen, Valprimo, and though Oliver received a wound, his 'adversary was slain. Roland himself encountered the Moorish general and killed him with his lance. Other Saracen champions met their end on French spears.

When the infidels beheld their leader dead, such fear fell upon them that they were all for leaving the field to the paladins. King Marsilius, however, had drawn the rest of his forces round the valley like a net, so that the front ranks turned back in vain; they were forced to fight. Roland rode into the thick of the Saracens, and wherever he went thunderbolts fell on helmets and

the dead lay in heaps. Oliver was beside him, with Baldwin and Archbishop Turpin, who had taken a lance and was fighting as valiantly as the rest.

Yet what could be done against foes without number? Marsilius constantly sent on fresh bands of warriors, and the paladins were as units against thousands.

Roland, making a bloody passage toward Marsilius, struck a youth on the head so that his helmet flew off. The paladin raised his hand to strike another blow, when the youth exclaimed, "Hold! you loved my father. I am Bujafort."

Roland had never seen Bujafort, but he recognized the likeness to the good old man, his father, and dropped his sword.

"O Bujafort!" said he; "I loved him indeed, but what does the son here fighting against his friends?"

Bujafort could not speak at once for weeping. "I am forced to be here," he said at last, "by my lord and master, Marsilius. I have made a show of fighting, but have not harmed a single Christian. Treachery is on your every side. Baldwin himself had a garment given him by Marsilius, that every one may know the son of his friend Ganelon and do him no hurt."

"Put your helmet on again," answered Roland, "and go on as you have done. Never will your father's friend be an enemy to the son."

The hero then turned in a fury to look for Bald-

win, who was hastening to him with friendliness in his face.

“’Tis strange,” said Baldwin, “I have done my duty as well as I could, yet nobody will come against me. I have slain right and left to-day, and cannot understand why the stoutest Saracens avoid me.”

“Take off your surcoat,” replied Roland, contemptuously, “and you will soon discover the secret, if you wish to know it. Your father has sold us to Marsilius—all save his honorable son.”

“If my father,” said Baldwin, tearing off the garment, “has been such a villain, and I escape dying, I will plunge my sword through his heart. I am no traitor, Roland, and you do me wrong to say it. Think not that I can live with dishonor.”

Baldwin spurred his horse straight into the press, where blows were thickest, not waiting to hear another word from Roland, who was grieved when he saw that the youth was in despair and that his own words had brought him to it.

The fight now raged beyond all that had gone before. Twenty pagans fell for one paladin, but still the paladins fell. Sansonetto was beaten to the earth by a club, Walter was laid low, Astolpho fell, as did other far-famed knights. Roland, cutting his way to a spot where there was a great struggle and uproar, found the poor youth Baldwin, the son of Ganelon, with two spears in his breast.

"I am no traitor now," cried Baldwin, and these were his last words.

The tears streamed down Roland's face as he left him to plunge again into the fight. The struggle rose higher and yet fiercer, for new forces of Saracens pressed forward. At length the mighty Oliver himself was mortally hurt. He had become blinded with his own blood and struck Roland without knowing it.

"How now, cousin," cried Roland, "have you, too, gone over to the enemy?"

"O my lord and master," spoke the other, "I pray your pardon. I can see nothing; I am dying. If you love me, lead my horse into the thick, that I may die fighting."

"I shall fall myself before long," said Roland, "so we will go together."

He led his cousin's horse where the press was thickest, and dreadful was the strength of the dying paladin and his weary friend. They made a street clean through the Saracen host by which they passed out of the battle, and Roland took his cousin to his tent. "Wait a little till I return, for I go on the hill yonder to sound my horn."

"It is no use," said Oliver; "my spirit is fast passing and would be at rest."

He sought to say more, but his breath failed him and the hero died.

When Roland saw his friend lifeless, he felt all alone

on earth and was quite willing to leave it, only he wished Charlemagne at the foot of the mountain to know how the case stood with him before he passed away. So taking his horn, he blew it three times with such force that the blood burst from his nose and mouth. At the third blast the horn broke in two.

In spite of the terrible roar of battle, the blast of the horn rang out above all other sounds. Birds fell dead from it, and the whole infidel host drew back in terror. Charlemagne was sitting in the midst of his court and Ganelon was with him, when the note of Roland's horn, traveling many a league, came down the wind. The emperor was the first to hear it.

"Did you hear that?" he asked his nobles. "Did you hear the horn as I heard it?"

Upon this they all listened, and Ganelon felt his heart misgive him. The horn sounded a second time, and louder.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Charles.

"Roland is hunting," answered Ganelon, "and the stag is killed."

But when the horn sounded yet a third time and with such dreadful vehemence that all knew that Roland was in peril, each looked at his neighbor, and then every eye turned on Ganelon.

Charles rose from his throne. "This is no hunting of the stag," he said. "The sound goes to my very heart. O Ganelon! Ganelon! Not for these do I

blush, but for thyself. Foul and monstrous villain! Take him and keep him in close prison. Would to God I had not lived to see this day!"

It was no time for words. The traitor was at once put in prison, and Charles set out without delay for Roncesvalles at the head of his whole army. It was afternoon when the horn sounded and the battle had lasted for many hours. Roland returned to the fight that he might do his duty, however hopeless the outcome. At length he found his end approaching from toil and the many wounds he had received. He rode all alone to a fountain where he had before quenched his thirst and where he would again drink. His horse was even more spent than himself; no sooner had he alighted than the beast knelt down and fell over dead.

Aware that his hour was at hand, Roland summoned all of his waning strength for one final effort. He smote a rock with his beautiful sword 'Durindana, thinking to shiver it to pieces and thus prevent its falling into the enemy's hands. He split the rock, so that a great cleft was left in it to astonish pilgrims ever after, but the sword remained unharmed.

As Roland lay panting his last, two knights came to him with the word that the Saracens, hearing that the emperor was coming, had fled and the battle was over. Roland embraced his sword and raised his eyes to heaven; then, bowing his head, he breathed out his pure soul.

Some while later, Emperor Charles and his nobles came upon the battlefield. Charlemagne, all overcome at the sight of the dead Roland, threw himself from his horse and embraced the hero's body, saying, "O thou beloved one! Indeed it is thou that livest, and I who am worse than dead!"

The emperor stood for a time, gazing mournfully over the vale of Roncesvalles. The Saracens had fled, conquered, but all his paladins save two lay dead on the field, and the whole valley from mountain to mountain was covered with the slain. After looking for a time in silence at the place of carnage, Charles cursed it with a solemn curse, wishing that grass might never grow there again and that the anger of Heaven might abide over it forever.

Charles and his warriors followed hard after the Saracens. They took the city of Saragossa and hung King Marsilius for his villainy. Ganelon was also put to death for his treachery in sending Roland and the paladins into the snare. The emperor grieved many days for Roland, the flower of chivalry, and for Oliver and all the other brave knights who had fallen at Roncesvalles.

THOMAS BULFINCH.

HELPS TO STUDY

Roland was one of the most noted heroes of the Middle Ages. He was so much thought of and written about that in time a great number of legends gathered around his name,

and these were embodied in *The Song of Roland*, from which this story is taken. The historical facts are: In the year 778 A. D., Charlemagne, king of France, invaded Spain with a great army. He laid siege to Saragossa but was recalled to his own dominions by the news that the far-away Saxons were in revolt against his rule. While passing through the Pyrenées mountains, his rearguard was attacked in a narrow valley by the wild Basques and cut off to a man. Among the chiefs who fell in this battle was Hruodland, or Roland, one of Charlemagne's counts. This simple incident grew into the romantic story of the death of Roland at Roncesvalles at the hands of the Mohammedan king, Marsilius, who had conspired with the traitor Ganelon. It should be noted that Spain in the Middle Ages was largely a Mohammedan country,—that is, it was inhabited in part by Moors from Africa, who believed in the prophet Mohammed and made war on Christians.

I. What task was given to Ganelon? Tell how he showed his envious, false, and treacherous nature. Give your opinion of Marsilius. What plot did the two make? How was it carried out? What plan was made to insure the safety of Ganelon's son? How and by whom was the plot discovered? What traits of character did Roland show when he learned of Ganelon's treachery?

II. Describe the battle. Who were some of the bravest of the heroes? How did Baldwin prove himself a true knight? Why did Roland at last blow his horn? Why did he attempt to break his sword? What caused the Saracens to flee? How was Roland's death avenged?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Roland, from *Heroes Every Child Should Know*—Hamilton W. Mable.

Stories of Charlemagne and the Peers of France—A. J. Church.
Sohrab and Rustum—Matthew Arnold.

THE DEATH OF ROLAND

That death was on him he knew full well ;
Down from his head to his heart it fell.
On the grass beneath a pine-tree's shade,
With face to earth, his form he laid,
Beneath him placed he his horn and sword,
And turned his face to the heathen horde ;
Thus hath he done the sooth to show,
That Karl and his warriors all may know,
That the gentle count a conqueror died.
‘*Mea Culpa* full oft he cried :
And, for all his sins, unto God above,
In sign of penance, he raised his glove.

Roland feeleth his hour at hand ;
On a knoll he lies toward the Spanish land.
With one hand beats he upon his breast :
“In thy sight, O God, be my sins confessed.
From my hour of birth, both the great and small,
Down to this day, I repent of all.”
As his glove he raises to God on high,
Angels of heaven descend him nigh.
From heaven they came for that soul of price,
And they bore it with them to Paradise.

The Song of Roland.

JOAN OF ARC *

| I. Joan Finds the King

Charles, the king, held his court at Chinon because his capital city of Paris had been taken by the English. In spite of the danger of losing his kingdom, he made little effort to raise soldiers and money for the war, preferring to spend his time in hunting and other pleasures. It seemed as if his energies were benumbed, as if he could not awaken to a realization of his position. While his last possessions were slipping from him, he dallied as if the land were at peace.

One evening he came into the great yard of the castle at Chinon, fresh from success in the tournament held that day; the youth of his court and his favorite, Gilles de Laval, accompanied him. Within the hall, a solitary figure, stood the poet-historian, Alain Chartier. King Charles hailed him with a foolish face of pleasure.

"We rode well," said the king. "How goes it with you, sir poet?"

Chartier, who held his favor with the king and knew that he held it by his outspokenness, replied, "As chronicler of my king's reign, I wish my pages were less dismal."

Charles sighed heavily. He remembered, reluc-

* From *The Flower of France*, by Justin H. McCarthy. Used by special permission of the publishers, Harper & Brothers.

tantly, that the English held Paris, that the English were besieging Orleans—were making hay of his monarchy.

“I had forgotten our sorrows,” he said, “and the little left to me that daily grows less.”

One of the courtiers said, “You are king of France, sire.”

“‘King of Chinon’ they call me in mockery,” he replied. “When the English take Orleans, I shall not be even that, and must fly the land.”

Nobody knew quite what to say; therefore nobody said anything except Chartier.

“There is another thing a king can do,” he remarked dryly.

Gilles, disliking the turn of talk, struck in.

“What is that, ‘philosopher?’”

While the king was speaking, Lahire, the famous soldier of fortune, had entered the hall unnoticed. He slipped quietly to where he had concealed a pair of boots before the king’s entrance; and now taking them up, hid them behind his back.

Chartier had his answer pat for Gilles:

“He can die at the head of his army.”

The words stirred Charles like a trumpet call and he cried, with a brief spasm of enthusiasm, “As a fighting king should die!”

Then his voice fell, and he added, reflectingly, “But I must live for my subjects.”

At this moment Lahire came blithely forward. The great soldier, a tall, strong, swaggering man, accounted one of the best fighters in France, held the boots concealed behind his back.

"No need for your majesty to die or fly," he shouted. There was a little thrill of surprise among the courtiers at the sudden appearance of the war-worn freebooter. Charles was frankly glad to greet him.

"Lahire,—welcome, dear ruffian! What am I to do?"

Lahire made a bow. "Send for Joan, the Maid of Domremy, sire."

There was a buzz among the lords and ladies. All had heard of the strange girl from Domremy, all longed to see her. So far, public opinion was on the side of Lahire. A witch was worth looking at any day.

Here Gilles interfered, protesting: "The Maid, the Maid, the Maid! We are always hearing of her. Who believes in her prophecies that the English will be overthrown?"

Lahire mocked him, derisive. "The Maid, the Maid, always the Maid! I believe in her."

It seemed as if another moment would have brought Lahire and Gilles to blows in the very presence of the king. Charles saved the situation.

"So you advise me to see this Maid?" he asked Lahire.

"Yes, sire," Lahire answered, bluntly.

Charles turned to Gilles. "And you advise me not to see her?" he questioned.

"Yes, sire," said Gilles.

Charles turned and said petulantly. "What am I to do?"

There came a kind of hush over the assembly, which was roughly broken by Lahire. "Your majesty seems to be very ill shod," he remarked.

Charles glanced down at his slim feet and sighed.

"Alas, Lahire," he replied, "the rascal bootmaker will not let me have the new gear until I pay for the old."

Lahire, like a magician producing mice from a countryman's hat, gravely brought the boots from behind his back.

"What are these, sire?" he asked triumphantly.

Charles hailed them with delight, as a child might hail an unexpected doll. "My boots - my beautiful boots!"

Lahire dandled them before him tantalizingly, while he cried, derisive of the gaping court, "But for the Maid you would have had no boots to-day, nor dinner, either."

"What had she to do with my boots or my dinner?" Charles asked, while the court tittered and Gilles frowned at the turn things were taking.

"Why," explained Lahire, "she so wheedled and

coaxed and 'cajoled your clamorous creditors that no stiff-beard of them all could deny her. So your majesty can wear new boots and eat your dinner and thank the Maid of Domremy."

Charles turned to Gilles with an apologetic smile. "Perhaps, cousin, we might as well see this girl."

Gilles concealed his ill-humor with an 'impassive mask.

"As your majesty pleases," he said.

Charles addressed his poet chronicler. "What says Alain Chartier?"

Chartier's answer was emphatic. "See the girl, sire."

The king, eager for further support, next appealed to the fair woman who stood near him. "What says Lady Catherine?"

"As your majesty pleases," said the lady addressed.

Charles renewed his attack on Gilles. "It can do no harm."

Gilles prepared to concede in order to gain time. "Perhaps not," he admitted. "In a week's time—in ten days."

Lahire blew in upon his tactics boisterously. "Ten yellow devils!" Then he attacked the king. "Why not to-day, sire?"

Gilles protested. "There would not be time to-day to send for the girl."

Lahire leered at him, maliciously triumphant, as he proclaimed: "There is no need to send for her. She is here."

The courtiers' interest immediately quickened at this statement.

"Here?" repeated Charles in astonishment, while Gilles demanded, furiously, "By what right did you dare—?"

He got no further. Lahire outraged him.

"Use no 'by what rights' and 'did you dare' with me. What Lahire does gives its own rights, and what Lahire dares no man may over-guess!"

Charles placated the raging man-at-arms: "Gently, my lion, gently. Since the girl is here, bring her to us."

Lahire had gained his point. "Instantly, sire," he promised, and vanished, delighted, from the hall.

No sooner had Lahire left the hall than Gilles de Laval addressed the king. "Sire," he said deferentially, "I think it would be well to test this Maid. Let some one take your place on the throne while you stand apart among the rest. If the Maid be the prophet she says she is, she will not be deceived. If she be deceived, she is not what she says she is."

"Poor girl!" sympathized Chartier.

"It is hard luck for the lass," Charles said, kindly, "but we will try the trick."

He turned to a young courtier that stood with the

others apart. "My Lord of 'Angouleme, take our seat and wear our mantle."

He swung the rich, if somewhat faded, cloak from his shoulders. The young Lord of Angouleme lifted it from the royal hands and, folding it about him, took the monarch's place on the throne. He had scarcely done so when the two queens, mother and daughter, with their ladies of honor, entered the hall. Queen Marie gave a little start of surprise as she saw the Lord of Angouleme on the throne.

Charles advanced toward her, saying, "My lady and queen, my Lord of Angouleme is no 'usurper. We are but playing a game with the Maid from Domremy."

The two queens took their places on seats by the side of the royal throne. The court ladies gathered about it, the courtiers formed a glittering group apart, and in the heart of that group Charles hid himself, childishly delighted with the childish trick he was about to play.

By the time that these arrangements were completed, a messenger that had been despatched by the Lord of Laval came scurrying back to say that Lahire and the mad girl, for so they were pleased to regard her, were on the way to the royal presence. Instantly a hush fell on the expectant company, and it was in the midst of that stillness that Lahire and Joan entered the great hall.

By the side of the door at which they entered, Lahire

found Gilles de Laval waiting for him. In an instant his quick eyes, ranging over the brilliant assembly, saw the young Lord of Angouleme 'simpering and mincing on the royal throne—nowhere saw the king. Instantly Lahire grasped the trap that had been laid for Joan, and made to warn her; but before he could speak, Gilles had plucked him by the sleeve and whispered in his ear, "The king commands your silence."

In that 'momentary delay Joan had advanced from the side of Lahire and was already in the middle of the chamber.

"God help her!" groaned Lahire, and could do no more than stand there and wait to see her shamed and scorned and hounded out of the castle as an 'impostor.

But Joan moved quietly and slowly across the patterns of the tiled pavement, as composedly as she might have gone across a meadow at Domremy. She saw in front of her a company of the noblest lords and dames of France, their finery lit now by the light of many torches. Colored stuffs and colored jewels glowed in the flaring flames. The fans o' ladies fluttered; the 'armorials of great lords proclaimed themselves on broad breasts; a thousand unfamiliar hues and forms combined to dazzle the eyes and disturb the composure of a peasant and a stranger. But Joan, peasant though she was and stranger though she was, moved over the shining floor, neither shy nor forward, quite undazzled and undisturbed by the glitter of the court. The

courtiers, looking curiously, saw a beautiful, large-eyed, dreamy face and a slender, graceful form.

When Joan had got within a little space of the man that sat upon the throne and was ready, in all reverence, to salute him, and Lahire's heart drummed in his bosom with fear, to his unspeakable joy and the amazement of all others, she paused and uttered a little cry of surprise. For a moment she looked about her puzzled, as one unable to realize such treason; then without a moment's hesitation she made for the cluster of nobles that concealed the grinning Charles; and, pushing the other lords aside as heedlessly as if they had been so many ninepins, she knelt before the revealed and much-bewildered monarch. A murmur of amazement ran round the hall, while Joan spoke cheerily, looking up into the man's face:

"God give you good life, gentle 'Dauphin."

Charles denied her—pretended to be 'querulous. "Why do you kneel to me? The king sits yonder."

He pointed to the throne where the young Angoulême sat and tried to look regal.

Joan protested. "In God's name, gentle prince, you are the Dauphin and none other. God has sent me to give you succor, and if you lend me soldiers I will raise the siege of Orleans and crown you king at Rheims."

Charles assumed the king at once, for he knew now that the girl knew him. "You speak big words, Maid."

Joan rose to her feet and faced him bravely, while the on-lookers stared, too busy to notice how red was Lahire's face.

"I shall do big deeds," she said proudly, "little though I seem, for God has called me, and his saints go at my right hand and at my left."

"How am I to know that you are inspired by God and not by Satan?" asked the king.

Joan raised her hands to heaven, and the face of the peasant girl glowed with celestial ardor.

"Give me an army, sire," Joan said boldly, "and I will drive the English from Orleans and set the crown of France upon your head."

Charles looked wistfully into the bright, eager young face, the cheeks flushed with courage, the eyes shining with promise. He felt strange stirrings at the heart; unfamiliar thoughts troubled his brain; for an honorable moment he sickened of his miserable little court, with its miserable little pleasures and its pitiful little sins. For an honorable moment he yearned to be a king indeed, and to do kingly deeds. The sound of the Maid's voice thrilled him like the sound of trumpets blown in some high pitch of gallant battle—a rally for God, for honor, for glory. He was the heir of France, descendant of a line of kings. She was a peasant girl, ignorant, simple, her hands hard with toil, her skin tanned by the sun and wind, her clothes coarse and homely, her way of life humble and obscure. Yet in

that honorable moment the woman seemed to him the royal creature and himself one mean and unworthy. What had he done that was kinglike in all his life? Nothing, his conscience answered, with a sudden sternness that shook his spirit like a blow. Well, he would now be rightly 'regal, he would do as a king should do.

"Maid," he said, "I believe in you, and you shall have your wish."

He turned to where his courtiers stood apart and beckoned; and at that signal they drew near to him, lords and ladies, a brilliant mob of vivid colors, the ruddy torchlight flowing over noble draperies and gorgeous stuffs, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, brocades fantastically patterned, silks dyed with all the mingled crimsons of the sunset, all the shifting azures of the sea, all the varying tints of the peacock, all the radiant hues of the prism. The girl gazed at that pomp and pride with eyes no wider than when, of a spring morning in Domremy, they greeted the earliest primrose with unconquerable tears. Above the mass of wedded hues she saw the array of white faces fixed on her—the beautiful faces of women, the varied faces of men—some smiling, some sneering, all staring with an intensity of gaze that might have troubled an emperor trained to pomp from his babyhood, but which brought no shadow of embarrassment to the composed peasant girl.

"Lords," said Charles, "this maid appears a mes-

senger from heaven, and she shall lead an army to Orleans.”

A murmur of surprise ran round the company that had been wondering spectators of the interview between the king and the peasant girl. Lahire, heedless of courtly etiquette, thundered his approval:

“Spoken like a king!”

A sword was handed the Maid. Joan took the heavy blade and handled it as if she had always been familiar with the use of arms. Upon her face she felt a breath of spring blowing, a woodland wind seemed to fan her flushed cheeks, a wind delicately sweet with the perfume of early flowers, a wind that seemed to blow through the dark places of the court and purge them of their grossness. And then Joan said what she seemed commanded to say:

“Sword, I will shed no blood with your blade; but I will bear you where much blood shall be shed, and wherever I carry you there will be fewer enemies for France.”

Even the languorous women, even the indolent men, that heard her were stirred by the sight of that inspired figure lifting the great sword, by the sound of her speech. As for those that were soldiers at heart and brave, they were, in the passion of the moment, hers to a man. Charles, strangely burning with a flame of exaltation, clasped her by the hand and called her comrade.

II. Joan at Orleans

Charles, the king, was for once as good as his word, and Joan of Arc marched to Orleans at the head of a small army, accompanied by her fast friend, Lahire. The Maid found the garrison and the citizens utterly worn out by the hardships of the siege and ready to surrender, but their spirit changed when they heard her burning words of cheer and her declaration that **she** came to save the city and France itself from the enemy. Depression and despair gave way to joy.

Certain 'wiseacres among the captains gathered together in Orleans thought it would be a clever thing to take advantage of the enthusiasm aroused by the coming of the Maid and make a 'sortie of their own, unknown to her, in order to show what fine fellows they were and how well they could work without woman or witch. No sooner said than done; they sallied out to attack the 'bastile of St. Loup without Joan's knowledge, and for that matter, without Lahire's knowledge, for those that shared in this enterprise knew he was of one mind with the Maid.

Now Joan was weary and sleeping when she suddenly wakened with a cry that her voices counseled her to help the French. Even as she was hurriedly clapping on her armor, Lahire came to her breathless and told her what the busybodies were about. At first she was for 'upbraiding him, till she saw that he had been kept as much in the dark as she; then, being by this



Joan of Arc Entering Orleans
(117)

time armored, she mounted her horse and, with Lahire and his Gascons at her heels, went clattering at top speed over Orleans cobblestones and came to what was called the Burgundy gate. There she found the gate shut and 'Gaucourt, the governor, who was hand and glove with the busybodies, standing by to see that she should not pass. He might as well have tried to stop a tornado. Joan called to the sentinels to open the gate; Lahire swore to cleave Gaucourt to the chin if he said them nay. So Gaucourt held his peace, raging; the gates were opened, and Joan and her little levy swept on to the place of fighting, and only got there just in time.

The busybodies had been badly mauled by the English and were retreating with remarkable speed. Joan rallied them, whipped up their wilting courage, led them afresh to the assault, and drove the English that had sallied out in pursuit of their assailants back again to their shelter.

"See how the good-dens run!" she shouted—this was her name for the English, from their phrase of good-den or good-day. "The tower! the tower!"

Gilles de Laval, who was one, and the worst, of the busybodies, tried to restrain her ardor.

"We cannot take the tower," he declared.

Joan made a gesture as if to put him to one side.

"Can and will! Assault!—boldly onward!" she commanded.

“Hurrah!” cried Lahire. “Well said, Maid!”

The attacking party now placed scaling-ladders against the tower and began to swarm up in defiance of the rain of missiles. Joan, carrying her standard, flung herself upon the steps of a ladder.

“St. Michael for France!” she cried; and even as she did so an arrow struck her in the shoulder and she reeled from the rung into the arms of Lahire, who carried her, as he might have carried a child, to a place of safety.

“Are you hurt, Maid?” he asked, tenderly.

Joan winced.

“A little. Stand round, that none may see me.”

Gilles called loudly, “The Maid is wounded.”

Joan reproved him fiercely, “Hold your tongue, villain! Would you dishearten our men?”

“If you cry so again,” Lahire said, “I will silence you forever.”

By this time they had taken off Joan’s body-armor, and there was the arrow sticking in her white flesh.

“Pull out the arrow,” Joan commanded, with closed eyes.

“It will hurt you,” Lahire protested.

Joan opened her eyes an instant and spoke with sharp decision.

“Do as I say,” she ordered, whercupon Lahire pulled out the arrow, and instantly Joan lost consciousness.

Gilles pointed to the bastile, where, indeed, the French began to waver.

"All is lost," he said; "our men are giving way."

On the word Joan opened her eyes.

"You lie," she said firmly, and made them bind up the wound and put on her armor again. Then she arose and seized her standard.

"Can you shift, Maid?" Lahire asked, anxiously.

"Blithely," she answered, and rushed forward to the assault, crying shrilly, "St. Michael for France!"

The wavering French rallied at sight and sound of her.

"The Maid! the Maid!" they shouted, encouraged.

Lahire swung his sword. "Lahire for the Flower of France!" he thundered; and so he and others swept at the heels of the Maid against the bastile. The assault was renewed, and in a moment, as it seemed, the tower was carried by storm. Shouting hoarse battle-cries, the soldiers mounted the ladders. The Maid was in the thick of them, her white standard flying, her sacred sword held high in air, her girlish face flushed with the joy of conquest, her sweet voice ringing out battle-cries.

One bastile taken and burned, the Maid was all for taking and burning another. Gilles de Laval, ever by her side, was all for moderation, caution.

"Dare we do more?" he asked. "The men will need rest."



Joan at the Capture of the Tower

Joan gave him a scornful glance and a scornful answer.

“Rest while an English tower stands outside Orleans? Onward, in the name of God!”

And so she swept on, with the maddened Orleanists in her wake; and wherever she went her white armor, her white flag, and her white horse proved the harbingers of victory. None seemed able to stand before her. Grim portals that a few days before had seemed as unsiegeable to the good folk of Orleans as the gates of hell were taken with a rush. The French scaled towers as recklessly as if they believed themselves to be immortal. Wherever the white banner flew, wherever the white armor gleamed, there was victory, amazing, unprecedented for the French—there was defeat, amazing, unprecedented for the English.

JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.

III. Joan Addresses the King

True to her mission, Joan of Arc, after the defeat of the English at Orleans, conducted the Dauphin to Rheims for the coronation.

The mission'd Maid
Then placed on Charles's brow the crown of France,
And back retiring, gazed upon the king
One moment, quickly scanning all the past,
Till in a tumult of wild wonderment

She wept aloud. The assembled multitude
In awful stillness witness'd: then at once,
As with a tempest-rushing noise of winds,
Lifted their mingled clamors. Now the Maid
Stood as prepared to speak and waved her hand;
An instant silence followed.

“King of France!”

She cried, “At Chinon, when my gifted eye
Knew thee disguised, what inwardly the spirit
Prompted, I promised, with the sword of God,
To drive from Orleans far the English wolves,
And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.
All is accomplish'd. I have here this day
Fulfill'd my mission, and anointed thee
King over this great nation. Of this charge,
Or well perform'd or carelessly, that God
Of whom thou holdest thine authority
Will take account; from Him all power derives.
'Thy duty is to fear the Lord, and rule,
According to His word and to the laws,
Thy people thus committed to thy charge:
Theirs is to fear Him and to honor thee.
And with that fear and honor to obey
In all things lawful; both being thus alike
By duty bound, alike restricted both
From wilful license. If thy heart be set
To do His will and in His ways to walk,

I know no limit to the happiness
Thou may'st create. I do beseech thee, king!"
The Maid exclaim'd, and fell upon the ground
And clasp'd his knees, "I do beseech thee, king!
By all the thousands that depend on thee,
For weal or woe, * * * consider what thou art,
By Whom appointed! If thou dost oppress
Thy people, if to 'aggrandize thyself
Thou tear'st them from their homes, and sendest them
To slaughter, 'prodigal of misery;
If when the widow and the orphan groan
In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee
To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue;
If when thou hear'st of thousands who have fallen,
Thou say'st, 'I am a king! and fit it is
That these should perish for me;'
Though in the general ruin all must share,
Each answer for his own peculiar guilt,
Yet at the judgment day, from those to whom
The power was given, the Giver of all power
Will call for righteous and severe account.
Choose thou the better part, and rule the land
In righteousness; in righteousness thy throne
Shall then be 'stablish'd, not by foreign foes
Shaken, nor by domestic enemies,
But guarded then by loyalty and love,
True hearts, good angels, and all-seeing Heaven."

Thus spake the Maid of Orleans, solemnly
Accomplishing her marvelous mission here.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HELPS TO STUDY

In the great Hundred Years' War, the English conquered the larger part of France. While the uncrowned king loitered at Chinon, the English were besieging the city of Orleans, the last stronghold of the French. If this city fell, the whole of France would be conquered.

At this moment of darkness and shame (1429), a peasant girl named Joan left her native village of Domremy, declaring that heavenly voices told her to deliver the kingdom from the invader and bring about the crowning of the young king Charles at Rheims, as was the French custom. Some of the people accepted Joan as a prophet and deliverer, while others looked on her as a witch. How she overcame her enemies and won success is told in the story and in the poem that follows.

I. Find out all you can about the early life of the "Maid of Orleans." Which of Charles's courtiers win your respect? What incidents give you the greatest insight into the childish character of the king? Try to imagine and describe the scene that presented itself to Joan as she entered the castle hall.

II. What incident showed the dislike of some of the wiseacres for Joan? How was their failure turned into victory? Compare the two soldiers, Lahire and Gilles. What incidents seem to support the belief that the Maid of Orleans was inspired?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc—Mark Twain.

Joan of Arc, from Historical Tales—Charles Morris.

A Child's History of England—Charles Dickens.

The Maid of Orleans—Frederick Schiller.

Joan of Arc, from *Heroines Every Child Should Know*—Hamilton W. Mable.

WILLIAM TELL

William Tell was one of the heroes of Switzerland in its struggle for independence near the end of the thirteenth century. As told in legend, Tell refused to salute the cap which Gessler, the Austrian governor, had set up in the market place of Altdorf; in punishment Tell was ordered to shoot at an apple placed on the head of his little son. The scene is described by James Sheridan Knowles in the play of *William Tell*.

SCENE I—A CHAMBER IN THE CASTLE

(*William Tell, his son Albert, and Gessler.*)

GESSLER. What is thy name?

TELL. My name?

It matters not to keep it from thee now;

My name is Tell.

GES. Tell! William Tell?

TELL. The same.

GES. What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?

And such a master of his bow, 'tis said

His arrows never miss! Indeed—I'll take

Exquisite vengeance! Mark! I'll spare thy life—

Thy boy's, too!—both of you are free on one condition.

TELL. Name it.

GES. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.

TELL. Name the trial you
Would have me make.



Statue of William Tell

GES. You look upon your boy
As though 'instinctively you guessed it.

TELL. Look
Upon my boy! What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it! Guessed the trial
You'd have me make! Guessed it
Instinctively! You do not mean—no—no—
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.

GES. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.

TELL. Is my boy to hold it?

GES. No.

TELL. No?—I'll send the arrow through the core!

GES. It is to rest upon his head.

TELL. Great Heaven, thou hear'st him?

GES. Thou dost hear the choice I give—
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you, not otherwise
To be escaped.

TELL. O monster!

GES. Wilt thou do it?

ALBERT. He will! he will!

TELL. Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child!
Horror!

GES. Take off

His chains, if he consent.

TELL. With his own hand!

GES. Does he consent?

ALB. He does.

(Gessler signs to his officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains, Tell all the time unconscious of what they do.)

TELL. With his own hand!

Murder his child with his own hand!

The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!

'Tis beyond horror—'tis most horrible.

Amazement! * * * *(His chains fall off.)*

What's that you've done to me?

Villains! put on my chains again. My hands

Are free from blood, and have no 'gust for it

That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I'll

not

Murder my boy for Gessler.

ALB. Father! father!

You will not hit me, father!

TELL. Hit thee! Send

The arrow through thy brain—or, missing that,

Shoot out an eye—or, if thine eye escapes,

Mangle the cheek I have seen thy mother's lips

Cover with kisses! Hit thee—hit a hair

Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart!

GES. Dost thou consent?

TELL. Give me my bow and quiver.

GES. For what?

TELL. To shoot my boy!

ALB. No, father, no!

To save me! You'll be sure to hit the apple.

Will you not save me, father?

TELL. Lead me forth—

I'll make the trial!

ALB. Thank you!

TELL. Thank me! Do

You know for what? I will not make the trial,

To take him to his mother in my arms,

And lay him down a corpse before her!

GES. Then he dies this moment—and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.

TELL. Well—I'll do it.

I'll make the trial.

ALB. Father!

TELL. Speak not to me.

Let me not hear thy voice. Thou must be dumb;

And so should all things be. Earth should be dumb!

And Heaven—unless its thunders muttered at

The deed and sent a bolt to stop it. Give me

My bow and quiver.

GES. When all's ready.

TELL. Well! lead on!

Quickly!

SCENE II—WITHOUT THE CASTLE

(Enter slowly, people in evident distress,—officers, Vernzer, Gessler, Tell, Albert, and soldiers,—one bearing Tell's bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples.)

GES. That is your ground. Now shall they measure
thence

A hundred paces. Take the distance.

TELL. Is the line a true one?

GES. True or not, what is't to thee?

TELL. What is't to me? A little thing,

A very little thing,—a yard or two

Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf

I shot at! Never mind.

GES. Be thankful, slave,

Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

TELL. I will be thankful, Gessler!—Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun.

GES. And what of that?

What matter whether to or from the sun?

TELL. I'd have it at my back—the sun should **shine**
Upon the mark and not on him that shoots.

I cannot see to shoot against the sun—

I will not shoot against the sun.

GES. Give him his way. Thou hast cause to **bless**
my mercy.

TELL. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.

GES. Show me the basket—there!

TELL. You've picked the smallest one.

GES. I know I have.

TELL. Oh, do you? But you see
The color on't is dark. I'd have it light,
To see it better.

GES. Take it as it is.

Thy skill will be the greater if thou hit'st it.

TELL. True! true! I did not think of that. I
wonder

I did not think of that. Give me some chance
To save my boy!—

(Throws away the apple)

I will not murder him,
If I can help it—for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.

GES. Well, choose thyself.

(Tell takes an apple.)

TELL. Have I a friend among the lookers-on?

VERNER. *(Rushing forward)*. Here, Tell!

TELL. I thank thee, Verner!

He is a friend who runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief:
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the 'common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!

The boy! the boy! Thinkest thou he has the courage
to stand it?

VER. Yes.

TELL. Does he tremble?

VER. No.

TELL. Art sure?

VER. I am.

TELL. How looks he?

VER. Clear and smilingly.

If you doubt it, look yourself.

TELL. No—no—my friend!

To hear it is enough.

VER. He bears himself so much above his years—

TELL. I know! I know!

VER. With constancy so modest—

TELL. I was sure he would!

VER. And looks with such relying love

And reverence upon you—

TELL. Man! man! man!

No more! Already I'm too much the father

To act the man. Verner, no more, my friend!

I would be flint—flint—flint. Don't make me feel

I'm not. Do not mind me! Take the boy

And set him, Verner, with his back to me.

Set him upon his knees—and place this apple

Upon his head, so that the stem may front me,—

Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady; tell him

I'll hit the apple. Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.

VER. Come, Albert! (*Leading him out.*)

ALB. May I not speak with him before I go?

VER. No.

ALB. I would only kiss his hand.

VER. You must not.

ALB. I must! I cannot go from him without.

VER. It is his will you should.

ALB. His will, is it?

I am content, then. Come.

TELL. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

ALB. My father! (*Rushing into Tell's arms.*)

TELL. If thou canst bear it, should not I? Go now,
My son, and keep in mind that I can shoot.

Go, boy; be thou but steady, I will hit

The apple. Go! God bless thee—go! My bow!

(*The bow is handed to him.*)

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou

Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,

I'm sure of thee. I know thy honesty.

Thou art 'stanch—stanch. Let me see my quiver.

GES. Give him a single arrow.

TELL. Do you shoot?

SOLDIER. I do.

TELL. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?

The point, you see, is bent; the feather jagged.

(*Breaks it.*)

That's all the use 'tis fit for.

GES. Let him have another.

TELL. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take; 'tis heavy in the shaft.
I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me see
my quiver

Bring it! 'Tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.

GES. It matters not.
Show him the quiver. You've resolved I see
Nothing shall please you.

TELL. Am I so?—That's strange,
That's very strange!—See if the boy is ready.
(*Tell hides an arrow under his vest.*)

VER. He is

TELL. I'm ready, too. (*To the people*) Keep silence, for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir; and let me have
Your prayers—your prayers; and be my witnesses
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.

GES. Go on.

TELL. I will.
(*Tell shoots. A shout of exultation bursts from the crowd. Tell's head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself upon his bow.*)

VER. (*Rushing in with Albert.*) The boy is safe,—
no hair of him is touched.

ALB. Father, I'm safe! Your Albert's safe. Dear
father,

Speak to me! speak to me!

VER. He cannot, boy!

ALB. You grant him life?

GES. I do.

ALB. And we are free?

GES. You are. (*Crossing angrily behind.*)

ALB. Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!

VER. Open his vest

And give him air.

(*Albert opens his father's vest and an arrow drops.*

Tell starts and clasps Albert to his breast.)

TELL. My boy! my boy!

GES. For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

TELL. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

HELPS TO STUDY

The cantons, or districts, which make up Switzerland were originally a part of the Austrian domains. The free mountaineers, however, refused to submit to the tyrannous rule of Austria and rose in revolt. After a long struggle, marked by several important battles, the Swiss gained their independence. The story of William Tell is probably mythical, but it well illustrates the spirit of resistance to oppression shown by the Swiss in their wars with Austria.

I. What knowledge did Gessler have of Tell's deeds of prowess? What speeches show Tell's unhappy and bewildered state of mind? What shows the character of the young Albert? Why should the boy feel more confidence than the father? Why was Tell unwilling to have his son speak to him? What finally induced Tell to make the trial?

II. Have a pupil step off one hundred paces, thus showing how far Albert was from his father.

Explain the following sentences:

Earth should be dumb! and Heaven.

Whatever the issue of the hour, the common cause must not stand still

Already I am too much the father to act the man.

Why could not Tell look at his son or speak to him? What caused him to decide to speak to Albert? What traits of character did Tell show? Gessler? Verner?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

William Tell, from *Heroes Every Child Should Know*—Hamilton W. Mable.

The Story of a Bad Boy—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

TELL'S RETURN FROM CAPTIVITY

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again;
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome home again!
Hail! Hail! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine,—whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED

“Make way for liberty!” he cried,
Made way for liberty, and died.
In arms the Austrian ‘phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood,—
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown.
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear:
So still, so dense the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood.

‘Impregnable their front appears,
All ‘horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers’ splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And beat their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained;
Marshaled, once more, at Freedom’s call,

They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell.
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod,
Which his awakening footstep trod.
And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within,
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrant's feet;
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would not they feel their children tread,
With clanging chains, above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power;
All Switzerland is in the field;
She will not fly,—she cannot yield,—

She must not fall ; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed ;
Behold him,—Arnold Winkelried ;
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amidst the throng,
In 'rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face ;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done !
The field was in a moment won ;
“ Make way for liberty ! ” he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp ;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp ;

“Make way for liberty!” he cried.
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed amidst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
“Make way for liberty!” they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold’s heart,
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HELPS TO STUDY

Arnold is second only to William Tell as a Swiss hero, and the story of his sacrifice seems historic. The incident occurred at the battle of Sempach, fought on July 9, 1386.

With what exclamation does the poem begin? Who made it? What story does the second line tell? What comparisons does the poet use in describing the Austrian army? How is the Swiss army described? For what were the Swiss fighting? Read the lines that tell that the Austrian army consisted of well-trained soldiers. Read the lines that tell that the Swiss soldiers were not trained. What reference is made to Tell? What made “every freeman a host”? Read the stanzas that tell that Arnold Winkelried was devising a plan. Read the lines that tell how he carried it out. Memorize the two short lines that give the result of his heroic sacrifice.

THE SARDINIAN DRUMMER-BOY

I

The great battle of Custozza, fought between the Austrians and the Sardinians, began on July 24, 1848. On this day, about sixty soldiers belonging to an infantry regiment of the Italian army, who had been sent to garrison a farmhouse, suddenly found themselves attacked by two companies of Austrians. The latter, pouring bullets into the Sardinians from all sides, barely allowed them time to take refuge within the house and barricade the doors, after leaving several of their number dead or wounded without. Barring the doors, the Italians ran to the windows of the ground floor and opened a brisk fire on their assailants, who approached slowly in the form of a semi-circle.

The sixty Sardinians were commanded by a captain, a tall, dry, austere old man with white hair and eyebrows; and with them was a drummer-boy, a lad of fourteen who did not look twelve,—small, olive-brown in complexion, and with deep, sparkling eyes. The captain directed the defense from a room on the first floor, giving orders that sounded like pistol-shots and without any sign of emotion on his iron countenance. The drummer-boy had jumped on a table and was holding fast to the wall and stretching his neck,

in order to look out of the window; presently he saw through the smoke the white uniforms of the advancing Austrians.

The house was situated on the summit of a steep declivity and on the side of the slope it had but one high window. The Austrians, therefore, did not threaten the house from that quarter and the slope was free; the fire beat only on the front and the two other sides.

But it was a terrible fire, a perfect hailstorm of bullets, which split the walls on the outside and ground the tiles to powder, and within doors cracked ceilings, furniture and window-frames: the bullets sent flying through the air splinters of wood, clouds of plaster, and fragments of kitchen utensils and glass, whizzing and rebounding and breaking everything with a noise like the crushing of a skull.

At a certain point, the captain, who had hitherto remained impassive, made a gesture of uneasiness and left the room with long strides, followed by a sergeant. Three minutes later the sergeant returned on a run and summoned the drummer-boy with a sign to follow him. The lad hastened after him up a wooden staircase and entered a bare garret, where the captain stood, writing with a pencil on a sheet of paper as he leaned against the little window. At his feet lay a well-rope.

The captain, folding the paper, said sharply as he

fixed his cold gray eyes, which all the soldiers feared, on the boy:

“Drummer!”

The drummer-boy put his hand to his cap.

The captain said, “You have courage.”

“Yes, captain,” said the lad.

“Look down there,” went on the captain, pushing him to the window; “down on the plain, near the houses of Villafranca, where you see a gleam of bayonets. There stand our troops, motionless. You are to take this letter, tie yourself to the rope, descend from the window, get down the slope, make your way across the fields, reach our men, and give the note to the first officer you meet. Throw off your belt and knapsack.”

The drummer removed his belt and knapsack and thrust the note into his breast pocket; the sergeant flung the rope out of the window, and held one end tightly with his hands; the captain helped the lad to climb out of the small opening.

“Now take care,” said the captain. “The salvation of this detachment lies in your courage and your legs.”

“Trust to me, Signor Captain,” replied the drummer-boy, as he let himself down the rope.

“Bend low on the slope,” cautioned the captain, grasping the rope along with the sergeant.

“Never fear,” answered the boy.



"Trust to Me, Signor Captain"

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"God aid you!" said the captain, fervently.

In a few moments the drummer-boy was on the ground; the sergeant drew in the rope and disappeared; the captain, stepping quickly before the window, saw the lad flying down the slope like the wind.

He had already begun to hope that the drummer-boy had succeeded in escaping unobserved, when five or six little puffs of dust, which rose from the earth in front of the lad and behind him, showed the captain that he had been seen by the Austrians, who were firing from the top of the hill: these little clouds were thrown into the air by the bullets.

The drummer continued to run at headlong speed. All at once, he fell to the earth. "He is killed!" cried the captain, biting his lips. But almost before he uttered the words he saw the boy spring to his feet again. "Ah, only a fall," the captain said to himself, with a long breath of relief.

The drummer indeed set out again at full speed, but he limped. "He has turned his ankle," thought the captain. Again little cloudlets of dust arose here and there about the lad, but ever more distant from him. He was safe. The captain uttered an exclamation of triumph. Yet he continued to follow the drummer's course with his eyes, trembling a little, for it was all a matter of minutes. If the boy did not reach the army soon with the message, which called

for instant aid, the garrison in the house would either be killed or obliged to surrender.

The boy ran on rapidly for a space, then relaxed his pace and limped, then ran again, but he constantly grew more fatigued and every little while he stumbled and paused.

"Perhaps a bullet has grazed him," thought the captain, quivering with excitement. He encouraged the boy; spoke to him, as though the lad could hear; measured, with flashing eye, the lessening space between the hurrying figure and that gleam of arms which he could see in the distance on the plain amidst the fields of grain. Meanwhile he heard the whistling and crashing of the bullets in the room beneath, the angry and imperious shouts of the sergeant, the piercing cries of the wounded, the breaking of furniture, and the falling of rubbish.

"On, on!" he shouted, following the far-off drummer with his eyes. "Courage! Forward! He halts, that wretched boy! Ah, he's running again!"

The sergeant came panting to the captain to tell him that the enemy, without slackening their fire, had flung out a white flag as a hint to the garrison of the house to surrender.

"Don't reply," commanded the captain, without taking his eyes from the boy, who was now well out in the plain but was no longer running; he seemed to drag himself along with difficulty.

“Run!” cried the captain, clenching his teeth and his fists. “Let them kill you, rascal, but only go on. Ah, the poltroon! he has sat down!”

In fact, the boy, whose head the captain had up to this time been able to see projecting above a field of grain, had sunk out of sight, as though he had fallen. After the lapse of a moment, however, his head came into view again; finally, it was lost behind the hedges, and the captain saw it no more.

II

He then descended to the lower floor; the bullets still streamed through the windows like a tempest; the rooms were filled with the wounded, some of whom whirled around like drunken men, clutching at the furniture; the walls and floor were spattered with blood; the dead lay across the doorways; the lieutenant had had his arm shattered by a ball; smoke and clouds of dust enveloped everything.

“Courage!” shouted the captain. “Stand firm at your posts! Help is on the way! Courage for just a little while longer!”

By this time the Austrians had drawn near; their contorted faces could be seen through the smoke, and amidst the noise of the battle their savage shouts rose clear and high as they demanded a surrender and threatened the besieged with slaughter. Some of the soldiers within the house, terrified by these threats,

had drawn away from the windows; the sergeant drove them back again. Nevertheless, the fire of the defenders was weakening, and discouragement appeared on every face. It was not possible to continue the resistance much longer.

Suddenly the fire of the Austrians ceased and a thundering voice shouted, first in German and then in Italian, "Surrender!"

"No," howled the captain from a window.

The firing recommenced, faster and more furious than ever. More soldiers fell; already several windows were without defenders. The fatal moment was at hand when the Italians would be unable to offer further resistance. The captain shouted through his teeth, in a strangled voice, "They are not coming! They are not coming!" He rushed wildly about, twisting his sword in his convulsively clenched hand and resolved to die. Just then a soldier, descending from the garret, uttered a piercing cry, "They are coming!"

"They are coming!" repeated the captain, with a yell of joy.

At that shout all of the soldiers, well and wounded, rushed to the windows, and the resistance once more became fierce. A few minutes later signs of uncertainty and disorder were noticeable among the foe. The captain, seeing this, hastily collected a handful of men, in order to make a sortie with fixed bayonets.

Then he flew upstairs to the garret. Scarcely had he mounted the steps, when there came to him the sound of trampling feet, followed by a loud hurrah, and, looking through the window, he saw the two-pointed hats of the Italian **'carabineers** advancing through the smoke. A squadron was rushing forward at great speed, with a lightning flash of blades. The soldiers **withi**n the house hurried out of the door, with bayonets **low**ered, to meet their fellow-countrymen. The enemy wavered, stood a moment, and then turned their backs; in a moment the field was deserted and the house was free. A little later the eminence was occupied by two battalions of Italian infantry and two cannon.

The captain rejoined his regiment with his remaining soldiers. That day ended with victory for the Italian side. On the succeeding day, however, the Sardinians were overpowered by the overwhelming numbers of the Austrians and, in spite of a valiant resistance, they sadly retreated toward the Mincio river.

The captain, although wounded, made the march on foot with his soldiers, weary and silent. When he came at the close of the day of retreat to **'Goito**, on the Mincio, he immediately sought his lieutenant, who had been picked up by the ambulance corps and carried to the rear. The captain was directed to a nearby church, where a field hospital had been hastily

installed. Thither he betook himself. The church was full of wounded men, ranged in lines of beds and on mattresses on the floor. Doctors and assistants were coming and going busily, and suppressed cries rose here and there from the sufferers.

The captain, entering, cast a glance around in search of his wounded officer. At that moment he heard himself called by a weak voice: "Signor Captain!" He turned about. It was the drummer-boy, who lay on a cot, covered to the breast with a window curtain, pale and thin but with eyes which still sparkled like black gems.

"Are you here?" asked the captain sharply, though he was amazed. "Bravo! You did your duty."

"I did all I could," answered the boy.

"Were you wounded?" inquired the captain, while his eyes searched the neighboring beds for the lieutenant.

"What could you expect?" asked the lad, who gained courage by speaking. "I had a fine run, all bent over; but presently they caught sight of me. I should have arrived twenty minutes earlier if they had not hit me. Luckily, I came across a staff captain, to whom I gave the note. But it was hard to reach him, I tell you. I thought I'd never get there at all. I wept with rage at the thought that every moment of delay meant that another man was setting out for the other world. Enough! I did what I could and

I am content. But, with your permission, captain, you should look to yourself. You are losing blood."

Several drops of blood had trickled down the captain's fingers from his imperfectly bandaged palm.

"Would you like me to give the bandage a turn, captain?" asked the boy. "Hold it here a moment."

The captain held out his left hand and stretched out his right to help the lad loosen the knot and tie it again. No sooner had the boy raised himself from the pillow than he turned pale and was obliged to support his head.

"That will do, that will do," said the captain, looking at him and withdrawing the bandaged hand, which the lad sought to retain. "Attend to your affairs, instead of thinking of others, for wounds that are not severe may become serious if neglected."

The drummer-boy shook his head.

"But you," said the captain, observing him attentively, "must have lost a great deal of blood to be as weak as this."

"Lost a great deal of blood!" repeated the boy with a smile. "Something else besides blood, too. Look here."

With one movement he drew aside the coverlet.

The captain started back a pace in horror. The lad had but one leg; his left limb had been amputated above the knee, and the stump was swathed in blood-stained cloths.

At that moment a small, plump military surgeon passed in his shirt-sleeves.

"Ah, captain," he said, nodding toward the drummer, "this is an unfortunate case. There is a leg which might have been saved if the owner had not exerted himself in a crazy manner—that horrible indammation! The leg had to be cut off way up here. Oh, but he's a brave lad, I assure you. He never shed a tear or uttered a cry! He was proud of being an Italian boy! He comes of a good race."

The doctor started off again on a run.

The captain gazed fixedly at the drummer-boy with wrinkled brow and carefully put back the coverlet over him. And, still gazing, he slowly and as though unconsciously raised his hand to his head and lifted his cap.

"Signor Captain!" exclaimed the boy in amazement. "What are you doing? To me!"

Then that rough soldier, who had never said a gentle word before to an inferior, made answer in a voice as soft as any woman's:

"I am only a captain; you are a hero!"

EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

HELPS TO STUDY

In 1848, when the incident related in this story occurred, Italy was not a great and united country as at present. Instead, it was divided into a number of states, of which the kingdom of Piedmont, or Sardinia, was the most

important. In 1848, Sardinia declared war on Austria, which held the northern part of Italy. The Sardinians were defeated at Custoza in 1848 and at Novara in 1849, and were forced to pay Austria a great sum of money as an indemnity. A few years later, however, the Sardinians again opened war on the Austrians and, with the aid of the French, succeeded in driving the enemy from the land. The kingdom of Italy then came into existence.

I. Give the situation of the Sardinian company at the opening of the story. By whom was the little band saved? Tell how it **was done**. Read the second paragraph and tell what kind of a boy **the drummer-boy** was. What special incident showed his keenness and alertness? Why did the captain choose him for the task? Follow the boy's route as the captain saw it until he disappeared from sight.

II. At what moment did the joyful news of approaching aid come? What effect did this have on the soldiers? How and where did the captain find the drummer-boy? What traits of character did each show during the interview? What praise did the doctor give the lad? What greater praise did the captain bestow? Tell how you think the drummer-boy felt when he heard the captain's words. Give some other stories of brave boys. Perhaps one of you can tell of the drummer-boy who said he did not know how to beat a retreat, and in this way saved the day for Napoleon at Marengo.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

The Victor of Marengo—Graded Classics, Fourth Reader.

An Incident of the French Camp—Robert Browning.

Two Little Confederates—Thomas Nelson Page.

Casablanca—Felicia Hemans.

An Army of Two, from Horse-Shoe Robinson—John P. Kennedy.

Hervé Riel—Robert Browning.

The Little Drummer-Boy—Albert Bushnell Hart.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbou :

A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the 'prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall.
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there 'anon
To see your 'flag bird flap his 'vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And his chief beside.
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HELPS TO STUDY

Tell what you know of Napoleon's history. In what characteristic attitude is he pictured in the first stanza? Bring to class a picture which shows him standing in this position. Napoleon had a large head and a wonderful brain. See if this fact helps you to understand the last two lines in the first stanza. Give the story of the poem. Why did the rider come in smiling with joy? Why did he smile again as he fell dead? The flagstaff had an eagle at the top. Notice how the boy referred to it. What word did he use instead of "wings"? What trait of character did the great emperor show in the last stanza? What trait did the boy show?

A KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE

I. A Youth Goes to King Arthur's Court

Gareth, a youthful kinsman of King Arthur, became so fascinated by hearing about the adventures and deeds of the knights of the Round Table that he begged his mother's permission to join that noble band.

“O mother,
How can ye keep me `tether'd to you?—shame.
Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? follow the Christ, the king,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the king—
Else, wherefore born?”

To whom the mother said:
“Sweet son, for there be many who deem him not,
Or will not deem him, wholly proven king.
Stay, till the cloud that settles round his birth
Hath lifted but a little. Stay, sweet son.”

And Gareth answer'd quickly: “Not an hour,
So that ye yield me—I will walk thro' fire,
Mother, to gain it—your full leave to go.
Not proven, who swept the dust of ruin'd Rome
From off the threshold of the realm, and crush'd
The idolaters, and made the people free?
Who should be king save him who makes us free?”

So when the queen, who long had sought in vain
To break him from the intent to which he grew,
Found her son's will unwaveringly one,
She answer'd craftily: "Will ye walk thro' fire?
Who walks thro' fire will hardly heed the smoke.
Ay, go then, 'an ye must; only one proof,
Before thou ask the king to make thee knight,
Of thine obedience and thy love to me,
Thy mother,—I demand."

And Gareth cried:
"A hard one, or a hundred, so I go.
Nay—quick! the proof to prove me to the quick!"

But slowly spake the mother looking at him:
"Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall,
And hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks
Among the 'scullions and the 'kitchen-knaves,
And those that hand the dish across the bar.
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to anyone.
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth and a day."

For so the queen believed that when her son
Beheld his only way to glory lead
Low down thro' villain 'kitchen-vassalage,
Her own true Gareth was too princely proud
To pass thereby; so should he rest with her,
Closed in her castle from the sound of arms.

Silent awhile was Gareth, then replied :
"The 'thrall in person may be free in soul,
And I shall see the 'jousts. Thy son am I,
And, since thou art my mother, must obey.
I therefore yield me freely to thy will ;
For hence will I, disguised, and hire myself
To serve with scullions and with kitchen-knaves ;
Nor tell my name to any—no, not the king."

Gareth awhile linger'd. The mother's eye
Full of the wistful fear that he would go,
And turning toward him wheresoe'er he turn'd,
Perplext his outward purpose, till an hour
When, waken'd by the wind which with full voice
Swept bellowing thro' the darkness on to dawn,
He rose, and out of slumber calling two
That still had tended on him from his birth,
Before the wakeful mother heard him, went.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

What were Gareth's reasons for wishing to leave home? King Arthur's right to the throne had not as yet been recognized by all. How did the mother use this fact to dissuade Gareth? What was his reply? "The dust of ruin'd Rome" refers to the supposed expulsion of the Romans from Britain by King Arthur. On what conditions did the mother promise her consent? Why did she make these conditions so harsh? What was Gareth's decision?

II. The Adventure of Beaumains

At Pentecost, as King Arthur sat with the Round Table, hearing all manner of marvelous tales and feats of arms, Sir Gawaine saw through a window three men riding up, followed by a dwarf on foot.

"Sire," he said to the king, "here comes some strange adventure, I warrant."

Presently the three men entered the hall. The one in the middle was a cubit taller than his fellows, broad-shouldered and comely, with large and beautiful hands. The three, making their way to the dais where sat the king, halted and bowed deeply.

"Sire," said the middle man, who was a youth, "may the blessings of God be upon you and the fellowship of the Round Table. I have come to request three gifts of you. I ask the first gift now; the other two I will ask this day twelvemonth."

"Ask," said Arthur, smiling graciously, "and it shall be granted."

"This, then, is my request," said the youth: "that you will grant me food and permit me to serve for one year as a scullion."

The king was surprised and perchance a little displeased.

"My fair son," he said, "ask better than that, for I am assured that you are of good blood and that you will show yourself a right worthy man."



A Knight of the Round Table
[161]

The young man shook his head, declaring that he desired naught else.

"Well," said the king, "if it be your will, you shall serve as a kitchen-knave and you shall have food in all abundance. I never denied that to friend or foe. But what is your name?"

"I cannot tell you," answered the youth.

"That is a marvel," said the king. "You know not your own name, and yet you are the comeliest young man that I have ever seen."

Summoning Sir Kay, the steward, Arthur charged him to give the stranger food and drink of the best, and also everything else of which he might have need.

"There is little call to waste substance on him," said Sir Kay; "for I maintain that he is of low degree. Had he come of gentle blood, he would have asked for horse and armor. Since he hath no name, I will give him one—Beaumains (that is, Fairhands)—and I will keep him in the kitchen as he desires, where by the twelvemonth's end he will be as fat as any pork hog."

This mockery displeased Sir Gawaine, and Sir Lancelot, who said to Sir Kay, "I would pledge my head that the youth proves a man of great worth."

"Let him be," replied Sir Kay; "for as he is, so hath he asked."

Sir Kay bade the young man find a place and sit down to eat. Whereupon Beaumains, going to the

very end of the hall, sat down among boys and varlets and ate his meal. After meat Sir Lancelot asked him to his chamber, as also did Sir Gawaine, but the youth refused them both. He would do none otherwise than as Sir Kay appointed him.

For a year Beaumains dwelt in the kitchen, sleeping with the kitchen-knaves and doing all that Kay assigned him, meekly and without offense. The handling of pots and pans was his task. But ever when there was jousting, he would go to see it; and when there were games of strength, he would take part. No one might cast the iron bar or the stone within two yards of his throw.

The year passed, and the king once more sat down to the feast of Pentecost. As had happened the year before, some one appeared at the castle with a petition. This time a damsel came, praying Arthur for succor.

"What is the adventure?" asked the king, with interest.

"Sire," she answered, "I have come in behalf of a lady of great worth and large estate, who is besieged in her castle by a cruel tyrant. Because your knights are famed to be the noblest in the world, I have sought your aid."

"What is the lady's name, where dwelleth she, and what call you the man who besiegeth her?"

"Sire," said the damsel, "I may not tell my lady's name, but be assured that she is of high degree. As

for the tyrant that hath come upon her, he is called the Knight of the Red Lawns."

"I know him not," quoth the king.

"Sire," said Sir Gawaine, "I know this man well, and he is a most perilous foe. 'Tis said he hath the strength of seven men; I hardly escaped from him once with my life."

"Fair damsel," Arthur said presently, "there be many knights here who would do all in their power to rescue your lady, but because you will not tell her name, none of them shall go with you by my consent."

"Then must I seek further," replied the damsel, sorrowfully.

At this moment Beaumains came before the king.

"Sire," he said, "I have been this twelvemonth in your kitchen and have had meat and drink, as you promised. Now I claim the two other gifts that are mine to ask."

"Ask," said the king, smiling, "and they shall be granted you."

"These be the gifts: first, that I may have the adventure of the damsel; then, that you will bid Sir Lancelot of the Lake to make me a knight, for of him would I be made knight and of none else. I pray you let him ride after me and knight me when I require it."

"All this shall be done," answered the king.

But the damsel was greatly displeased.

"Fie on you!" she said to the king. "I have come

for knight's aid; and shall I have none but a kitchen page?"

So saying, she left the hall in rage and mounted her horse to ride away. Then came one to Beaumains, telling him that a horse and armor awaited him, brought by a dwarf; and when he was fully armed, he seemed as fair a man as the company had ever seen. After taking his leave of Arthur and the court, he went his way.

Some time later Sir Kay announced that he would ride after the kitchen boy to see what he would do. Procuring his lance and shield, Kay followed Beaumains, coming upon him just as Beaumains overtook the damsel.

"Beaumains!" said Kay. "What, sir, know you not me?"

Turning his horse, the youth saw that it was Sir Kay.

"Yea," answered Beaumains, "I know you for a full ungente knight; therefore, beware of me."

At that Sir Kay put his lance in rest and rode straight at the youth. Though he had no spear, Beaumains spurred his horse toward the other, sword in hand. Turning aside Kay's lance with his sword, Beaumains thrust him through the side, so that he fell from his horse as if dead. The youth then took Kay's spear and shield, of which he had need, and rode after the damsel.

By that time Sir Lancelot had come up, for he followed fast. Beaumains, greeting him, offered to joust with him, and Sir Lancelot willingly accepted the challenge. The two men put their lances in rest and came together with such a shock that both were thrown to the ground and sorely bruised. Beaumains, rising, threw aside his shield and offered to fight on foot; he and Lancelot fought for a long space with their swords. So strong and dangerous were Beaumains's blows that at last Sir Lancelot feared that he would be overthrown or that one of them would be slain.

"Beaumains," he said, "fight not so sore. Our quarrel is not that great we may not leave off."

"True," said Beaumains, lowering his sword. "But it doth me good to feel your might; and yet, my lord, I showed not my uttermost strength."

"Well," answered Lancelot, "I had as much as I could do to save myself from being shamed. You need have no fear of any earthly foe."

"Think you that I may call myself a proved knight?"

"Yea," said Lancelot; "do as you have done and I will stand your warrant."

"Then, I pray you, give me the order of knight-hood."

"You must first tell me your name," replied Lancelot, "and of what kin you come."

"I will, providing you do not discover it to any-

one," said Beaumains. "My name is Gareth and I am brother to Sir Gawaine."

"Ah!" said Lancelot, smiling; "I am blithe to hear this, though ever I thought that you were of high blood and came not to court for meat and drink."

So Lancelot knighted him and let him ride away on the adventure.

II

After a time Beaumains, or Gareth, overtook the damsel, who had ridden ahead while he fought with Sir Kay and Sir Lancelot. When he drew nigh to her, she turned on him wrathfully.

"What dost thou here?" she cried. "Thou smelllest of cooking, and thy clothes are foul with the grease and tallow of King Arthur's kitchen. Thinkest thou that I praise thee for yonder knight thou overcamest? Truly, thou didst smite him unawares. Get thee home, kitchen page. What art thou but a turner of spits and washer of dishes?"

"Damsel," answered the youth, "say what you list, but I will not go from you until I have achieved your adventure or lost my life."

"Fie on thee, kitchen-knave!" she mocked. "Wilt thou finish my adventure? Thou shalt soon be met by one thou canst not face—no not for all the broth thou ever suppest!"

As they rode on through the greenwood, Gareth had an encounter with two other knights, who sought to

bar the way. He overthrew them with as great an ease as he had vanquished Sir Kay. Yet ever the damsel chided him, reviling him for his menial manner of life.

Anon they came to a black lawn where was a black hawthorn, on which hung a black banner and a black shield, while beside it stood a great black horse bearing a knight clad in black. The knight approached the damsel, saying:

"Fair damsel, have you brought this knight from King Arthur's court to be your champion?"

"Nay," said she; "this is but a knave that hath fed in King Arthur's kitchen for alms."

"Wherefore cometh he then in such array?" asked the knight. "It is shame that he beareth you company." .

"I cannot be delivered of him," she answered; "for he rideth with me despite myself. Would to God you would drive him from me or slay him, for he is an unhappy knave and hath done a stout feat through some chance. I saw him overthrow two knights and do other deeds—all through a mishap."

"That may be," quoth the black knight. "Though he is, as you say, of low degree, he is a likely person and strong-made. This much will I do for you: I will put him upon his feet and take his horse and armor, but it were shame to harm him."

Gareth, hearing, said in heat, "You make free with

my horse and harness; but before possessing them, you must win them from me."

"Say you so?" replied the black knight. "Now yield the lady, for it beseems not a kitchen page to ride with such as she."

"You lie!" cried Beaumains. "I am a better gentleman than you, and that will I prove on your body."

In great wrath they rode back from each other, put their spears in rest, and came together with the sound of thunder. The black knight's lance broke, but Gareth's spear pierced his enemy's side and the point remained in the flesh. Nevertheless, the black knight drew his sword and struck many strong blows, hurting Beaumains sorely. At last, however, overcome by his wounds, he fell from his horse and died. Gareth, alighting, put on the black knight's armor and mounted the black horse and rode on after the damsel.

"Away, kitchen-knave!" she cried. "The odor of thy foul clothes grieveth me. Shame that such a knave as thou should, by mischance, slay a noble knight! But presently one will come that will make thee pay; wherefore, I counsel thee to flee."

"It may chance," answered Gareth, "that I be beaten or slain; but I will not leave you for all your harsh words."

It happened a little after as they rode together that a knight met them all clad in green. He addressed the damsel.

"Is that my brother, the black knight, you have brought with you?"

"Nay," she answered, "this unhappy kitchen-knave has slain your brother by mishap."

"Alas!" said the green knight, grieving. "It is pity that such a knight should fall by a knave's hand. Ah! traitor, you shall die for the deed. My brother was a full noble knight."

"I defy you," replied Gareth. "I slew him in fair combat and not shamefully."

Therewith the green knight blew on a green horn, and three maidens appeared who armed him in green armor. He mounted a great horse and took a green shield and a green lance. Then he fought with Beaumains a fierce combat, and Beaumains overcame him and struck him to the earth. The green knight, yielding himself, begged for his life.

"You shall die," answered Gareth, "unless this damsel beg your life of me."

So saying, he unlaced the fallen man's helmet as if to slay him.

"Base kitchen-knave," cried the damsel, "I will never beg his life of thee!"

"Then shall he die," said Beaumains.

"Alas!" pleaded the green knight. "Suffer me not to perish for lack of one fair word. Save my life, good knight, and I will forgive the death of my brother

and become your man—and the thirty knights that hold service of me will do likewise.”

“Sir knight,” answered Gareth, “all this availleth naught if my damsel speak not for you.”

Therewith he made as if to stab the green knight.

“Let be,” cried the damsel. “Thou knave, slay him not.”

“Sir knight,” said Gareth, “at this damsel’s request, and for that I would not make her wroth, I do what she asketh.” And he allowed the green knight to rise.

Gareth and the damsel rode on once more, and ever the damsel mocked him, calling him kitchen-knave and coward and bidding him begone. Nevertheless, Gareth went with her and turned not back on account of her hard words. Anon they came to a fair city, before which lay a wide meadow filled with shining pavilions.

“Lo,” said the damsel, “seest yonder pavilion that is of the gold color of the Indies, about which are men and horses? There dwells Sir Persant of India, a lordly and most valiant knight. Knave, thou hadst best flee betimes.”

“An he be such a noble knight,” answered Gareth, “he will not set upon me with all his men. If there come no more than one at a time, I shall not fail him while life lasteth.”

When Sir Persant of India espied them riding

across the plain, he sent a messenger to learn whether Gareth came in war or in peace.

"Say to your lord," replied Beaumains, "that it is as pleaseth him."

"Well," said Sir Persant, when the message was given, "I will fight this stranger to the uttermost."

So they fought a sore battle, and Beaumains once more prevailed, striking Sir Persant to the earth. And he raised his sword as if to slay the fallen knight.

At this the damsel begged for mercy.

"Willingly," said Beaumains, lowering his sword, "for it were pity that this good knight should die."

Thereupon Sir Persant became Gareth's man, and with him the hundred knights that followed him. That evening Sir Persant entertained Gareth and the damsel at a banquet in his great pavilion of cloth of gold.

III

On the morrow Gareth and the damsel resumed their journey. When they had passed through a wide forest, they came to a plain, wherein were many pavilions and tents and in the distance a castle, about which there was a great smoke and tumult. And Beaumains knew that they had come to the beleaguered castle. As they drew near it, the youth espied a number of armed knights hanging on trees—forty or more of them.

"What meaneth this?" he asked.

“Abate not thy cheer for it,” answered the damsel, “or else thou art lost. Know that these are knights that came hither to rescue my sister, the Lady Lyonesse, and the Knight of the Red Lawns hath overcome them and slain them without pity. In the same wise he will slay thee, if thou dost not acquit thyself better.”

“Now heaven defend me from such a death!” said Beaumains. “Far rather would I be slain manfully fighting in battle.”

They rode on up to the ditches which were all around the castle and which were filled with knights and men-at-arms. At one side was a sycamore tree, whereon hung a horn made of an elephant’s tusk.

“The Knight of the Red Lawns hath put it there,” quoth the damsel, “that any errant knight may blow upon it. Then the red knight makes him ready and does battle. But, I pray thee, blow not the horn till high noon, for at this time of the morning his strength is increased, and that, they say, is the strength of seven men.”

“For shame! fair damsel; say not so to me!” answered Beaumains. “If he were as good knight as ever there was, I would not fail to fight him at his utmost might; for either I will win honor fairly or die knightly in the field.”

Therewith he blew upon the horn so eagerly that all the besieging host and the castle rang with the sound. The knights came from their tents and pavilions, while

they within the castle looked on over the walls. The Knight of the Red Lawns armed himself hastily and two barons set the spurs on his heels; all his harness was blood-red—armor, spear, and shield. His horse was likewise red.

"Sir," said the damsel to Beaumains,—the damsel's name, you should know, was Lynette,—“be glad, for yonder is thy deadly enemy, and at the window is the lady thou hast come to rescue, my sister Lyonesse.”

“Where?” asked Beaumains.

“Yonder,” replied Lynette, pointing to the castle. Beaumains gazed eagerly.

“Afar she seemeth the fairest lady that ever I looked upon,” he said. “I ask no better quarrel than to do battle for her, and truly she shall be my lady.”

As he looked up at the window with glad countenance, the Lady Lyonesse made a courtesy to him with her hands. At that the red knight called out, “Leave, sir knight, your looking and behold me, for I warn you well she is my lady and for her I have fought many strong combats.”

“It was but waste labor,” answered Beaumains, “for she loveth you not, nor any of your following. Know well, red knight, that I love her and will rescue her, or else die in the quarrel.”

“Right bravely spoken,” said the red knight; “but beware the fate of yonder knights who hang on trees.”

“For shame!” cried Beaumains. “You dishonor

yourself and the order of knighthood by such customs. Doubtless you think that the sight of the hanged knights will make me fear, but truly not so; rather, that terrible sight giveth me more courage and hardihood than I should have, were you a gentle knight."

"Make ready," replied the red knight; "and talk no longer."

Sir Beaumains, bidding the damsel go from him, put his lance in rest. The two rushed on each other with such might that the 'cruppers of their saddles burst and both were thrown heavily to the earth. All in the trenches and the castle thought that their necks were broken, but presently the two men rose from the ground and drew their swords. For a long space they fought like lions, hewing great pieces from each other's shields and armor. Thus they fought till it was past noon and both were wounded, when they paused, panting and bleeding. After they had rested awhile, they fell to again with their swords; sometimes they grappled and rolled groveling on the earth.

They fought on till eventide, and none that beheld them might know which of the two was like to conquer. Their armor was so hewn and broken that men saw their flesh through the rents, and they staggered and reeled as they struck their blows. Again they were fain to rest, and their helmets were unlaced so that the cool breeze might refresh them. Beaumains, looking up at the castle, saw the Lady Lyonesse smiling upon

him. Therewith he started up joyously and bade the red knight make ready to do battle again.

The fight began once more. Presently the red knight struck Beaumains a crosswise stroke, which smote the sword from his hand, and then felled him to the earth with a blow on the helm. The red knight threw himself on the youth, to hold him down.

At sight of Beaumains' peril, Lynette cried out, "Where is thy courage? Alas! my lady sister sobbeth and weepeth to see thee thus overthrown!"

When Beaumains heard these words, he started up with a great effort and gained his feet. Then, leaping to his sword, he picked it up and began the battle anew. Doubling his strokes, he smote the sword from the red knight's hand and struck his enemy down. The red knight did not rise; and Beaumains unloosed his helm, to put him to death. At that, the other cried, "O noble knight, I yield me to your mercy!"

Beaumains, however, bethought him of the many knights that had been shamefully hanged on trees, and said, "I may not save your life because of the men you have so foully slain."

"Sir knight," said the other, "hold your hand and you shall know the cause why I put them to a shameful death."

"Speak on," replied Beaumains.

"I once loved a lady whose brother was slain by Sir Lancelot or Sir Gawaine. She made me promise

by my knighthood that I would give a villainous end to everyone I overcame. Thus I did for her vengeance."

Many barons and knights now came up and prayed Beaumains to spare the red knight, promising that he would make amends to the Lady Lyonesse for his misdeeds.

"Fair lords," said Beaumains at last, "for your sakes I will release him, upon this agreement: that he will go to the castle and yield himself to the Lady Lyonesse; then, that he will go to King Arthur's court and ask forgiveness of Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawaine for the evil will he has had against them."

The red knight agreed to these conditions, and the barons and knights that followed him became Gareth's men. The maiden Lynette then unarmed Gareth and tended his wounds, after which she served the red knight. Beaumains desired of Lynette that she would take him to her sister, the Lady Lyonesse, for whom he had done battle; and when he was rested and refreshed, Lynette brought him to the castle. Here he abode for many days, enjoying the conversation of the beautiful Lyonesse.

Meantime the various knights whom Beaumains had vanquished came to King Arthur and did homage to him. First came the green knight; then many others, and last of all the red knight, who craved the pardon of Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawaine. And the

king and all the Round Table were astonished beyond measure at the prowess of the kitchen-knave, who had thrown down the stoutest and most renowned knights of the land.

After a time Gareth returned to court, bringing with him the Lady Lyonesse and the Lady Lynette. In their honor Arthur held a great tournament, in which Sir Gareth won the prize. When the tilting was at an end, the king asked Gareth whether he would have the Lady Lyonesse to wife.

"My lord king," answered Gareth, "well you know that I love her above all ladies living."

"Now, fair Lyonesse," said King Arthur to her, "what say you?"

"Most noble king," she answered, "I had rather wed Sir Gareth than any king or prince; and if I may not have him, I promise you I will have none."

"Well," said the king, "know that I would not come between your loves to save my crown. You shall have my whole help in this matter."

Thus it came about that at Michaelmas Gareth and Lyonesse were wedded with great pomp and splendor. At the same time the damsel Lynette wed Sir Gaheris, one of Gareth's brethren. When the ceremony was ended, the green knight came and prayed that he might be Sir Gareth's chamberlain, Sir Persant that he might be his chief server, and the Knight of the Red Lawns that he might be his carver.

"It shall be as it pleaseth you," said Gareth to them all.

King Arthur granted Gareth wide lands with great riches, that he might live royally and in all joy until his life's end.

SIR THOMAS MALORY.

HELPS TO STUDY

The great British hero of the Middle Ages was King Arthur, who is supposed to have reigned at an early date in Cornwall and Wales. About this monarch, of whom nothing is certainly known, a body of knightly traditions clustered and grew, until Arthur became the ideal figure of knighthood and his Round Table the supreme institution of chivalry.

I. What strange request did Beaumains make when he entered the court? What was the effect of his request on Kay? on Lancelot and Gawaine? In those days a "knave" meant a servant or menial. Compare this meaning with our use of the word. Find other words in the story which are not used now. How could Beaumains show knightly virtues while serving in the kitchen? What were his second and third requests? Where and by whom was he knighted? What was the usual way of bestowing knighthood? Why was Gareth now free to tell his name?

II. What further adventures did Gareth have? What do you think of the damsel's treatment of Beaumains? How did he endure it? When did she change her attitude? What lesson may be gained from his conduct?

III. What happened at the castle? What was Gareth's reward? Discuss the characters of the various knights. Which did you like best? Why? Which incident in the story interested you most?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

The Boys' King Arthur—Sidney Lanier.

The Story of King Arthur—Edward Brooks.

The Book of King Arthur and His Noble Knights—Mary McCleod.

The Idylls of the King—Alfred Tennyson.

Ivanhoe—Sir Walter Scott.

THE RULE FOR THE GALLANT KNIGHT

Amend your lives, ye who would fain
The order of the knights attain;
Devoutly watch, devoutly pray;
From pride and sin, oh turn away!

Shun all that's base; the Church defend;
Be the widow's and the orphan's friend;
Be good and 'leal; take naught by might;
Be bold and guard the people's right;—
This is the rule for the gallant knight.

Love the liege lord; with might and main
His rights above all else maintain;
Be open-handed, just and true;
The paths of upright men pursue;
No deaf ear to their precepts turn;

The prowess of the valiant learn;
That ye may do things great and bright,
As did Great Alexander 'hight;—
This is the rule for the gallant knight.

EUSTACHE DESCHAMPS.

RICHARD AND SALADIN

The recovery of Palestine from the Mohammedans was one of the great dreams of the Middle Ages. The Christian people of Europe thought it sinful that the city of Jerusalem, the center of the faith, should remain in the hands of unbelievers, and many vast expeditions set forth to capture it.

Scott's novel, *The Talisman*, of which this story is an extract, describes the Third Crusade, which was led by Richard I of England and Philip II of France. Among the other princes present was Leopold, Archduke of Austria. The jealousy between these rulers ended in making the Crusade a failure, though the Christians won many important battles. *The Talisman* relates how the Archduke of Austria, mad with jealousy of King Richard, placed his banner beside the royal standard of England. In his rage Richard threw down the Austrian banner. Shortly afterward the English standard was overthrown, at night, and Richard charged the Marquis of Montserrat with having done it. This the marquis denied, and the judgment of the quarrel was left to heaven by means of a combat, as was the custom in the Middle Ages when men believed that God gave the victory to the right side. As the king himself was not permitted to challenge Conrade, he chose as his representative a Scottish knight, Sir Kenneth, sometimes called the Knight of the Leopard because of a leopard on his shield.

Saladin, the soldan or sultan of Egypt, took charge of the arrangements for the combat, and a truce was declared.

I

The station, called the Diamond of the Desert, was assigned for the place of conflict as being nearly at an equal distance betwixt the Christian and Saracen

camps. It was agreed that Conrade of Montserrat, the defendant, with his godfathers, the Archduke of Austria and the Grand Master of the Templars, should appear there on the day fixed for the combat, with an hundred armed followers and no more; and that Richard of England and his brother Salisbury, who supported the accusation, should attend with the same number, to protect his champion. The soldan was permitted to bring with him a guard of five hundred chosen followers, a band considered as not more than equal to the two hundred Christian lances. Such persons of rank as either party chose to invite to witness the contest were to wear no other weapons than their swords and to come without armor. The soldan undertook the preparations of the lists and to provide accommodations and refreshments of every kind for all who were to assist at the solemnity. His letters expressed with much courtesy the pleasure which he anticipated in the prospect of a personal and peaceful meeting with the 'Melech Ric and his anxious desire to render the interview as agreeable and harmonious as possible.

On the day before that appointed for the combat, Conrade and his friends set off by daybreak to repair to the place assigned, and Richard left the camp at the same hour and for the same purpose. As had been agreed upon, however, he took his journey by a different route, a precaution which had been judged neces-

sary to prevent the possibility of a bloody quarrel.

The good King Richard himself was in no humor for quarreling with anyone. Nothing could have added to his pleasurable anticipations of a desperate and bloody combat in the lists, except his being in his own royal person one of the combatants; and he was half in charity again even with Conrade of Montserrat. Lightly armed, richly dressed, and gay as a bridegroom on the eve of his nuptials, Richard 'caracoled along by the side of Queen Berengaria's 'litter, pointing out to her the various scenes through which they passed and cheering with tale and song the bosom of the inhospitable wilderness. Though Berengaria knew her husband's disposition too well not to endeavor to seem interested in what he was pleased either to say or to sing, she could not help giving way somewhat to fear when she found herself in the howling wilderness with so small an escort, which seemed almost like a moving speck on the bosom of the plain. At the same time, she was aware that they were not so distant from the camp of Saladin but that they might be in a moment surprised and swept off by an overpowering host of his fiery-footed cavalry, should the 'pagan be faithless enough to embrace an opportunity so tempting. But when she hinted these suspicions to Richard, he repelled them with displeasure and disdain. "It were worse than ingratitude," he said, "to doubt the good faith of the generous Saladin."

Yet the same doubts and fears recurred more than once, not to the timid mind of the queen alone but to the firmer and more candid soul of Edith Plantagenet, his kinswoman, who had no such confidence in the faith of the Moslems as to render her perfectly at ease when so much in their power. Nor were these suspicions lessened, when, as evening approached, they were aware of a single Arab horseman, made known as such by his turban and long lance. He hovered on the edge of a small eminence, like a hawk poised in the air, and instantly, on the appearance of the royal retinue, darted off with the speed of the same bird when it shoots down the wind and suddenly disappears from the horizon.

"We must be near the station," said King Richard; "and yonder cavalier is one of Saladin's outposts—methinks I hear the noise of the Moorish horns and cymbals. Get you into order, my hearts, and form yourselves around the ladies, soldier-like and firmly."

As he spoke, each knight, squire, and archer hastily closed in upon his appointed ground, and they proceeded in the most compact order. This made their numbers appear still smaller; and to say the truth, though there might be no fear, there was anxiety as well as curiosity in the attention with which they listened to the wild bursts of Moorish music, which came ever and anon more distinctly from the quarter where the Arab horseman had been seen to disappear.

The crusaders advanced in close and firm order till they mounted the line of low sand-hills and came in sight of the appointed station, when a splendid, but at the same time a startling spectacle, awaited them.

The Diamond of the Desert, so lately a solitary fountain, marked only amid the waste by small groups of palm trees, was now the center of an encampment, the embroidered flags and gilded ornaments of which glittered far and wide and reflected a thousand rich tints against the setting sun. The coverings of the large pavilions were of the gayest colors, scarlet, bright yellow, pale blue, and other gaudy and gleaming hues, and the tops of their pillars, or tent poles, were decorated with golden pomegranates and small silken flags. But, besides these splendid pavilions, there were what the king's attendant, Thomas de Vaux, considered as an ominous number of the ordinary black tents of the Arabs, being sufficient, as he conceived, to accommodate a host of five thousand men. A great number of Arabs, fully corresponding to the extent of the encampment, were hastily assembling, each leading his horse, and their muster was accompanied by an astonishing clamor of noisy instruments of warlike music.

A deep and confused mass of dismounted cavalry quickly formed in front of the Arab encampment; and, at the signal of a shrill cry, which arose high over the clangor of the music, each cavalier sprang to his saddle. A cloud of dust arising at the moment of this maneuver,

hid from Richard and his attendants the camp, the palm trees, and the distant ridge of mountains, as well as the troops whose sudden movement had raised the cloud; ascending high over their heads, it formed itself into the forms of whirling pillars, domes, and minarets. Another shrill yell was heard from the bosom of this cloudy tabernacle. It was the signal for the cavalry to advance, which they did at full gallop, disposing themselves as they rode forward so as to come in at once on the front, flanks, and rear of Richard's little bodyguard. The latter were thus surrounded and almost choked by the dense clouds of dust enveloping them on each side. Through this dust were seen alternately, and lost, the grim forms and wild faces of the Saracens, brandishing their lances with the wildest cries and halloos and frequently only reining up their horses when within a spear's length of the Christians, while those in the rear discharged over the heads of both parties thick volleys of arrows. One of these struck the litter in which the queen was seated; she loudly screamed, and a red spot of anger was on Richard's brow in an instant.

"Ha! Saint George!" he exclaimed, "we must take some order with this infidel scum!"

But the Princess Edith, whose litter was near, thrust her head out, and with her hand holding one of the shafts, exclaimed, "Royal Richard, beware what you do! See, these arrows are headless!"

"Noble, sensible woman!" exclaimed Richard; **"by Heaven, thou shamest us all by thy readiness of thought and eye. Be not moved, my English hearts,"** he exclaimed to his followers; **"their arrows have no heads, and their spears, too, lack the steel points. It is but a wild welcome after their savage fashion, though doubtless they would rejoice to see us daunted or disturbed. Move onward, slow and steady."**

The little band moved forward accordingly, accompanied on all sides by the Arabs, with the shrillest and most piercing cries. Meanwhile, the bowmen displayed their agility by shooting as near the crests of the Christians as was possible, without actually hitting them, while the lancers charged each other with such rude blows of their blunt weapons that more than one of them lost his saddle, and well-nigh his life, in this rough sport. All this, though designed to express welcome, had rather a doubtful appearance in the eyes of the Europeans.

When they had advanced nearly halfway toward the camp, King Richard and his suite forming, as it were, the nucleus round which this body of horsemen bawled, whooped, skirmished, and galloped, another shrill cry was heard; whereupon the confused body of horsemen, who were on the front and flanks of the little band of Europeans, wheeled off, and forming themselves into a long and deep column, followed with comparative order and silence in the rear of Richard's

troops. The dust began now to settle in their front, when there advanced to meet them through that cloudy veil a body of cavalry of a different and more regular description, completely armed with offensive and defensive weapons, and who might well have served as a bodyguard to the proudest of Eastern monarchs. This splendid troop consisted of five hundred men, and each horse which it contained was worth an earl's ransom. The helmets and hauberks of the riders were formed of steel rings, so bright that they shone like silver; their vestures were of the gayest colors, and some of cloth of gold or silver; the sashes were twisted with silk and gold; their rich turbans were plumed and jeweled, and their sabers and poniards of Damascene steel were adorned with gold and gems on hilt and scabbard. This splendid array, advancing to the sound of military music, opened their files to the right and left and allowed the Christian cavalcade to enter between their ranks.

Richard now assumed the foremost place in his troop, aware that Saladin himself was approaching. Nor was it long when, in the center of his bodyguard, surrounded by his domestic officers, came the soldan, with the look and manners of one on whose brow Nature had written, "This is a king!" In his snow-white turban, vest, and wide, Eastern trousers, wearing a sash of scarlet silk, without any other ornament, Saladin might have seemed the plainest-dressed man

in his own guard. But closer inspection revealed in his turban that wonderful gem, which was called by the poets the "Sea of Light"; the diamond on which his signet was engraved, and which he wore in a ring, was probably worth all the jewels of the English crown; and a sapphire, which crowned the hilt of his 'canjiar, was of not much inferior value. It should be added, that to protect him from the dust, which in the vicinity of the Dead Sea resembles the finest ashes, or perhaps out of Oriental pride, the soldan wore a sort of veil fixed to his turban, partly hiding his features. He rode a milk-white Arabian, which bore him as if conscious and proud of the noble burden.

II

There was no need of further introduction. The two heroic monarchs, for such they both were, threw themselves at once from horseback, and the troops halting and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence; then, after a courteous bow on either side, they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and display upon both sides attracted no further notice—no one saw aught save Richard and Saladin, and they too beheld nothing but each other. The looks with which Richard surveyed Saladin were, however, more intently curious than those which the soldan fixed upon him; and the soldan also was the first to break silence.

"The Melech Ric is as welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array. Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes; for who that could claim a title to be present would remain at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard, with the terrors of whose name the nurse stills her child and the free Arab subdues his restive steed!"

He led the way to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux removed the long riding-cloak that Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes disguising the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen, a broad straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of 'Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it, in peace and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and looking around for something whereon to exercise his

strength, he saw a steel mace held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal and an inch and a half in diameter—this he put on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honor led him to whisper in English, "For the blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not as yet returned—give no triumph to the infidel."

"Peace, fool!" said Richard, standing firm on his ground and casting a fierce glance around, "thinkest thou that I can fail in his presence?"

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the king's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.

"By the head of the prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the soldan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the king's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux in English; "it will be long ere your long jackanape's fingers do such a

feat with your fine gilded reaping-hook there.”

“Silence, De Vaux,” replied Richard; “by Our Lady, he understands or guesses thy meaning. Be not so broad, I pray thee.”

The soldan, indeed, presently said, “Something I would fain attempt—though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet, each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric.” So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end. “Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?” he said to King Richard.

“No, surely,” replied the king; “no sword on earth, were it the Excalibar of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow.”

“Mark, then,” said Saladin; and tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of naught but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was on the contrary of a dull blue color, marked with ten millions of waving lines, which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced. He balanced himself a little as if to steady

his aim, then stepping at once forward, drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously and with so little apparent effort that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

"It is a juggler's trick," said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat; "there is magic in this."

The soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his saber, extended the weapon edgeways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent, equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

"Now, in good faith, my brother," said Richard, "thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous were it to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow, and what we cannot do by sleight we eke out by strength."

The Saracen monarch departed from King Richard's tent, and having shown him, rather with signs than with speech, where the pavilion of the queen and her attendants was pitched, he went to receive the Marquis of Montserrat and his attendants, for whom,

with less good-will but with equal splendor, the magnificent soldan had provided accommodations. The most ample refreshments, both in the Oriental and after the European fashion, were spread before the royal and princely guests of Saladin, each in their own separate pavilion; and so attentive was the soldan to the habits and taste of his visitors that Grecian slaves were stationed to present them with the goblet, which is the abomination of the sect of Mohammed. Ere Richard had finished his meal, the ancient Omrah, who had brought the soldan's letter to the Christian camp, entered with a plan of the ceremonial to be observed on the succeeding day of combat. Richard, who knew the taste of his old acquaintance, invited him to pledge him in a flagon of wine; but Omrah gave him to understand, with a rueful aspect, that self-denial, in the present circumstances, was a matter in which his life was concerned; for that Saladin, tolerant in many respects, both observed and enforced by high penalties the laws of Mohammed.

The king then addressed himself to settle the articles of combat, which cost a considerable time, as it was necessary on some points to consult with the opposite parties, as well as with the soldan.

III

It was agreed, on account of the heat of the climate, that the judicial combat, which was the cause of the

present assemblage of various nations at the Diamond of the Desert, should take place at one hour after sunrise. The wide lists, which had been constructed under the inspection of the Knight of the Leopard, enclosed a space of hard sand which was one hundred and twenty yards long by forty in width. They extended in length from north to south, so as to give both parties the equal advantage of the rising sun. Saladin's royal seat was erected on the western side of the enclosure, just in the center, where the combatants were expected to meet in mid encounter. Opposed to this was a gallery with closed casements, so contrived that the ladies, for whose accommodation it was erected, might see the fight without being themselves exposed to view. At either extremity of the lists was a barrier, which could be opened or shut at pleasure. Thrones had been also erected, but the Archduke of Austria, perceiving that his was lower than King Richard's, refused to occupy it; and 'Coeur de Lion, who would have submitted to much rather than have anything interfere with the combat, readily agreed that the sponsors, as they were called, should remain on horseback during the fight. At one end of the lists were placed the followers of Richard, and opposed to them were those who accompanied the defender, Conrade. Around the throne destined for the soldan were ranged his splendid bodyguard, and the rest of the enclosure was occupied by Christian.

Long before daybreak the lists were surrounded by even a larger number of Saracens than Richard had seen on the preceding evening. When the first ray of the sun's glorious orb arose above the desert, the sonorous call, "To prayer, to prayer!" was poured forth by the soldan himself and answered by others, whose rank and zeal entitled them to act as 'muezzins. It was a striking spectacle to see them all sink to earth for the purpose of repeating their devotions, with their faces turned to 'Mecca.

The hour at length arrived, the trumpets sounded, the knights rode into the lists armed at all points, and mounted like men who were to do battle for a kingdom's honor. They wore their 'vizors up, and riding around the lists three times, showed themselves to the spectators. Both were goodly persons, and both had noble countenances. But there was an air of manly confidence on the brow of the Scot—a radiancy of hope, which amounted even to cheerfulness, while, although pride and effort had recalled much of Conrade's natural courage, there lowered on his brow a cloud of deep despondence. Even his steed seemed to tread less lightly and blithely to the trumpet-sound than the noble Arab which was bestrode by Sir Kenneth.

A temporary altar had been erected just beneath the gallery occupied by the queen, and beside it stood a number of priests and other churchmen, who thus attested their interest in the outcome of the combat.

To this altar the challenger and defender were successively brought forward, conducted by their respective sponsors. Dismounting before it, each knight avowed the justice of his cause by a solemn oath and prayed that his success might be according to the truth or falsehood of what he then swore. They also made oath that they came to do battle in knightly guise and with the usual weapons, disclaiming the use of spells, charms, or magical devices to bring victory to their side.

Sir Kenneth, the challenger, pronounced his vow with a firm and manly voice and a bold and cheerful countenance. When the ceremony was finished, the Scottish knight looked at the gallery and bent his head to the earth, as if in honor of those invisible beauties which were enclosed within; then, loaded with armor as he was, sprang to the saddle without the use of the stirrup and made his courser carry him in a succession of caracoles to his station at the eastern end of the lists.

Conrade also presented himself before the altar with boldness enough; but his voice, as he took the oath, sounded hollow, as if drowned in his helmet. The lips with which he appealed to Heaven to adjudge victory to the just quarrel grew white as they uttered the impious mockery. As he turned to remount his horse, the Grand Master of the Templars approached him closer, as if to right something about the setting

of his armor, and whispered, "Coward and fool!—recall thy senses, and do me this battle bravely, else, by Heaven, shouldst thou escape him, thou escapest not me!"

The savage tone in which this was whispered perhaps completed the confusion of the marquis's nerves, for he stumbled as he made to horse. Though he quickly recovered his feet, sprang to the saddle with his usual agility, and displayed his address in horsemanship as he took his position opposite to the challenger's, yet the accident did not escape those who were on the watch for omens which might predict the fate of the day.

The priests, after a solemn prayer that God would show the rightful quarrel, departed from the lists. The trumpets of the challenger then rang a flourish, and a herald-at-arms proclaimed at the eastern end of the lists, "Here stands a good knight, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, champion for the royal King Richard of England, who accuseth Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, of foul treason and dishonor done to the said king."

When the words "Kenneth of Scotland" announced the name and character of the champion, hitherto scarce generally known, a loud and cheerful acclaim burst from the followers of King Richard, and hardly, notwithstanding repeated commands of silence, suffered the reply of the defendant to be heard. The

latter, of course, avowed his innocence and offered his body for battle.

The sponsors, heralds, and squires now retired to the barriers, and the combatants sat opposite to each other, face to face, with couched lance and closed vizor, the human form so completely enclosed that they looked more like statues of molten iron than beings of flesh and blood. The silence of suspense was now general—men breathed thicker and their very souls seemed seated in their eyes, while not a sound was to be heard save the snorting and pawing of the good steeds, who, sensible of what was about to happen, were impatient to dash into career. They stood thus for perhaps three minutes, when, at a signal given by the soldan, an hundred instruments rent the air with their brazen clamors, and each champion, striking spurs to his horse and slacking rein, started into full gallop. The two knights met in mid space with a shock like a thunderbolt.

The victory was not in doubt—no, not one moment. Conrade, indeed, showed himself a practised warrior; for he struck his antagonist knightly in the midst of his shield, bearing his lance so straight and true that it shivered into splinters from the steel spearhead up to the very gauntlet. The horse of Sir Kenneth recoiled two or three yards and fell on his haunches, but the rider easily raised him with hand and rein. But for Conrade there was no recovery. Sir Ken-

neth's lance had pierced through the shield, through a plated corselet of Milan steel, through a secret coat of linked mail worn beneath the corselet, had wounded him deep in the bosom, and borne him from his saddle, leaving the 'truncheon of the lance fixed in his wound. The sponsors, heralds, and Saladin himself, descending from his throne, crowded around the wounded man; while Sir Kenneth, who had drawn his sword ere yet he discovered his antagonist was totally helpless, now commanded him to avow his guilt. The helmet was hastily unclosed, and the wounded man, gazing wildly on the skies, replied, "What would you more?—God hath decided justly—I am guilty."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HELPS TO STUDY

I. What agreement was made in regard to the combat? Of what were the ladies afraid? What incident increased their fear? Describe the scene as Richard's little band neared the Arab camp. Give the incidents that followed. Contrast the appearance of the two rulers.

II. Describe the sword contest between Richard and Saladin. In what ways did Saladin show his hospitality?

III. How was the field arranged for the conflict? Tell how the oath was taken. Describe the combat. In what ways did each combatant show his character?

Give the impression made upon you by Richard; by Saladin; by Edith. What do you learn about knights? about the Arabs?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Ivanhoe; The Tallsman—Sir Walter Scott.

Richard of the Lion-Heart, from Heroes Every Child Should Know—Hamilton W. Mable.

The Life and Death of Richard Yea and Nay—Maurice Hewlett.

DON QUIXOTE AND THE LION

Don Quixote is the masterpiece of Spanish literature and the first great modern novel. Don Quixote de La Mancha, a country gentleman whose brain had been turned by reading romances of knight-errantry, started out to experience the adventures of which he had read so much. He cleaned up some broken old armor which had belonged to his great-grandfather, mounted a horse which was no more than skin and bones, and was followed by a squire, a simple-minded rustic named Sancho Panza. His imagination made him discover adventures in the most commonplace occurrences; thus he rode with his lance against the arms of a windmill, which he mistook for a giant. The following extract from *Don Quixote* narrates one of the many amusing incidents in his career.

Absorbed in his thoughts, Don Quixote had not proceeded more than half a league from the river when, raising his head, he perceived a cart covered with royal flags coming along the road they were traveling. Persuaded that this must be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho to bring him his helmet.

As Sancho approached, Don Quixote exclaimed to him, "Give me that helmet, friend, for either I know little of adventures or what I observe yonder is one that will, and does, call on me to arm myself."

Sancho, on hearing this, looked in all directions, but could perceive nothing except a cart coming toward them with two or three small flags, which led him to conclude it must be carrying treasure of the king's, and he said so to Don Quixote.

He, however, would not believe Sancho, being always persuaded and convinced that all that happened to himself must be adventures and still more adventures. Thus he replied, "He who is prepared has his battle half fought; nothing is lost by my preparing myself, for I know by experience that I have enemies, visible and invisible, and I know not when, or where, or at what moment, or in what shapes, they will attack me."

Don Quixote put on his helmet, and settling himself firmly in his stirrups, easing his sword in the scabbard, and grasping his lance, cried out, "Now, come who will, here am I, ready to try conclusions with anyone."

By this time the cart with the flags had come up, unattended by anyone except the carter on a mule, and a man sitting at the door of the cart. Don Quixote planted himself before it and asked, "Whither are you going, brothers? What cart is this? What have you got in it? What flags are those?"

To this the carter replied, "The cart is mine; what is in it is a pair of fine caged lions, which the governor of Oran is sending to court as a present to his majesty, and the flags are our lord the king's, to show that this is his property."

"Are the lions large?" asked Don Quixote.

"So large," replied the man who sat at the door of the cart, "that larger have never crossed from

Africa to Spain. I am the keeper and I have brought over others, but never any like these. They are hungry now, for they have eaten nothing to-day; so let your worship stand aside, for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them."

Hereon, smiling slightly, Don Quixote commanded, "Get down, my good fellow, and as you are the keeper, open the cages and turn me out those beasts, and in the midst of this plain I will let them know who Don Quixote of La Mancha is, in spite and in the teeth of the enchanters who sent them to me."

At this instant Sancho came up, saying to the keeper of the lions, "'Señor, do something to keep my master, Don Quixote, from tackling those lions; for if he does, they'll tear us all to pieces."

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you leave this business to me," and then turning to the keeper he exclaimed:

"By all that's good, sir keeper, if you don't open the cages this very instant, I'll pin you to the cart with my lance!"

The carter, seeing the determination of this 'apparition in armor, said to him, "Please, your worship, let me unyoke the mules, and place myself in safety along with them before the lions are turned out, for if they kill the mules, I am ruined for life. All I possess is this cart and mules."

"O man of little faith," replied Don Quixote, "get

down and unyoke; you will soon see that you are exerting yourself for nothing, and that you might have spared yourself the trouble."

The carter got down and with all speed unyoked the mules, and the keeper called out at the top of his voice, "I call all here to witness that against my will and under compulsion I open the cages and let the lions loose, and that I warn this gentleman that he will be accountable for all the harm and mischief which these beasts may do, and for my salary and dues as well." Then speaking to the carter and Sancho, he said, "You, gentlemen, place yourselves in safety before I open, for I know they will do me no harm."

Sancho, with tears in his eyes, entreated his master to give up an enterprise compared with which all the feats he had attempted in the whole course of his life were cakes and fancy bread. "Look ye, Señor," said Sancho, "there's no exchantment here, not anything of the sort, for between the bars and chinks of the cage I have seen the paw of a real lion, and judging by that I reckon that such a paw would belong to a lion much bigger than a mountain."

"Fear, at any rate," replied Don Quixote, "will make him look bigger to thee than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me, and if I die here thou knowest our old compact: thou wilt inform the fair Dulcinea. I say no more." And renewing his commands to the keeper and repeating his threats, he gave

warning to Sancho to spur his Dapple, and the carter to drive his mules; and both strove to get away from the cart before the lions broke loose.

Sancho was weeping over his master's death, for this time he firmly believed it was in store for him from the claws of the lions; but with all his tears and lamentations he did not forget to thrash Dapple so as to put a good space between himself and the cart.

The keeper once more entreated and warned Don Quixote as he had entreated and warned him before; but the knight replied that he heard him, and that he need not trouble himself with any further warnings or entreaties, as they would be fruitless, and bade him make haste.

During the delay that occurred while the keeper was opening the cage, Don Quixote was considering whether it would not be well to do battle afoot instead of on horseback, and finally resolved to fight on foot, fearing that 'Rozinante might take fright at the sight of the lions. He therefore sprang off his horse, flung his lance aside, braced his buckler on his arm, and drawing his sword, advanced slowly with marvelous intrepidity and resolute courage, to plant himself in front of the cart, commending himself with all his heart, first to God and then to his lady Dulcinea.

The keeper, seeing that Don Quixote had taken up his position and that it was impossible for him to avoid letting out the lions without incurring the

enmity of the fiery and daring knight, flung open the doors of the cage, exposing to view one of the lions, which was now seen to be of enormous size and of grim and hideous mien.

The first thing the lion did was to turn round in the cage in which he lay, and protrude his claws and stretch himself thoroughly; he next opened his mouth and yawned very leisurely. Having done this, he put his head out of the cage and looked all around with eyes like glowing coals, a spectacle and demeanor to strike terror into courage. Don Quixote merely observed him steadily, longing for him to leap from the cart and come to close quarters with him, when the knight hoped to hew him to pieces.

So far did his unequaled madness go; but the noble lion, more courteous than haughty, not troubling himself about silly bravado, after having looked all around, as has been said, turned about and very coolly and tranquilly lay down again in the cage. Seeing this, Don Quixote ordered the keeper to take a stick and provoke him, to make him come out.

"That I will not," said the keeper; "for if I anger him, the first man he'll tear in pieces will be myself. Be satisfied, sir knight, with what you have done, which leaves nothing more to be said on the score of courage, and do not seek to tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open; he is free to come out or not to come out; but as he has not come out



He Flung Open the Doors of the Cage
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so far, he will not come out to-day. The greatness of your worship's courage has been fully manifested already; no brave champion, so it strikes me, is bound to do more than challenge his enemy and wait for him on the field: if his adversary does not come, on him lies the disgrace, and he who waits for him carries off the crown of victory."

"That is true," said Don Quixote; "close the door, my friend, and let me have, in the best form thou canst, what thou hast seen me do, by way of certificate: to wit, that thou didst open the door of the lion's cage, that I waited for him, and that he did not come out. I am not bound to do more; enchantments 'avaunt, and God uphold the right, the truth, and true chivalry! Close the door, as I bade thee, while I make signals to the fugitives that have left us that they may learn this exploit from thy lips."

The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote, fixing his kerchief on the point of his lance, proceeded to recall the others, who still continued to fly, looking back at every step. Sancho, however, happening to observe the signal, exclaimed, "May I die if my master has not overcome the wild beasts, for he is calling us!"

They stopped, and perceived that it was Don Quixote who was making signals, and shaking off their fears to some extent, they approached slowly until they were near enough to hear distinctly Don Quixote's voice calling to them. They returned at length to the

cart, and as they came up, Don Quixote said to the carter, "Put your mules to the cart once more, brother, and continue your journey; and do thou, Sancho, give him two gold crowns for himself and the keeper, to compensate for the delay they have incurred through me."

"That will I give with all my heart," said Sancho; "but what has become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?"

The keeper then in full detail, and bit by bit, described the end of the contest, exalting to the best of his power and ability the valor of Don Quixote, at the sight of whom the lion quailed and would not and dared not come out of the cage, although he had held the door open ever so long. He ended by showing how, in consequence of his having represented to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion in order to force him out, which Don Quixote wished to have done, the knight very reluctantly, and altogether against his will, had allowed the door to be closed.

"What dost thou think of this, Sancho?" asked Don Quixote. "Are there any exchantments that can prevail against true valor? The enchanters may be able to rob me of good fortune, but of fortitude and courage they cannot."

Sancho paid the crowns, the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the bounty bestowed on him, and promised to give an account of the valiant exploit to

king himself, as soon as he saw him at court. The cart went its way, and Don Quixote and Sancho went theirs.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

HELPS TO STUDY

Who did Don Quixote think had sent the lions against him? How did he propose to show that the enchanters had no power over him? Tell how everyone tried to persuade him to give up this adventure. What was the outcome of it? What was the effect upon Don Quixote? Upon the spectators? At what time did Don Quixote appear most ridiculous?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

- Adventures of Don Quixote—Miguel de Cervantes.
- Adventures of Commodore Van Kortlandt, from Knickerbocker's History of New York—Washington Irving.
- Adventures of Baron Munchausen.
- The Houseboat on the Styx—John Kendrick Bangs.

WE LIVE IN DEEDS

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

THE GREAT STORM

This story is an extract from *Lorna Doone*, one of the most popular of English novels. The book relates the manner of life and adventures of John Ridd, in the latter years of the seventeenth century, when James II was king of England. Ridd was the strongest man in all the countryside, and the narrative tells of one of his feats of strength.

I

Not a flake of snow had fallen yet; all the earth was caked and hard, with a dry brown crust upon it; all the sky was banked with darkness, hard, austere, and frowning. The fog of the last three weeks was gone, neither did any rime remain; but all things had a look of sameness and a kind of furzy color. It was freezing hard and sharp, with a piercing wind to back it.

One thing struck me with some surprise as I made off for our fireside (with a strong determination to heave an ash-tree up the chimney-place), and that was how the birds were going, rather than flying as they used to fly. All the birds were set in one direction, steadily journeying westward, not with any heat of speed, neither flying far at once; but all (as if on business bound), partly running, partly flying, partly fluttering along—silently, and without a voice, neither lifting head nor tail.

This movement of the birds went on, even for a week or more; every kind of thrushes passed us; every

Kind of wild fowl, even plovers, went away, and crows, and snipes, and woodcocks. And before half the frost was over, all we had in the snowy ditches were hares so tame that we could pat them; partridges that came to hand, with a dry noise in their crops; heath-poults, making cups of snow; and a few poor hopping red-wings, flipping in and out the hedge, having lost the power to fly. And all the time their great black eyes, set with gold around them, seeming to look at any man for mercy and for comfort.

Annie took many of them, all that she could find herself, and all the boys would bring her; and she made a great hutch near the fire, in the back-kitchen chimney-place. Here, in spite of our old Betty (who sadly wanted to roast them), Annie kept some fifty birds, with bread and milk, and raw chopped meat, and all the seed she could think of, and lumps of rotten apples, placed, to tempt them, in the corners. Some got on, and some died off; and Annie cried for all that died and buried them under the wood-rick; but, I do assure you, it was a pretty thing to see, when she went to them in the morning. There was not a bird but knew her well after one day of comforting; and some would come to her hand, and sit, and shut one eye, and look at her. Then she used to stroke their heads and feel their breasts and talk to them; and not a bird of them all was there but liked to have it done to him. And I do believe they would eat from her hand things

unnatural to them, lest she should be grieved and hurt by not knowing what to do for them.

One night such a storm of snow began as never have I heard nor read of, neither could have dreamed it. At what time it first began is more than I can say, at least from my own knowledge, for we all went to bed soon after supper, being cold and not inclined to talk. At that time the wind was moaning sadly, and the sky was as dark as wood, and the straw in the yard swirling round and round, and the cows huddled into the great cow house, with their chins upon one another. But we, being blinder than they, I suppose, and not having had a great snow for years, made no preparation against the storm, except that the lambing ewes were in shelter.

It struck me, as I lay in bed, that we were acting foolishly; for an ancient shepherd had dropped in and taken supper with us and foretold a heavy fall and great disaster to live stock. He said that he had known a frost beginning just as this had done, with a black east wind, after days of raw cold fog; and then on the third night of the frost, at this very time of year (to wit, on the 15th of December), such a snow had set in as killed half of the sheep and many even of the red deer and the forest ponies. It was three-score years ago, he said, and cause he had to remember it, inasmuch as two of his toes had been lost by frost-nip while he dug out his sheep on the other side of the

Dunkery. Hereupon mother nodded at him, having heard from her father about it, and how three men had been frozen to death, and how badly their stockings came off from them.

Remembering how the old man looked and his manner of listening to the wind and shaking his head very ominously, I grew quite uneasy in my bed as the room got colder and colder; and I made up my mind, if it only pleased God not to send the snow till the morning, that every sheep, and horse, and cow, ay and even the donkey, should be brought in snug and with plenty to eat and fodder enough to roast them.

Alas, what use of man's resolves, when they come a day too late, even if they may avail a little when they are most punctual!

In the bitter morning I arose, to follow out my purpose, knowing the time from the force of habit, although the room was dark and gray. An odd white light was on the rafters, such as I never had seen before, while all the length of the room was grisly, like the heart of a mouldy oat-rick. I went to the window at once, of course, and at first I could not understand what was doing outside of it. It faced due east, with the walnut-tree partly sheltering it, and generally I could see the yard and the wood-rick and even the church beyond.

But now, half the lattice was quite blocked up, as if plastered with gray lime, and little fringes, like

ferns, came through, where the joining of the lead was, and, in the only undarkened part, countless dots came swarming, clustering, beating with a soft, low sound, then gliding down in a slippery manner, not as drops of rain do but each distinct from his neighbor. Inside the iron frame (which fitted, not to say too comfortably, and went along the stone-work), at least a peck of snow had entered, following its own bend and fancy, light as any cobweb.

With some trouble and great care, lest the ancient frame should yield, I spread the lattice open, and saw at once that not a moment must be lost to save our stock. All the earth was flat with snow, all the air was thick with snow; more than this no man could see, for all the world was snowing.

I shut the window and dressed in haste; and when I entered the kitchen, not even Betty, the earliest of all early birds, was there. I raked the ashes together a little, just to see a spark of warmth, and then set forth to find John Fry, Jem Slocomb, and Bill Dadds. But this was easier thought than done, for when I opened the court-yard door, I was taken up to my knees at once, and the power of the drifting cloud prevented sight of any thing. However, I found my way to the wood-rick, and there got hold of a fine ash-stake, cut by myself not long ago. With this I ploughed along pretty well and thundered so hard at John Fry's door that he thought it was robbers at

least, and cocked his blunderbuss out of the window.

John was very loath to come down, when he saw the meaning of it, for he valued his life more than any thing else, though he tried to make out that his wife was to blame. But I settled his doubts by telling him that I would have him on my shoulder naked, unless he came in five minutes; not that he could do much good, but because the other men would be sure to skulk. We set them the example. With spades and shovels and pitchforks and a round of roping, we four set forth to dig out the sheep; and the poor things knew that it was high time.

II

It must have snowed most wonderfully to have made that depth of covering in about eight hours. For one of Master Stickles's men, who had been out all the night, said that no snow began to fall until nearly midnight. And here it was, blocking up the doors, stopping the ways and the water-courses, and making it very much worse to walk than in a saw-pit newly used. However, we trudged along in a line, I first, and the older men after me, trying to keep my track but finding legs and strength not up to it. Most of all, John Fry was groaning, certain that his time was come and sending messages to his wife and blessings to his children. And all this time it was snowing harder than it ever had snowed before, so far as a man

might guess at it, and the leaden depth of the sky came down like a mine turned upside down on us. Not that the flakes were so very large, for I have seen much larger flakes in a shower of March while sowing peas, but there was no room between them, neither any relaxing nor any change of direction.

Watch, like a good and faithful dog, followed us very cheerfully, leaping out in the depth, which took him over his back and ears already, even in the level places, while in the drifts he might have sunk to any distance out of sight and never found his way up again. However, we helped him now and then, especially through the gaps and gateways, and so, after a deal of floundering, some laughter, and a little swearing, we came all safe to the lower meadow, where most of the flock was huddled.

But, behold, there was no flock at all! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere, only at one corner of the field, by the eastern end, where the snow drove in, a great white billow, as high as a barn and as broad as a house. This great drift was rolling and curling beneath the violent blast, tufting and combing with rustling swirls, and carved (as in patterns of cornice) where the grooving chisel of the wind swept round. Ever and again the tempest snatched little whiffs from the channeled edges, twirled them round, and made them dance over the ridge of the monster pile, then let them lie like herring-bones, or the seams of

sand where the tide has been. And all the while from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelting, pitiless arrows, winged with murky white and pointed with the barbs of frost.

But, although for people who had no sheep the sight was a very fine one (so far, at least, as the weather permitted any sight at all), yet for us, with our flock beneath it, this great mount had but little charm. Watch began to scratch at once and to howl along the sides of it; he knew that his charge was buried there and his business taken from him. But we four men set to in earnest, digging with all our might and main, shoveling away at the great pile and fetching it into the meadow. Each man made for himself a cave, scooping at the soft, cold flux, which slid upon him at every stroke, and throwing it out behind him in piles of castled fancy. At last we drove our tunnels in (for we worked, indeed, for the lives of us), and all converging toward the middle, held our tools and listened.

The other men heard nothing at all, or declared that they heard nothing, being anxious now to abandon the matter because of the chill in their feet and knees. But I said, "Go, if you choose, all of you. I will work it out by myself, you pie-crusts!" and upon that they gripped their shovels, being more or less of Englishmen, and the least drop of English blood is worth the best of any other when it comes to lasting out.

But before we began again I laid my head well into the chamber, and there I heard a faint "ma-a-ah" coming through some ells of snow, like a plaintive buried hope or a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him up, for I knew what sheep it was, to wit, the most valiant of all the rams, who had met me when I came home from London and been so glad to see me. And then we all fell to again, and very soon we hauled him out. Watch took charge of him at once with an air of the noblest patronage, lying on his frozen fleece and licking all his face and feet to restore his warmth to him. Then fighting Tom jumped up at once and made a little butt at Watch, as if nothing had ever ailed him, and set off to a shallow place and looked for something to nibble at.

Further in, and close under the bank, where they had huddled themselves for warmth, we found all the rest of the poor sheep packed as closely as if they were in a great pie. It was strange to observe how their vapor and breath, and the moisture exuding from their wool, had scooped, as it were, a coved room for them, lined with a ribbing of deep yellow snow. Also the churned snow beneath their feet was as yellow as 'gamboge. Two or three of the weaklier 'hoggets were dead, from want of air and from pressure, but more than threescore were as lively as ever, though cramped and stiff for a little while.

"However shall us get 'em home?" John Fry asked

in great dismay, when we had cleared about a dozen of them, which we were forced to do very carefully, so as not to fetch the roof down. "No way to draive 'un, through all these driftnesses."

"You see to this place, John," I replied, as we leaned on our shovels a moment, and the sheep came rubbing round us; "let no more of them out for the present, they are better where they be. Watch, here, boy, keep them!"

Watch came, with his little scut of a tail cocked as sharp as duty, and I set him at the narrow mouth of the great snow cavern. All the sheep sidled away and got closer that the other sheep might be bitten first, as the foolish things imagine, whereas no good sheep-dog even so much as lips a sheep to turn it.

Then, of the outer sheep (all now snowed and frizzled like a lawyer's wig), I took the two finest and heaviest, and with one beneath my right arm, and the other beneath my left, I went straight home to the upper 'sheppy and set them inside and fastened them. Sixty and six I took home in that way, two at a time on each journey, and the work grew harder and harder each time as the drifts of the snow were deepening. No other man should meddle with them; I was resolved to try my strength against the strength of the elements, and try it I did, ay, and proved it. A certain fierce delight burned in me as the struggle grew harder, but rather would I die than yield, and at last I finished it.

People talk of it to this day; but none can tell what the labor was who have not felt that snow and wind.

Of the sheep upon the mountain and the sheep upon the western farm and the cattle on the upper burrows, scarcely one in ten was saved, do what we would for them. And this was not through any neglect (now that our wits were sharpened), but from the pure impossibility of finding them at all. That great snow never ceased a moment for three days and nights.

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE.

HELPS TO STUDY

I. Find Exmoor, the scene of this story, on a map of England. What indications were there to warn the people that a storm was coming? Tell what weather signs you have learned from old people. What means have we now of learning of an approaching storm? Have you ever looked upon such a scene as greeted John Ridd in the morning? Describe the situation he found.

II. Compare the conduct of Watch with that of the three hired men. What traits of character did John Ridd exhibit? John Fry? What do you learn of John Fry from his speech? What great feat showed Ridd's strength and endurance?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Kidnapped—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Pillar of Light—Louis Tracy.

To Have and to Hold—Mary Johnston.

The Frozen Pirate—W. Clark Russell.

Nearest the Pole—Robert E. Peary.

Boy Life on the Prairie—Hamlin Garland.

MR. WINKLE GOES HUNTING

The Pickwick Papers made the fame of Charles Dickens, the great English novelist. In this book, Dickens narrates the adventures of The Pickwick Club, composed of the well-to-do and elderly Mr. Pickwick and his three more youthful followers, Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle. Mr. Winkle's great ambition was to be considered a sportsman, although he had not the slightest skill in any branch of sport. In "Mr. Winkle Goes Hunting," an amusing description is given of his efforts at partridge-shooting and of the manner in which Mr. Pickwick, who was lame from gout, managed to accompany the party.

I

It was a fine morning—so fine that you would scarcely have believed that the few months of an English summer had yet flown by. Hedges, fields and trees, hill and moorland, presented to the eye their ever-varying shades of deep rich green; scarce a leaf had fallen, scarce a sprinkle of yellow, mingled with the hues of summer, warned you that autumn had begun. The sky was cloudless; the sun shone out bright and warm; the song of birds and hum of myriads of summer insects filled the air; and the cottage gardens, crowded with flowers of every rich and beautiful tint, sparkled in the heavy dew, like beds of glittering jewels. Everything bore the stamp of summer, and none of its beautiful colors had yet faded from the die.

Such was the morning, when an open carriage, in

which were three Pickwickians, Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle, Mr. Snodgrass having preferred to remain at home, and Mr. Wardle, with Sam Weller on the box beside the driver, pulled up by a gate at the roadside. Before it stood a tall, raw-boned gamekeeper, and a half-booted, leather-leggined boy, each bearing a bag of 'capacious dimensions and accompanied by a brace of pointers.

"I say," whispered Mr. Winkle to Wardle, as the man let down the steps, "they don't suppose we're going to kill game enough to fill those bags, do they?"

"Fill them?" exclaimed old Wardle. "Bless you, yes. You shall fill one, and I the other; and when we've done with them, the pockets of our shooting-jackets will hold as much more."

Mr. Winkle dismounted without saying anything in reply to this observation; but he thought within himself that if the party remained in the open air till he had filled one of the bags they stood a considerable chance of catching colds in the head.

"Hi, Juno, lass—hi, old girl; down, Daph, down!" said Wardle, caressing the dogs. "Sir 'Geoffrey still in Scotland, of course, Martin?"

The tall gamekeeper replied in the 'affirmative and looked with some surprise from Mr. Winkle, who was holding his gun as if he wished his coat pocket to save him the trouble of pulling the trigger, to Mr. Tupman, who was holding his as if he were afraid of it—as

there is no earthly reason to doubt that he really was.

"My friends are not much in the way of this sort of thing yet, Martin," said Wardle, noticing the look. "Live and learn, you know. They'll be good shots one of these days. I beg my friend Winkle's pardon, though,—he has had some practice."

Mr. Winkle smiled feebly over his blue neckerchief in acknowledgment of the compliment, and got himself so mysteriously entangled with his gun, in his modest confusion, that if the piece had been loaded, he must surely have shot himself dead upon the spot.

"You mustn't handle your piece in that way, when you come to have the charge in it, sir," said the tall gamekeeper gruffly, "or you'll make cold meat of some of us."

Mr. Winkle, thus admonished, abruptly altered its position, and in so doing, contrived to bring the barrel into pretty smart contact with Mr. Weller's head.

"Hallo!" said Sam, picking up his hat, which had been knocked off, and rubbing his temple. "Hallo, sir! if you come it this way, you'll fill one of the bags, and something to spare, at one fire."

Here the leather-legged boy laughed very heartily, and then tried to look as if it was somebody else, whereat Mr. Winkle frowned majestically.

"Where did you tell the boy to meet us with the snack, Martin?" inquired Wardle.

"The side of One-tree Hill at twelve o'clock, sir."

“Very well,” said old Wardle. “Now the sooner we’re off the better. Will you join us at twelve, then, Pickwick?”

Mr. Pickwick was particularly desirous to view the sport, the more especially as he was rather anxious in respect of Mr. Winkle’s life and limbs. On so inviting a morning, too, it was very tantalizing to turn back, and leave his friends to enjoy themselves. It was, therefore, with a very rueful air that he replied:

“Why, I suppose I must.”

“Isn’t the gentleman a shot, sir?” inquired the long gamekeeper.

“No,” replied Wardle, “and he’s lame, besides.”

“I should very much like to go,” said Mr. Pickwick—“very much.” There was a short pause of commiseration.

“There’s a barrow on the other side the hedge,” said the boy. “If the gentleman’s servant would wheel along the paths, he could keep nigh us, and we could lift it over the stiles.”

“The very thing,” said Mr. Weller, who was a party interested, inasmuch as he greatly longed to see the sport. “The very thing. Well said, Small-check; I’ll have it out in a minute.”

But here a difficulty arose. The gamekeeper resolutely protested against the introduction into a shooting-party of a gentleman in a wheelbarrow as a gross violation of all established rules and regulations.

It was a great objection, but not an insurmountable one. The gamekeeper having been coaxed and feed, and having, moreover, eased his mind by "punching" the head of the inventive youth who had first suggested the use of the machine, Mr. Pickwick was placed in it, and off the party set, Wardle and the long gamekeeper leading the way and Mr. Pickwick in the barrow, propelled by Sam, bringing up the rear.

"Stop, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, when they got half across the first field.

"What's the matter now?" said Wardle.

"I won't suffer this barrow to be moved another step," said Mr. Pickwick resolutely, "unless Winkle carries that gun of his in a different way."

"How am I to carry it?" said the wretched Winkle.

"Carry it with the muzzle to the ground," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"It's so unsportsmanlike," reasoned Winkle.

"I don't care whether it's unsportsmanlike or not," declared Mr. Pickwick; "I am not going to be shot in a wheelbarrow for the sake of appearances, to please anybody."

"I know the gentleman'll put that charge into somebody before he's done," growled the long man.

"Well, well—I don't mind," said Mr. Winkle, turning his gun stock uppermost—"there."

"Anything for a quiet life," said Mr. Weller; and on they went again.

"Stop," said Mr. Pickwick, after they had gone a few yards farther.

"What now?" said Wardle.

"That gun of Tupman's is not safe; I know it isn't," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Eh? What! not safe?" said Mr. Tupman, in a tone of great alarm.

"Not as you are carrying it," said Mr. Pickwick. "I am very sorry to make any further objection, but I cannot consent to go on, unless you carry it as Winkle does his."

"I think you had better, sir," said the long game-keeper, "or you're quite as likely to lodge the charge in your own vestcoat as in anybody else's."

Mr. Tupman, with the most obliging haste, placed his gun in the position required, and the party moved on again; the two 'amateurs marched with 'reversed arms, like a couple of privates at a royal funeral.

II

The dogs suddenly came to a dead stop, and the party, advancing stealthily a single pace, stopped too.

"What's the matter with the dogs' legs?" whispered Mr. Winkle. "How queer they're standing!"

"Hush, can't you," replied Wardle softly. "Don't you see, they're making a point!"

"Making a point!" said Mr. Winkle, staring about him, as if he expected to discover some particular beauty in the landscape, which the wise animals were

calling special attention to. "Making a point! What are they pointing at?"

"Keep your eyes open," said Wardle, not heeding the question in the excitement of the moment. "Now then."

There was a sharp whirring noise, which made Mr. Winkle start back as if he had been shot himself. Bang, bang, went a couple of guns—the smoke swept quickly away over the field and curled into the air.

"Where are they?" cried Mr. Winkle, in a state of the highest excitement, turning round and round in all directions. "Where are they? Tell me when to fire. Where are they—where are they?"

"Where are they?" said Wardle, taking up a brace of birds which the dogs had deposited at his feet. "Where are they?—why, here they are."

"No, no, I mean the others," said the bewildered Winkle.

"Far enough off, by this time," replied Wardle, coolly reloading his gun.

"We shall very likely be up with another covey in five minutes," said the long gamekeeper. "If the gentleman begins to fire now, perhaps he'll just get the shot out of the barrel by the time they rise."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Mr. Weller.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, pitying his follower's confusion and embarrassment.

"Sir," replied Sam, respectfully.

"Don't laugh," urged Mr. Pickwick.

"Certainly not, sir." So, by way of compensation, Mr. Weller contorted his features from behind the wheelbarrow for the exclusive amusement of the boy with the leggings, who thereupon burst into a boisterous laugh and was cuffed by the long gamekeeper, who wanted an excuse for turning round to hide his own merriment.

"Bravo, old fellow!" said Wardle to Mr. Tupman; "you fired that time at all events."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Tupman, with conscious pride; "I let off."

"Well done. You'll hit something next time, if you look sharp. Very easy, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's very easy," said Mr. Tupman. "How it hurts one's shoulder, though. It nearly knocked me backward. I had no idea these small firearms kicked so."

"Ah," said the old gentleman, smiling, "you'll get used to it in time. Now then—all ready—all right with the barrow there?"

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Come along, then."

"Hold hard, sir," said Sam, raising the barrow.

"Aye, aye," replied Mr. Pickwick, and on they went, as briskly as need be.

"Keep that barrow back now," cried Wardle, when it had been hoisted over a stile into another field,

and Mr. Pickwick had been deposited in it once more.

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller, pausing.

"Now, Winkle," said the old gentleman, "follow me softly, and don't be too late this time."

"Never fear," said Mr. Winkle. "Are they pointing?"

"No, no; not now. Quietly now, quietly." On they crept, and very quietly they would have advanced, if Mr. Winkle, in the performance of some very remarkable evolution with his gun, had not accidentally fired at the most critical moment over the boy's head, exactly in the very spot where the tall man's brain would have been, had he been there instead.

"Why, what on earth did you do that for?" said old Wardle, as the birds flew unharmed away.

"I never saw such a gun in my life," replied poor Winkle, looking at the lock as if that would do any good. "It goes off of its own accord. It will do it."

"Will do it!" echoed Wardle, with something of irritation in his manner. "I wish it would kill something of its own accord."

"It'll do that before long, sir," observed the tall man, in a low prophetic voice.

"What do you mean by that observation, sir?" inquired Mr. Winkle angrily.

"Never mind, sir—never mind," replied the long gamekeeper. "I've no family myself, sir; and this boy's mother will get something handsome from Sir

Geoffrey, if he's killed on his land. Load again, sir—load again."

"Take away his gun," cried Mr. Pickwick from the barrow, horror-stricken at the long man's dark insinuations. "Take away his gun, do you hear, somebody?"

Nobody, however, volunteered to obey the command, and Mr. Winkle, after darting a rebellious glance at Mr. Pickwick, reloaded his gun and proceeded onward with the rest.

We are bound, on the authority of Mr. Pickwick, to state that Mr. Tupman's mode of proceeding evinced far more of prudence and deliberation than that adopted by Mr. Winkle. Still, this by no means detracts from the great authority of the latter gentleman on all matters connected with the field; because as Mr. Pickwick beautifully observes, it has somehow or other happened from time immemorial that many of the best and ablest philosophers, who have been perfect lights of science in matters of theory, have been wholly unable to reduce them to practice.

Mr. Tupman's process, like many of our greatest discoveries, was extremely simple. With the quickness and penetration of a man of genius, he had at once observed that the two great points to be attained were—first, to discharge his piece without injury to himself, and, secondly, to do so without danger to the by-standers;—obviously, the best thing to do, after

overcoming the difficulty of firing at all, was to shut his eyes firmly and fire into the air.

On one occasion, after performing this feat, Mr. Tupman, on opening his eyes, beheld a plump partridge in the very act of falling wounded to the ground. He was just on the point of congratulating Wardle on his invariable success, when that gentleman advanced toward him and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Tupman," said the old gentleman, "you singled out that particular bird."

"No," said Mr. Tupman—"no."

"You did," said Wardle. "I saw you do it—I observed you pick him out—I noticed you as you raised your piece to take him; and I will say this, that the best shot in existence could not have done it more beautifully. You are an older hand at this than I thought you, Tupman; you have been out before."

It was in vain for Mr. Tupman to protest, with a smile of self-denial, that he never had. The very smile was taken as evidence to the contrary; and from that time forth his reputation was established. It is not the only reputation that has been acquired as easily, nor are such fortunate circumstances confined to partridge-shooting.

Meanwhile, Mr. Winkle flashed and blazed and smoked away without producing any material results worthy of being noted down; sometimes expending his charge in mid-air, and at others sending it skimming

along so near the surface of the ground as to place the lives of the two dogs on a rather uncertain and precarious tenure. As a display of fancy-shooting, it was extremely varied and curious; as an exhibition of firing with any precise object, it was, upon the whole, a failure. It is an established saying that "every bullet has its billet." If it apply in an equal degree to shot, those of Mr. Winkle were unfortunate foundlings deprived of their natural rights, cast loose upon the world and billeted nowhere.

"Well," said Wardle, walking up to the side of the barrow and wiping the streams of perspiration from his jolly face, "smoking day, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed," replied Mr. Pickwick. "The sun is tremendously hot, even to me. I don't know how you must feel it."

"Why," said the old gentleman, "pretty hot. It's past twelve, though. You see that green hill there?"

"Certainly."

"That's the place where we are to lunch; and, by Jove, there's the boy with the basket, punctual as clock-work."

"So he is," said Mr. Pickwick, brightening up. "Good boy, that. I'll give him a shilling presently. Now then, Sam, wheel away."

"Hold on, sir," said Mr. Weller, invigorated with the prospect of refreshments. And quickening his pace to a sharp run, Mr. Weller wheeled his master nimbly

to the green hill, shot him dexterously out by the very side of the basket and proceeded to unpack it with the utmost dispatch.

The party did full justice to the meal. An old oak tree afforded a pleasant shelter to the group, and a rich prospect of arable and meadow land, intersected with luxuriant hedges and richly ornamented with wood, lay spread out before them.

"This is delightful—thoroughly delightful!" said Mr. Pickwick, the skin of whose expressive countenance was rapidly peeling off with exposure to the sun.

"So it is—so it is, old fellow," replied Wardle. "Come, a glass of punch."

"With great pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick. "Come, a toast. Our friends at Dingley Dell."

The toast was drunk with loud acclamation.

"I'll tell you what I shall do to get up my shooting again," said Mr. Winkle, who was eating bread and ham with a pocket-knife. "I'll put a stuffed partridge on the top of a post and practise at it, beginning at a short distance and lengthening it by degrees. I understand it's capital practice."

"I know a gentleman, sir," said Sam Weller, "who did that and began at two yards; but he never tried it again, for he blew the bird away at the first fire."

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Have the goodness to reserve your anecdotes until they are called for."

"Certainly, sir."

Here Mr. Weller winked the eye which was not concealed by the cane he was raising to his lips, with such humor that the two boys went into spontaneous convulsions and even the long man condescended to smile.

CHARLES DICKENS.

HELPS TO STUDY

I. How would you like to go hunting with either Mr. Winkle or Mr. Tupman? Why?

II. Describe Mr. Tupman's method of shooting? How did he get his reputation as "a good shot"? Read aloud the sentences that amuse you most.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

John Gilpin's Ride—William Cowper.

The Pickwick Papers—Charles Dickens.



ENGLAND VERSUS SCOTLAND

I

The day of the England and Scotland Rugby match had come. Better weather could not be desired. The morning had been hazy, but as the sun shone out the fog had gradually risen, until there now remained but a suspicion of it, floating like a plume above the frowning walls of Edinburgh Castle and twining a fairy wreath round the columns of the national monument on Calton Hill. The broad stretch of the Prince's Street gardens, which occupy the valley between the old town and the new, looked green and spring-like; and their fountains sparkled merrily in the sunshine. Their wide expanse, well-trimmed and bepathed, formed a strange contrast to the rugged piles of grim old houses which bounded them upon the other side and the massive grandeur of the hill beyond, which lies like a crouching lion keeping watch and ward, day and night, over the ancient capital of the Scottish kings. Travelers who have searched the whole world over have found no fairer view.

So thought three people who were seated that forenoon in the bay windows of the Royal Hotel and gazed across the bright green valley at the dull historical background beyond. One was a ruddy man, a doctor. By his side was a young lady in a tight-fitting traveling dress, with leather belt and white collar. Her

sweet face was flushed with wonder and admiration at the beautiful scene before her. An elderly, placid-faced woman sat in a recess and looked with approving eyes at the play of emotion in the girl's expressive face.

At that moment a young gentleman came into the room. He was clad in a long shaggy ulster and he wore a velvet cap trimmed with silver, which was stuck carelessly on the back of his powerful yellow, curly head.

"Here is the boy!" cried his mother gaily.

"How are you?" he said, stooping over to kiss her. "How are you, dad? Good-morning, Cousin Kate. You must come down and wish us luck. What a blessing that it's pretty warm! It is miserable for the spectators when there is an east wind. What do you think of it, dad?"

"I think you are an unnatural young 'renegade to play against your own country," said Doctor Dimsdale.

"Oh, come, dad. I was born in Scotland, and I belong to a Scotch club. Surely that is a good enough reason."

"I hope you lose," said his father.

"We are very likely to," replied the boy. "Atkinson of the West of Scotland has strained his leg, and we shall have to play Blair of the Institution at full back—not so good a man by a long way. The odds are five to four on the English this morning. I have

brought a cab with me, so the moment you are ready we can start."

There were others besides the students who were excited about the coming struggle. All Edinburgh was in a ferment. Football is, and always has been, the national game of Scotland among those who affect violent exercise, while golf takes its place with the more sedately inclined. There is no game so fitted to appeal to a hardy and active people as that composite exercise prescribed by the Rugby Union, in which fifteen men pit strength, speed and endurance, and every manly attribute they possess, in a prolonged struggle against fifteen antagonists. It is a fierce personal contest in which the ball is the central rallying point. That ball may be kicked, pushed or carried; it may be forced onward in any conceivable manner toward the enemy's goal.

Even matches between prominent local clubs excite much interest in Edinburgh and attract crowds of spectators. How much more then when the pick of the manhood of Scotland were to try their strength against the very cream of the players from south of the Tweed! The roads leading to the Caledonian Grounds were dark with thousands, all wending their way in one direction. So thick was the moving mass that the carriage of the Dimsdale party had to go at a walk for the latter half of the journey, in spite of the efforts of the driver, who tried faithfully to get on.

Many in the crowd recognized young Dimsdale and waved their hands to him, or called out words of encouragement. Kate Harston and even the doctor began to reflect some of the interest and excitement which showed itself on every face around them. The youth alone seemed to be unaffected by the general enthusiasm, and spent the time in endeavoring to explain the principles of Rugby football to his fair companion, whose ignorance was comprehensive and astounding.

"You understand," he said, "there are fifteen players on each side. Ten men play in front, the forwards. They are supposed to be always on the ball, following it everywhere, never stopping or tiring. They are opposed, of course, by the forwards of the other side. Immediately behind the forwards are the two quarterbacks. They should be active fellows, good dodgers and fast runners. They never join in the rough work, but follow on the outskirts of the forwards. Behind them are the two halfbacks, of whom I am one. They are supposed to be fast runners, too, and do much to advance the ball. Behind the halfbacks is a single man—the fullback. He is the last resource when all others are past. He should be a sure and long kicker, so as to get the ball away from the goal. But you are not listening."

"Oh, yes, I am," said Kate. As a matter of a fact, the great throng and the novel sights were distracting

her so much that she found it hard to attend to her companion's explanation.

A moment later the carriage rattled through a broad gateway into a large open grassy space with a great grand-stand at one side of it and a staked enclosure about two hundred yards long and a hundred broad with a goal post at each end. The space was marked out by gayly-colored flags, and on every side of it, pressing against the fence the whole way round, was an enormous crowd, twenty and thirty deep, with others occupying every piece of rising ground or place of vantage behind them. The most moderate estimate would place the number of spectators at fifteen thousand. At one side there was a line of cabs in the background, and thither the carriage of the Dimsdales drove, while Tom rushed off with his bag to change his clothes.

It was indeed high time to do so, for as the carriage took up its position a hoarse roar burst from the great multitude, and was taken up again and again. It was a welcome to the English team, which had just appeared upon the grounds. There they were, clad in white knickerbockers and jerseys, with a single red rose embroidered on their breasts; as gallant a set of young fellows as the whole world could produce. Tall, square-shouldered, straight-limbed, as active as kittens and as powerful as young bullocks, it was clear that they would take a lot of beating. They were the pick

of the University and London clubs, with a few players from the Northern counties; not a man among them whose name was not known wherever football was played.

That tall, long-legged youth is Evans, the great halfback, who is said to be able to send a drop-kick further than any of his predecessors in the records of the game. There is Buller, the famous Cambridge quarterback, light but as slippery as an eel; and Jackson, the other quarter, is just such another—hard to tackle himself but as determined as a bulldog in holding an opponent. That one with the straw-colored hair is Coles, the great forward; and there are nine other lads, almost as good, who will stand by him to-day. They were a formidable-looking lot, and the expert followers of football crowded along the fence were inclined to think that they would win the game. By no means abashed at finding themselves the center of so many eyes, the Englishmen proceeded to keep up their circulation by leap-frog and horse-play, for their jerseys were thin and the wind was bleak.

But where were their 'adversaries? A few impatient minutes passed slowly, and then from one corner of the ground there rose a second cheer, which rippled down the long line of onlookers and swelled into a mighty shout as the Scotchmen vaulted over the barrier into the arena. It was a nice question as to which team had the best of it in physique. The Northerners

in their blue-striped jerseys, with a thistle upon their breasts, were a sturdy, hard-bitten lot, averaging a couple of pounds more than their opponents. The latter were perhaps more regularly and 'symmetrically built and were pronounced by experts to be the faster team, but there was a massive, gaunt look about the Scotch forwards which promised well for their endurance. Indeed, it was on their forwards that they principally relied. The presence of three such players as Buller, Evans and Jackson made the English exceptionally strong behind the line, but they had no men in front who were individually so strong and fast as Millar, Watts or Grey. Dimsdale and Garraway, the Scotch halfbacks, and Tookey, the quarter, whose blazing red head was a very 'oriflamme wherever the struggle waxed hottest, were the best men the Northerners could boast of behind.

II

The English had won the choice of goals and elected to play with what slight wind there was at their backs; a small thing may turn the scale between two evenly matched teams. Evans, the captain, placed the ball in front of him on the ground, with his men all lined along on either side, as eager as hounds at leash. Some fifty yards in front of him, about the place where the ball would drop, the blue-striped Scots gathered in a sullen crowd. There was a sharp ring from a bell, a murmur of excitement from the crowd. Evans took two quick

steps forward and the yellow ball flew swift and straight, as if it had been shot from a cannon, right into the expectant group in front of him.

For a moment there was grasping and turmoil among the Scotchmen. Then from the crowd emerged Grey, the great Glasgow forward, the ball tucked well under his arm, his head down, running like the wind, with his nine forwards in a dense clump behind him, ready to bear down all opposition, while the other five followed more slowly, covering a wider stretch of ground. He met the Englishmen, who had started full cry after the ball the moment that their captain had kicked it. The first hurled himself upon him. Grey, without slackening his pace, swerved slightly, and he missed him. The second Englishman he passed in the same way, but the third tackled low, and the Scot flew head over heels. Not much use in holding him, though. In the very act of falling he had thrown the ball behind him. Gordon, of Paisley, caught it and bore it on a dozen yards, when he was tackled, but not before he had bequeathed his trust to another, who struggled on manfully for some paces until he, too, was brought to the ground. This pretty piece of passing had recovered for the Scots all the advantage lost by the English kick-off, and was greeted by roars of applause from the crowd.

And now there is a scrimmage. Twenty young men, so blended and mixed that no one could assign

the various arms and legs to their respective owners, are straining every muscle and fiber of their bodies against each other and yet are so well balanced that the dense clump of humanity stands absolutely motionless. In the center is a chaos where shoulders heave and heads rise and fall. At the edges are a fringe of legs—legs in an extreme state of tension—ever pawing for a firmer foothold, and apparently completely independent of the rest of their owners, whose heads and bodies have bored their way into the mêlée. The pressure in there is tremendous, yet neither side gives an inch. Just on the skirts of the throng, with bent bodies and hands on knees, stand the cool, little quarterbacks, watching the gasping giants and also keeping a keen eye on each other. Let the ball emerge near one of these, and he will whip it up and be ten paces off before those in the scrimmage even know that it is gone. Behind them again are the halves, alert and watchful, while the fullback has an easy consciousness that he will have plenty of warning before the ball can pass the four good men who stand between the scrimmage and himself.

Now the dense throng sways a little backward and forward. An inch is lost and an inch is gained. The crowd roar with delight, "Scotland!" "England!" "Scotland!" The shouting would stir the blood of the oldest mortal that ever breathed. Kate Harston stands in the carriage, rosy with excitement and enjoy-



He Seizes It Before the Scot

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ment. Her heart is all with the wearers of the rose, in spite of the presence of her old playmate in the opposite ranks. The doctor is as much delighted as the youngest man on the ground, and the cabman waves his arms and shouts in a highly undignified fashion. The two pounds difference in weight is beginning to tell. The English sway back a yard or two. A striped jacket emerges among the white ones. He has fought his way through, but has left the ball behind him, so he dashes round and puts his weight behind it once more. There is a last upheaval, the scrimmage is split in two and through the rent comes the Scotch forwards with the ball amongst them. Their solid phalanx has scattered the English like a spray to right and left. No one is in front of them, no one but a single little man, almost a boy in size and weight. Surely he cannot hope to stop the tremendous rush. The ball is a few yards in advance of the leading Scot when he springs forward at it. He seizes it an instant before the Scot, and with the same motion writhes himself free from the man's grasp.

Now it is time for the crack Cambridge quarter-back to show what he is made of. The crowd yell with excitement. To right and left run the great Scotch forwards, grasping, slipping, pursuing, and right in the midst of them, as quick as a trout in a pool, runs the calm-faced little man, slipping between the fingers of two others. Surely he is caught now! No,

he has passed all the forwards and emerges from the ruck of men, pelting along at a tremendous pace. He has dodged one of the Scotch quarters and outstripped the other. "Well played, England!" shout the crowd. "Well run, Buller!" "Now, Tookey!" "Now, Dimsdale!" "Well collared, Dimsdale, well collared!" The little quarterback has come to the end of his run, for Tom had been as quick as he and had caught him round the waist as he attempted to pass and brought him to the ground. The cheers were hearty, for the two halfbacks were the only University men in the team, and there were hundreds of students among the spectators. The good doctor colored up with pleasure to hear the boy's name bellowed forth approvingly by a thousand excited lungs.

The play is, as all good judges said it would be, very equal. For the first forty minutes every advantage gained by either side has been promptly neutralized by a desperate effort on the part of the other. The mass of struggling players has swayed backward and forward, but seldom more than twenty or thirty yards from the center of the field. Only once has a goal been threatened as yet. The spectators fail to see where the English are better than the Scotch, but the expert judges of the sport abide by their choice. In the second half, it is thought that the superior speed and staying power of the Southerners will tell over the heavier Scots. There seems little the matter with

the latter as yet, as they stand in a group, wiping their faces and discussing the state of the game; for at the end of the first half the goals are changed and there is a short intermission.

And now the last hour is to prove whether there are as good men bred in the hungry North as any who live on more fruitful ground and beneath warmer skies. If the play was desperate before, it became even more so now. Each member of either team played as if upon him alone depended the issue of the match. Again and again Grey, Anderson, Gordon, and their phalanx of tousled, hard-breathing Scots broke away with the ball; but as often the English quarter and halfbacks, by their superior speed, more than made up for the weakness of their forwards and carried the struggle back into the enemy's ground. Two or three times Evans, the long kicker, who was credited with the power of reaching the goal by a kick from almost any part of the field, got hold of the ball, but each time before he could kick he was charged by some of his adversaries. At last, however, his chance came. The ball trickled out of a scrimmage into the hands of Buller, who at once turned and threw it to Evans behind him. There was no time for the Scots to reach him. He kicked, and a dead silence of suspense fell on the crowd as the ball described a lofty curve. Down it came, down, down, as straight and true as an arrow, just grazing the cross-bar and

pitching on the grass beyond, and the groans of a few afflicted patriots were drowned in the hearty cheers which hailed the English field-goal.

But the victory was yet not won. There were ten minutes left for the Scotchmen to recover this blow, or the Englishmen to improve upon it. The Northerners played so furiously that the ball was kept down near the English goal, which was only saved by the splendid defensive play of their backs. Five minutes passed, and the Scots in turn were being pressed back. A series of brilliant runs by Buller, Jackson, and Evans took the fight into the enemy's country and kept it there. It seemed as if the visitors meant scoring again, when a sudden change occurred in the state of affairs. It was but three minutes of the calling of time when Tookey, the Scotch quarterback, got hold of the ball and made a magnificent run, passing right through the opposing forwards and quarters. He was tackled by Evans, but immediately threw the ball behind him. Dimsdale had followed up the quarterback and caught the ball when it was thrown backward.

Now or never! The lad felt that he would sacrifice anything to pass the three men who stood between him and the English goal. He passed Evans like the wind before the halfback could disentangle himself from Tookey. There were but two now to oppose him. The first was the other English halfback, a broad-shouldered, powerful fellow, who rushed at him, but

Tom, without attempting to avoid him, lowered his head and drove at him full tilt with such violence that both men reeled back from the collision. Dimsdale recovered himself first, however, and got past before the other had time to seize him. The goal was not more than twenty yards off, with only one between Tom and it, though half a dozen more were in close pursuit. The English back caught him round the waist, while another from behind seized the collar of his jersey, and the three came heavily to the ground. But the deed was done. In the very act of falling, Tom managed to kick the ball, which flickered feebly up into the air and just cleared the English bar.

It had scarcely touched the ground on the other side when the ringing of the great bell announced the termination of the game, though its sound was entirely drowned by the tumultuous shouting of the crowd. A thousand hats were thrown into the air, ten thousand voices joined in the roar, and meanwhile the cause of all this outcry was still sitting on the ground, smiling, it is true, but very pale, and with one of his arms dangling uselessly from his shoulder. The match was a tie; England and Scotland had both scored a field-goal!

Well, the breaking of a collar-bone is a small price to pay for the saving of such a game as that. So thought Tom Dimsdale as he made for the dressing-room, with his father keeping off the exultant crowd.

on one side and Jack Garraway on the other. The doctor butted a path through the dense, half-crazy mob with a vigor which showed that his son's talents in that direction were hereditary. Within half an hour Tom was safely seated in the corner of the carriage, with his shoulder braced back and his arm supported by a sling. The two women fixed cushions so as to ease the jar and all the way back he lay in content as Kate Harston, with great concern in her pretty eyes, did everything for his comfort. It had been an eventful day for the student. He had saved his side and had broken his collar-bone.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

HELPS TO STUDY

The story describes the British game of Rugby football, from which the American game was taken. English and American football differ in some respects. The English team numbers fifteen men, instead of eleven, as in America; the extra players are three linesmen and a quarter-back. The English players do not wear padded clothes, as is the fashion in this country, and they advance the ball in any way, instead of largely limiting themselves to carrying it in the hands, which is the American custom.

I. Describe the physique of each team. What flower did each wear? Of which country, England or Scotland, was Dr. Dimsdale a citizen? Why was Tom on the Scottish team? Discuss the scene just before the game.

II. Who kicked the goal for England? Who for Scotland? What incident made Tom a greater hero? At what moment was your interest most intense? Discuss the difference between English football and American.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

The Varmint—Owen Johnson.

Tom Brown at Rugby—Thomas Hughes.

The Half-Back—Ralph Barbour.

The Crimson Sweater—Ralph Barbour.

For the Honor of the School—Ralph Connor.

A FOOTBALL PLAYER

If I could paint you, friend, as you stand there,
Guard of the goal, defensive, open-eyed,
Watching the tortured bladder slide and glide
Under the twinkling feet; arms bare, head bare,
The breeze a-tremble through crow-tufts of hair;
Red-brown in face, and ruddier having spied
A wily foeman breaking from the side,
Aware of him,—of all else unaware:
If I could limn you, as you leap and fling
Your weight against his passage, like a wall;
Clutch him, and collar him, and rudely cling
For one brief moment till he falls—you fall:
My sketch would have what Art can never give—
Sinew and breath and body; it would live.

EDWARD CRACRAFT LEFROY.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it would be grand!”

“If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“That they could get it clear?”
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“O Oysters, come and walk with us!”
The Walrus did beseech,
“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach!
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said;
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head!
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low;
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
 "To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
 Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
 And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
 "Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
 And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter:
 They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
 "Is what we chiefly need;
Pepper and vinegar besides
 Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters, dear,
 We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried
 Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
 A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
 "Do you admire the view?"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said,
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

LEWIS CARROLL

UNCLE PODGER HANGS A PICTURE

You never saw such a commotion up and down a house as when my Uncle Podger undertook a bit of work. A picture would have come home from the frame-maker's and be standing in the dining room, waiting to be put up. Then Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it; and Uncle Podger would say in a tone of great importance:

"Oh, you leave that to *me*. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. *I'll* do all that."

And then he would take off his coat and begin. He would send out the girl for a penny's worth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and from that he would gradually work down and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the stepladder, and I had better have a kitchen chair, too; and, Jim, you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, 'Pa's kind regards; hope his leg's better; and will he lend us his 'spirit level?' And don't you go, Maria, for I shall want somebody to hold me the light. And when the girl comes back she must go out again for a bit of picture cord. And, Tom!—where's Tom?—Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it,

and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut his finger; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He would not find his handkerchief because it was in the pocket of his coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for the tools and start looking for his coat; while he would sit down and nurse his cut finger and storm at everybody.

“Doesn’t anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never saw such a set in all my life—upon my word I never did. Six of you!—and you can’t find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the—”

Then he’d get up and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out:—

“Oh, you can give it up! I’ve found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it.”

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools and the ladder and the chair and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, while the whole family, including the girl and the washerwoman, stood round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass up the hammer.

Then he would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

"There!" he would say in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

Then all would have to go down on their knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, but by that time he would have lost his hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? I declare! Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer."

The hammer would be found, but now he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall where the nail was to go in. Each of us had to get up on the chair beside him and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. Then he would take the rule and remeasure, and find that he wanted half of thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head and would go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row, the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a string this time; but at the critical moment, when he was leaning over the chair and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip and down he would slide on the piano. A fine musical effect would, of course, be produced as his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

By and by, Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand and take the hammer in his right hand. Then, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes. And Aunt Maria would mildly remark that the next time he was going to drive a nail into the wall, she hoped he'd let her know a day or two before, so that she could pay her mother a visit while it was being done.

"Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would answer. "Why, I *like* doing a little work of this sort."

Then he would have another try; and at the second blow the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it; and Uncle Podger would fall over against the wall with such force as to flatten his nose. We had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made, and the whole performance was repeated. At last, about midnight, the picture would be up—very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down

with a rake, and everybody worn and wretched—everybody except Uncle Podger.

“There you are,” he would say, stepping heavily off the chair. “Why some people would have a man in to do a little thing like that!”

JEROME K. JEROME.

HELPS TO STUDY

Count the number of people who were called upon to help Uncle Podger. What troubles befell him while he was hanging the picture? When did he show bad humor? What amused you most? What was Uncle Podger's opinion of his job? Have you ever seen anyone like him?

THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN

Would ye learn the road to Laughtertown,
Oh ye who have lost the way?
Would ye have young hearts, though your hair be gray!
Go learn from a little child each day,
Go serve his wants and play his play,
And catch the lilt of his laughter gay,
And follow his dancing feet as they stray,
For he knows the road to Laughtertown,
And he can show the way.

KATHERINE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

BROTHER AND SISTER

Tom was to arrive early in the afternoon, and there was another fluttering heart besides Maggie's when it was late enough for the sound of gig wheels to be expected. For if Mrs. Tulliver had a strong feeling, it was fondness for her boy. At last the sound came—that quick, light bowling of the gig wheels.

“There he is, my sweet lad!” Mrs. Tulliver stood with her arms open; Maggie jumped first on one leg and then on the other; while Tom descended from the gig, and said, with masculine reticence as to the tender emotions, “Hallo! Yap—what! are you there?”

Nevertheless he submitted to be kissed willingly enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion, while his blue eyes wandered toward the 'croft and the lambs and the river, where he promised himself he would begin to fish the first thing to-morrow morning. He was one of those lads that grow everywhere in England, and at twelve or thirteen years of age look as much alike as goslings—a lad with a countenance in which it seems impossible to discern anything but the ordinary character of boyhood.

“Maggie,” said Tom, confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlor had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, “you don't know what

I've got in my pockets," nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

"No," said Maggie. "How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marbles or cobnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little, because Tom always said it was "no good" playing with her at those games—she played so badly.

"Marbles! no; I've swopped all my marbles with the little fellows, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

"What is it?" said Maggie, in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's a new—guess, Maggie!"

"Oh, I can't guess, Tom," said Maggie, impatiently.

"Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket, and looking determined.

"No, Tom," replied Maggie, imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. Please be good to me."

Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, "Well, then, it's a new fish line—two new ones—one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I wouldn't go halves in the toffee and gingerbread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I wouldn't. And here are hooks; see here!—I say, won't we go and fish to-morrow down by the Round Pool?

And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything—won't it be fun?"

Maggie's answer was to throw her arms around Tom's neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying, after a pause:

"Wasn't I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I needn't have bought it, if I hadn't liked."

"Yes, very, very good—I do love you, Tom."

Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one, before he spoke again. "And the fellows fought me, because I wouldn't give in about the toffee."

"Oh, dear! I wish they wouldn't fight at your school, Tom. Didn't it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? no," said Tom, putting up the hooks again, taking out a large pocketknife, and slowly opening the largest blade, which he looked at meditatively as he rubbed his finger along it. Then he added: "I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know—that's what he got by wanting to leather me; I wasn't going to go halves because anybody leathered me."

"Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you're like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you'd fight him—wouldn't you, Tom?"

"How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There are no lions, only in the shows."

"No; but if we were in the lion countries—I mean in Africa, where it's very hot—the lions eat people there. I can show it to you in the book where I read it."

"Well, I should get a gun and shoot him."

"But if you hadn't got a gun—we might have gone out, you know, not thinking—just as we go fishing; and then a great lion might run toward us roaring, and we couldn't get away from him. What should you do, Tom?" Tom paused, and at last turned away contemptuously, saying, "But the lion isn't coming. What's the use of talking?"

"But I like to fancy how it would be," said Maggie, following him. "Just think what you would do, Tom."

"Oh, don't bother, Maggie! you're such a silly! I shall go and see my rabbits."

Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things—it was quite a different anger from her own. "Tom," she said, timidly, when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

"Two half 'crowns and a sixpence," said Tom.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it to you."

"What for?" said Tom. "I don't want your money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half 's~~overeigns~~ and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man, and you only have 'five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

"Well, but, Tom—if mother would let me give you two half crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to ~~put~~ into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more rabbits with it—"

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but, Tom, they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round toward Maggie. "You forgot to feed 'em, then, and Harry forgot," he said, his color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "I'll pitch into Harry—I'll have him turned away. And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow: I told you to go and see the rabbits every day."

He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot—and I couldn't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom, severely; "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish line. I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd forgive you, if you forgot anything—I wouldn't mind what you did—I'd forgive you and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly—but I never do forget things—I don't."

"Oh, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, **"Now, Maggie, you just listen. Am I not a good brother to you?"**

"Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsedly.

"Didn't I think about your fish line all this 'quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o' purpose, and wouldn't go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn't?"

"Ye-ye-es—and I—lo-lo-love you so, Tom."

"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish line down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

"But I didn't mean," said Maggie; **"I couldn't help it."**

"Yes, you could," said Tom, **"if you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow."** With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie toward the mill.

Maggie stood motionless, except for her sobs, for

a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be—and now ~~he~~ was cruel to her. What use was anything if Tom didn't love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Hadn't ~~she~~ wanted to give him the money, and said how very sorry she was? She had never been naughty to Tom—had never meant to be naughty to him.

“Oh, he is cruel!” Maggie sobbed aloud, finding a wretched pleasure in the hollow resonance that came through the long empty space of the attic. She was too miserable to be angry.

Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea time, and they were all having their tea, and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself—hide herself behind the tub, and stay there all night; and then they would all be frightened, and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they didn't mind her being there.

Tom had been too much interested in going the round of the premises to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had produced on her. He meant to punish her, and that business having been performed, he occupied himself with other matters, like a practical per-

son. But when he had been called in to tea, his father asked, "Why, where's the little 'wench?'" and Mrs. Tulliver, almost at the same moment, said, "Where's your little sister?"—both of them having supposed that Maggie and Tom had been together all the afternoon.

"I don't know," said Tom. He didn't want to "tell" of Maggie, though he was angry with her; for Tom Tulliver was a lad of honor.

"What! hasn't she been playing with you all this while?" said the father. "She'd been thinking of nothing but your coming home."

"I haven't seen her this two hours," answered Tom, commencing on the plum cake.

"Goodness heart! She's drowned!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, rising from her seat and running to the window. "How could you let her do so?" she added, as became a fearful woman, accusing she didn't know whom of she didn't know what.

"Nay, nay, she's not drowned," said Mr. Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, I doubt, Tom?"

"I'm sure I haven't, father," replied Tom, indignantly. "I think she's in the house."

"Perhaps up in that attic," said Mrs. Tulliver, "a-singing and talking to herself, and forgetting all about mealtimes."

"You go and fetch her down, Tom," said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply, his shrewdness or his fatherly fondness for Maggie making him suspect that the lad

had been hard upon "the little un," else she would never have left his side. "And be good to her, do you hear? Else I'll let you know better."

Tom never disobeyed his father, for Mr. Tulliver was a peremptory man; but he went out rather sullenly, carrying his piece of plum cake, and not intending to reprieve Maggie's punishment, which was no more than she deserved. Tom was only thirteen, and had no decided views in grammar and arithmetic, regarding them for the most part as open questions, but he was particularly clear and positive on one point—namely, that he would punish everybody who deserved it: why, he wouldn't have minded being punished himself, if he deserved it; but, then, he never did deserve it.

It was Tom's step, then, that Maggie heard on the stairs, when her need of love had triumphed over her pride, and she was going down with her swollen eyes and tumbled hair to beg for pity. At least her father would stroke her head and say, "Never mind, my wench."

But she knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs and said, "Maggie, you're to come down." But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, "O Tom, please forgive me—I can't bear it—I will always be good—always remember things—do love me—please, dear Tom!"

Maggie and Tom were still very much like young ani-

mals, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and kiss his ear in a random, sobbing way; and there were tender fibers in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling; so that he behaved with a weakness quite 'inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved; he actually began to kiss her in return, and say:

"Don't cry, then, Magsie—here, eat a bit o' cake." Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together, while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

"Come along, Magsie, and have tea," said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was downstairs.

So ended the sorrows of this day.

GEORGE ELIOT.

HELPS TO STUDY

This selection is taken from *The Mill on the Floss*.

What was Mrs. Tulliver's feeling toward Tom? What was Maggie's opinion of him? Which of the two children had imagination? Which was matter-of-fact? How did Maggie make her confession? How was it received? Where did Maggie seek refuge? What was Tom doing while she was weeping in the attic? What happened at the tea-table? How did the day end? What do you learn of the natures of the two children?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Rebecca Mary—Anne H. Donald.

Emmy Lou—George Madden Martin.

A BLIZZARD ON THE PRAIRIE

A blizzard on the prairie corresponds to a storm at sea; it never affects the traveler twice alike. Each nor'wester seems to have a manner of attack all its own. One storm may be short, sharp, high-keyed, and 'malevolent, while another approaches slowly, 'relentlessly, wearing out the souls of its victims by its long-continued cold and gloom. One threatens for hours before it comes; the other leaps like a tiger upon the defenseless settlement, catching the children unhoused, the men unprepared. The first blizzard Lincoln ever saw was of this latter character.

The day was warm and sunny. The eaves dripped musically, and the icicles dropping from the roof fell occasionally with a pleasant crash. The snow grew slushy, and the bells of wood teams jingled merrily all the forenoon as the farmers drove to their timber lands five or six miles away. The room was uncomfortably warm at times, and the master opened the outside door. It was the eighth day of January. During the afternoon recess, as the school boys were playing in their shirt-sleeves, Lincoln called Milton's attention to a great cloud rising in the west and north. It showed a vast, slaty-blue, seamless dome, silent, 'portentous, with edges of silvery, frosty light, very beautiful but sinister.

"It's going to storm," said Milton. "It always

does when we have a south wind and a cloud like that in the west."

When Lincoln set out for home, the sun was still shining, but the edge of the cloud had crept, or more properly slid, across the sun's disk, and its light was growing cold and pale. In fifteen minutes more the wind from the south ceased—there was a moment of breathless pause, and then, borne on the wings of the north wind, the streaming clouds of soft, large flakes of snow drove in a level line over the homeward-bound scholars, sticking to their clothing and faces and melting rapidly. It was not yet cold enough to freeze, though the wind was colder. The growing darkness troubled Lincoln most.

By the time he reached home, the wind was a gale, the snow a vast blinding cloud, filling the air and hiding the road. Darkness came on instantly, and the wind increased in power, as though with the momentum of the snow. Mr. Stewart came home early, yet the breasts of his horses were already sheathed in snow. Other teamsters passed, breasting the storm and calling cheerily to their horses. Two men and a woman, neighbors living seven miles north, gave up the contest and turned in at the gate for shelter, confident that they would be able to go on in the morning. In the barn, while rubbing the ice from the horses, the men joked and told stories in a jovial spirit, with the feeling generally that all would be well by daylight.

The boys made merry, also, singing songs, popping corn, playing games, in defiance of the storm.

But when they went to bed, at ten o'clock, Lincoln felt some vague foreshadowing of a dread disturbance of nature, far beyond any other experience in his short life. The wind howled like ten thousand tigers, and the cold grew more and more intense. The storm seemed to drive in and through the frail tenement; water and food began to freeze within ten feet of the fire.

Lincoln thought the wind at that hour had attained its utmost fury, but when he awoke in the morning, he saw how mistaken he had been. He crept to the fire, appalled by the steady, solemn, pauseless clamor of the storm. It was like the roarings of all the lions of Africa, the hissing of a wilderness of serpents, the lashing of great trees. It benumbed his thinking, it appalled his heart beyond any other force he had ever known.

The house shook and snapped, the snow beat against the walls, or swirled and lashed upon the roof, giving rise to strange sounds, now dim and far, now near and all-surrounding—producing an effect of mystery and infinite reach, as though the cabin were a helpless boat, tossing on an angry, limitless sea.

Looking out, there was nothing to be seen but the lashing of the wind and snow. When the men attempted to face it, to go to the rescue of the cattle, they

found the air filled with fine, powdery snow, mixed with the dirt caught up from the plowed fields by a terrific blast, moving ninety miles an hour. It was impossible to see twenty feet, except at long intervals. Lincoln could not see at all when facing the storm. When he stepped into the air his face was coated with ice and dirt, as by a dash of mud—a mask which blinded the eyes, and instantly froze to his cheeks. Such was the power of the wind that he could not breathe an instant unprotected. His mouth being once open, it was impossible to draw breath again without turning from the blast.

The day was spent in keeping warm and in feeding the stock at the barn, which Mr. Stewart reached by desperate dashes, during the momentary clearing of the air following some more than usually strong gust. Lincoln attempted to water the horses from the pump, but the wind blew the water out of the pail. So cold had the wind become that a dipperful, thrown into the air, fell as ice. In the house it became more and more difficult to remain cheerful, notwithstanding the family had fuel and food in abundance.

Oh, that terrible day! Hour after hour they listened to that 'prodigious, 'ferocious uproar. All day Lincoln and Owen moved restlessly to and fro, asking each other, "Won't it ever stop?" To them the storm now seemed too vast, too ungovernable, ever again to be spoken to a calm, even by God Himself. It seemed to

Lincoln that no power whatever could control such fury; his imagination was unable to conceive of a force greater than this war of wind and snow..

On the third day the family rose with weariness, and looked into each other's faces with a sort of horrified surprise. Not even the brave heart of Duncan Stewart, nor the cheery good nature of his wife, could keep a gloomy silence from settling down upon the house. Conversation was scanty; nobody laughed that day, but all listened anxiously to the invisible enemy, tearing at the shingles, beating against the door, and shrieking around the eaves. The frost upon the windows, nearly half an inch thick in the morning, kept thickening into ice, and the light was dim at midday. The fire melted the snow on the window panes and upon the door, and it ran along the floor, while around the keyhole and along every crack frost formed. The men's faces began to wear a grim, set look, and the women sat with awed faces and downcast eyes full of unshed tears, their sympathies going out to the poor travelers, lost and freezing.

The men got to the poor dumb animals that day to feed them; to water them was impossible. Mr. Stewart went down through the roof of the shed, the door being completely sealed up with solid banks of snow and dirt. One of the guests had a wife and two children left alone in a small cottage six miles farther on, and physical force was necessary to keep him from set-

ting out in face of the deadly tempest. To him the nights seemed weeks and the days endless, as they did to the rest, but it would have been death to venture out.

That night, so disturbed had all become, they lay awake listening, waiting, hoping for a change. About midnight Lincoln noticed that the roar was no longer so steady, so relentless, and so high-keyed as before. It began to lull at times, and though it came back to the attack with all its former ferocity, still there was a distinct weakening. Its fury was becoming 'spasmodic. One of the men shouted down to Mr. Stewart, "The storm is over," and when the host called back a ringing word of cheer, Lincoln sank into deep sleep in sheer relief.

Oh, the joy with which the children melted the ice on the window panes, and peered out on the familiar landscape, dazzling, peaceful, under the brilliant sun and blue sky! Lincoln looked out over the wide plain, ridged with vast drifts; on the far blue line of timber; on the near-by cottages sending up cheerful columns of smoke (as if to tell him the neighbors were alive), and his heart seemed to fill his throat. But the wind was with him still, for so long and continuous had its voice sounded in his ears that even in the perfect calm his imagination supplied its loss with fainter, fancied roarings.

Out in the barn the horses and cattle, hungry and cold, kicked and bellowed in pain, and when the men

dig them out, they ran and raced like mad creatures to start the blood circulating in their numbed and stiffened limbs. Mr. Stewart was forced to tunnel to the barn door, cutting through the hard snow as if it were clay. The drifts were solid, and the dirt mixed with the snow was spread on the surface in beautiful wavelets, like the sands at the bottom of a lake. The drifts would bear a horse. The guests were able to go home by noon, climbing above the fences and rattling across the plowed ground.

And then in the days which followed came grim tales of suffering and heroism; tales of the finding of stage-coaches with the driver frozen on his seat and all his passengers within; tales of travelers striving to reach home and families. Cattle had starved and frozen in their stalls, and sheep lay buried in heaps beside the fences where they had clustered together to keep warm. These days gave Lincoln a new idea of the prairies. It taught him that however bright and beautiful they might be in summer under skies of June, they could be terrible when the norther was abroad in his wrath. They seemed now as pitiless and destructive as the polar ocean. It seemed as if nothing could live there unhoused. All was at the mercy of that power, the north wind, whom only the Lord Sun could tame.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

HELPS TO STUDY

Compare the latitude of Kansas with that of Exmoor, in the southwestern part of England, the scene of the story of "The Great Storm." Compare the approach of this storm with the coming of the tempest described in "The Great Storm." What was its most terrifying feature? Read Mark iv. 35-41. These verses will help you to understand the reference, "too ungovernable ever again to be spoken to a calm, even by God Himself."

Read the passages that describe the alarm of each one gathered in the Stewart home, and note one way in which the author shows the horror of the storm. Tell what was done for the comfort of the animals. Make a list of the words or phrases that best describe the feelings of the people. Notice the different sounds to which the noise of the storm is compared. What tales of suffering were told after the storm had passed? Tell of any storms that you have been in.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Camp and Trail—Stewart Edward White.

Crossing the Plains—Joaquin Miller.

Roughing It, and Huckleberry Finn—Mark Twain.

The Prairie—J. Fenimore Cooper.

THE SNOWSTORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A TRIP WITH A CROCODILE *

Samba was lost. True he was a Congo negro boy, but the Congo Free State is a vast country, still only partly known and inhabited by a great number of savage tribes, usually at war with each other. Samba was one of the headmen of an expedition of white gold-hunters in the Congo territory; he had seized the opportunity to leave the column and go off to his native village, where his father and mother lived. But he was in a strange country, and after wandering all day through the endless forest, in danger from wild negroes, he found himself no nearer his destination than when he had started out.

Toward evening he heard in front of him the low rustle of a stream, foaming over a rocky bed. He was careful in approaching it; to meet a crocodile ambushed near the bank would be as dangerous as to meet a man. Pushing his way cautiously through the shrubs, he came to the edge of a broad river, flowing in swift eddies from white rapids above. It seemed to Samba that this must be a branch of the Lemba, the river on whose bank he had left the white men, and to which, lower down, he must finally make his way, in order to rejoin them. Samba thought he could hardly do better than keep to the stream, taking his chance of meet-

* From *Fighting on the Congo*, by Herbert Strang. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

ing negroes at 'isolated villages on the banks. These, if he met them, would at any rate be easier to 'elude than the Bambute, or dwarfs.'

But the sun was going down, the air becoming chill. He must find a shelter for the night and pursue his riverside journey next day. A little search revealed, on a bluff above the river, a boulder having a deep cavity on one side. Here Samba sat down to eat the little food left in his tin can; then he curled himself up for the night. Nothing disturbed his sleep.

In the morning he felt more than usually hungry. His can was empty; he did not care to leave the river and go hunting in the forest, perhaps vainly, for berries or roots. A little way down stream he noticed a spot where the dark surface of the water was scarcely disturbed by a ripple. Was that a deep pool, he wondered, where fish might be? He went down to the edge and, leaning flat upon a rock, peeped over. Yes: in the depths he caught the scaly gleam of darting fish.

Springing up, he went to a swampy patch near by and cut a long, straight, stiff reed. Then he took the hard stick with which he made fire and, sharpening the point until it resembled a needle, he fitted the wood to the reed so as to make a spear. With this in his hand he once more leaned over the pool. He lay still for a few moments, intently watching; then with a movement of extraordinary swiftness he plunged his spear into the depths, and brought it out with a silvery

trout on the end. The fish had stopped to nibble at a root in the bank. When Samba had thus caught three, he was satisfied. He did not pause to cook the fish. He split them open, skillfully boned and cleaned them, and ate them raw.

He had scarcely finished his breakfast, when he saw hurtling down the rapids above him a huge forest tree—a mass of green, for most of its branches, in full leaf, were still upon it. Clearly it had not long lost its grip of earth. It came swirling toward Samba, every now and then stopping as its submerged part was caught by some rock, only to be whirled round and driven past the obstacle by the weight of water behind. It made a zigzag course through the rapids, and then floated peacefully down the still reach of water below.

As he watched the tree sailing gently toward him, Samba had an idea. Why not use it as a raft to carry him on his way? It was strong enough to bear his weight; he would hide in the foliage with at least as good a chance of escaping observation by the natives as if he were moving along the banks.

By the time he had grasped the notion the tree was past him. He sprang up, raced along until he was level with it, then made a neat dive into the water. A minute's rapid swimming brought him to the end of the trunk, which, he saw, had been snapped clean off and was not encumbered by the roots. He clambered up, and the trunk was so long that his trifling weight

scarcely depressed its end. Smiling with pleasure, he crawled along it until he was in the center of the leafy screen.

This, however, now that he was there, did not seem so dense as when he had viewed it from the bank; he was not concealed so well as he had hoped. Every now and again, too, his novel raft gave an ominous lurch and roll, suggesting that the portion above water might at any moment change places with that below. If that happened, Samba wondered whether he would be able to disengage himself from the tangle of branches and swim clear. But these momentary fears were banished by the novelty and excitement of his position. How delightful it was, after his toilsome and fatiguing journey through the forest, to float down the river without effort of his own in a leafy arbor that defended him from the fierce rays of the sun! And his voyage had the pleasures of variety. Sometimes the foliated top went first; then, when the branches swept the bottom of the stream in shallow reaches, the trunk swung round and went broadside to the current. Sometimes the branches stuck fast, the current carried the trunk around in a circle, and when an eddy set it again in motion, the trunk end became the bow of this uneasy ship. Bump! That was some rock or sand-bank; the tree shook, and Samba was nearly toppled from his perch. 'Nk'oketo. It was all right; the friendly water had washed the tree clear, and Samba was off again,

his black eyes gleaming with fun as he peered between the branches.

It was early in the afternoon, and very hot, even for those latitudes. Everything seemed asleep. No breeze ruffled the leaves in the trees along the banks. The air quivered. Samba was dozing, lulled by the gentle motion of the tree, whose progress had not for some time been checked.

All at once there was a shock. Samba instinctively clutched a branch as he felt himself jerked from his seat. His lumbering vessel was twirling round; and, looking through the leaves, he saw that it was caught by the head on a sand bank in mid-stream.

But next moment he felt a shiver run down his spine, and an eerie creeping about the roots of his hair. Below him, not three feet away, a gigantic crocodile was staring at him with his cunning, baleful eyes. The swish of the projecting branches upon the sand bank had aroused the reptile from his nap on this vantage ground, whence, at the lazy opening of an eye, he could survey a long stretch of the river. And he had awaked to see a plump and tempting black boy at the considerable height of three feet above his snout.

Those who have seen the crocodile only in his hours of ease, idly sunning himself on a river bank, or floating with scarcely more than his eyes and forehead visible on the surface of the stream, may have come to the comfortable conclusion that he is a slow-moving

and lazy beast. But see him rushing at the bank to seize, in his terrible jaws, the 'unwary antelope or zebra that has come to drink, or to sweep it into the river with a single blow of his mighty tail. Watch him when, roused from his doze on a sand bank by the sting of a rifle bullet on his armor, he vanishes with lightning rapidity beneath the water. At one moment, to all seeming as lifeless as a log, the next he is a raging monster ready to tear and rend any hapless creature which his 'inertness has 'beguiled.

Of the two, Samba and the crocodile, it was the crocodile that first recovered his wits. His instinct, when disturbed at close quarters, is to rush forthwith upon his enemy or victim. Thus did the crocodile now. Considering that he is a beast not built for jumping, the leap he attempted, with a 'spasmodic wriggle of his 'formidable tail, was quite a remarkable feat. With his teeth he grazed the lower part of the branch on which Samba sat, and the boy, gazing down into the beast's eyes, shuddered and shrank away. Fortunate it was for him that his legs had not been dangling. Nothing could then have saved him.

The reptile, slipping back after its failure, maintained its hold on the lower branches with its fore feet. Before it could make a second attempt, Samba had swung himself into the branch above. The tree toppled slightly, and, for one moment of terror, Samba feared he would be thrown into the very jaws of the

monster. But the sand bank held the tree firmly, and that peril was past.

With thick foliage between him and the boy, the crocodile saw no chance of securing its victim from his present position. But it was determined not to be balked, and, cunning beast! could afford to wait. It seemed to know that the boy was safe only so long as he clung to his perch. On the sand bank or in the water, his end would alike be speedy. So the reptile slid off the bank into the river and swam to the trunk end of the tree, which had been swung round by the current and was now pointing down stream. If it could not leap, it could crawl, and up the trunk its approach to its prey was easy.

Samba's eyes were now wide with fright, as he saw the beast's intention. Up a tree on the river bank he could have laughed any crocodile to scorn; but this sand bank in mid-stream was ground peculiarly the creature's own, even though the prey was on a branch ten feet above him.

The attempts of the huge reptile to gain a footing on the trunk had a result which caused Samba mingled hope and fear. The tree floated clear of the bank, and the voyage began again. But how different were the circumstances! In the stern, no longer a cheerful, smiling boy, carelessly watching the slow banks glide by, but a boy whose hands and feet gripped his perch with anxious tenacity, and whose scared eyes were

quick to mark every movement of the unwelcome, the 'abhorred passenger amidships. With many a splash of his tail, and many a grunt of impatient fury, the monster at last made good his footing on the broad trunk, which, under his weight, was for more than a quarter of its length invisible beneath the surface of the water. For some minutes he lay still, staring at Samba with unwinking eyes, displaying all his teeth, as if to grin 'sardonically at his victim. For a moment Samba regretted that he had not climbed down from his perch and attacked the crocodile with his knife, while he was still struggling to mount the trunk. But then, he reflected that he had after all done wisely, for the reptile would have slid back into the water, and before Samba could have regained his retreat he might have been swept off by one swish of the terrible tail.

Samba had no lack of courage, but he had never before been at such close quarters with a crocodile, the most terrible of all the natural enemies of man in the regions of the Congo. And as he sat and watched the glassy stare of the hideous reptile, now wriggling inch by inch toward him, he felt a strange helplessness, a kind of 'fascination that seemed to chill and paralyze his power of movement and of thought. He had retreated as far as he dared. His weight had caused some of the slenderer and more elastic branches to bend toward the water; he had even imagined that, as he tried them, the pressure threatened to make the tree

revolve. What his fate would be if the whirling of the trunk on its axis brought him into the river he well knew. The crocodile would slip as nimbly as an eel after him; and, entangled in the foliage, which to his armored enemy would offer no obstacle, he would fall an easy prey.

The crocodile wriggled on till it came to the place where the first branch forked from the trunk. Scarcely more than its own length now separated it from Samba. Apparently it had come as near as it cared to venture; not being a climber, the feat of crawling up the tapering branch on which Samba was perched was not one to its taste. It lay still, with jaws agape, its eyes half closed in a kind of wicked leer.

Samba tried to look away from the hideous beast, but in vain; he found his gaze drawn back uncontrollably. He felt even more subject to the fascination now that the crocodile's movements had ceased. The conviction was growing upon him that sooner or later he would slide down the branch and fall dreamily into the open jaws. He was fast becoming hypnotized.

But he was roused from this dangerous trance-like state by a sudden roll of the tree. Perched high as he was, the motion caused him to swing through an arc of several yards and brought him perilously near the water. The danger quickened his wits; he clung on with a tight grip, bethinking himself to look whether his fishing-spear, which he had stuck into the bark by

him, was still safe. He was relieved to find that it was undisturbed. The tree, once more afloat, righted itself, and a gleam of hope lightened Samba's mind when he saw that the crocodile was in the water. Though, stretched on the trunk, the beast had felt the roll less than Samba above, it had a less tenacious grip and less ability to adapt itself, and first its tail and then the rest of its body had slid off. It was violently struggling to regain its position, its jaw resting on the trunk, and its fore paws furiously beating the water.

The memory of the reptile's former difficulties in mounting inspired Samba with an idea, which, impelled equally by terror and hate, he was prompt to act upon. The tree was still rocking slightly before regaining steadiness, and the crocodile, despite its efforts, was unable to gain a firm grip on the moving trunk. All its attention was engaged upon the accomplishment of its immediate purpose; it would lose Samba if it did not once more mount the tree. Samba was quick to seize the critical moment. Spear in hand, he crept downward along the branch on which he had been perched, careful that his movements should not divert the crocodile's attention. Reaching the junction of the branch with the parent stem, only five or six feet from the reptile, he let himself down noiselessly into the river on the far side of the tree, and swam for a second or two until he came opposite the crocodile. During these few seconds he had been hidden from the crea-

ture's view by the mass of the trunk, which rose out of the water to some height above his head.

The crocodile had now managed to get its fore paws on the tree, and in struggling to hoist itself its snout was raised almost upright, exposing the soft under-side, the sole part in which the reptile is vulnerable to anything except a very heavy bullet. Samba caught sight of the tip of the snout above the tree; here was the opportunity he had hoped for in making this dangerous experiment. Taking, with his left hand, a firm grip of a knot on the trunk, he raised himself in the water, and with the right hand drove the spear deep into the monster's throat. The crocodile made no sound; a lash of the powerful tail drove up a wave that caused the tree to rock violently; then the huge body slipped backward into the water.

The moment he had driven his spear home Samba let go his hold on the tree, and trod water until the current brought the foliage to him. Then he drew himself nimbly up into the branch he had formerly occupied. He was breathless and scarcely yet recovered from his scare; but there was no sign of the crocodile, and knowing that when mortally wounded the reptile sinks into deep water, he felt that his enemy had gone forever. But, chancing to look back, he was surprised to notice that the water in the wake of the tree was tinged with red, and not merely the water far behind, but that immediately below him. Was it possible that

the crocodile, though wounded, was still following? He felt a shiver thrill through him, and, bending down from his perch, kept his eyes fixed in a stare on that continuous streak of red.

The minutes passed. Still the water showed that faint, 'persistent tinge. Samba was becoming more and more nervous. Like the reptile's eyes but a little while ago, that line of red held his gaze in a strange fascination. He was still watching it when the tree suddenly gave a violent lurch and turned half over. Samba, whose hold had relaxed in his nervousness, was flung off the branch into a clump of bushes at the side of the river, which here began to race rapidly through a deep gorge. Scratched and dazed by the fall, he picked himself up slowly. He rubbed his eyes. What was this? He was in the midst of a group of 'pygmies, who were pointing excitedly, uttering their strange, coughing cry, to the branches of the tree. In its lurch it had been turned almost completely round, so that the foliage formerly beneath the water was now uppermost. And there, firmly wedged in a fork of two boughs, lay the lifeless body of the crocodile.

The pygmies jabbered to Samba, stroked his arms, patted his back, examined the spear which, though it was broken in his fall, he had not let go. From the bank they had witnessed the boy's bold fight, and they had followed the course of the floating tree until it ran ashore on a jutting bed of rock.

From them Samba learned that the expedition he belonged to was on the river, two days' march away; and, using all speed, he joined the white men whom he had left without permission in order to visit his native village.

HERBERT STRANG.

HELPS TO STUDY

Find the Congo Free State on your map of Africa. Why was Samba alone in the forest? Give instances of his ability to take care of himself. How had he learned his self-reliance? How did he finally escape? At what point of the story was your interest greatest? What animal do you know that has the power to fascinate one as the crocodile fascinated Samba? Find out what you can about the habits of the crocodile.

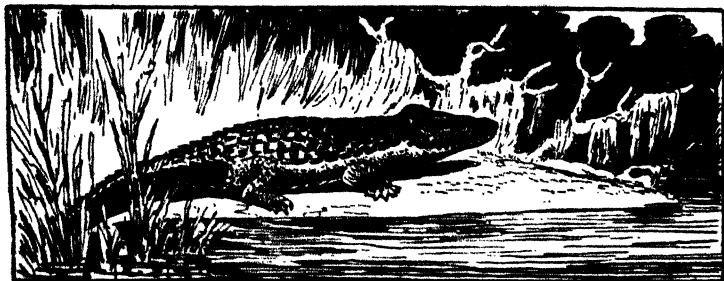
SUPPLEMENTARY READING

My Kalulu—Henry M. Stanley.

Through the Dark Continent—Henry M. Stanley.

Lost in the Jungle—Paul DuChailly.

The Congo and Coasts of Africa—Richard Harding Davis.



THE ESCAPE FROM THE HURONS

The scene of the story is northern New York during the French and Indian War. At the capture of Fort William Henry by the French in 1757, Alice Munro, the daughter of the commandant of the fort, was carried off by the Indian chief Magua to a Huron encampment near Canada. The captors were followed by a party consisting of Munro, Duncan Heyward, a young officer in the British army, a scout, Hawk-eye, and two noted Delaware Indians. A singing-teacher named David Gamut was also a prisoner in the Huron village, where he remained unharmed because he was thought to be insane. Duncan, too, sought the Hurons in the paint and disguise of a French medicine man, hoping to rescue Alice. In the meantime Uncas, or '*Le Cerf agile*', as he was called by the French Indians, one of the Delawares, was captured by the Hurons in a skirmish. The story opens in the Huron village at night, with Heyward and Uncas in the council lodge of the hostile Indians.

I

So far Heyward had succeeded in his desperate venture; he had been received for what he seemed to be, and he would greatly have preferred silence and meditation to speech. Unfortunately for this prudent resolution, his Indian entertainers appeared otherwise disposed. He had not long occupied the seat wisely taken a little in the shadow, when another of the elder warriors who spoke the French language, addressed him:

"My Canada father does not forget his children," said the chief. "I thank him. An evil spirit lives in

the wife of one of my young men. Can the cunning stranger frighten him away?"

Heyward possessed some knowledge of the mummeries practised among the Indians in the cases of such supposed visitations. He saw at a glance that the circumstances might possibly be improved to further his own ends. It would therefore have been difficult, just then, to have uttered a proposal that would have given more satisfaction. He answered with suitable mystery:

"Spirits differ; some yield to the power of wisdom, while others are too strong."

"My brother is a great medicine," said the cunning savage; "he will try?"

A gesture of assent was the answer. The Huron was content with the assurance, and resuming his pipe, he awaited the proper moment to move. The impatient Heyward, inwardly raging at the cold customs of the savages, which required such sacrifices to appearance, was fain to assume an air of indifference equal to that maintained by the chief, who was in truth a near relative of the afflicted woman. The minutes lingered, and the delay had seemed an hour to the adventurer, when the Huron laid aside his pipe and drew his robe across his breast, as if about to lead the way to the lodge of the invalid. Just then a warrior of powerful frame darkened the door, and stalking silently among the attentive group, seated himself on one end of a low pile of brush which sustained Duncan. The latter cast an

impatient look at his neighbor and felt his flesh creep with uncontrollable horror when he found himself in actual contact with Magua.

The sudden return of the artful and dreaded chief caused a delay in the departure of the Huron. The newcomer, without speaking a word, drew his tomahawk from his girdle, and filling the bowl on its head, began to inhale the vapors of tobacco through the hollow handle, with as much indifference as if he had not been absent two weary days on a long and toilsome hunt. Ten minutes, which appeared so many ages to Duncan, might have passed in this manner; and the warriors were fairly enveloped in a cloud of white smoke before any of them spoke.

"Welcome!" one at length uttered; "has my friend found the moose?"

"The young men stagger under their burdens," returned Magua, with quiet satisfaction.

The eldest chief now addressed himself in courtesy to Magua as the newest comer:

"The Delawares have been like bears after the honey-pots, prowling around my village. But who has ever found a Huron asleep?"

The darkness of the impending cloud which precedes a burst of thunder was not blacker than the brow of Magua as he exclaimed:

"The Delawares of the Lakes!"

"Not so. They who wear the petticoats of squaws

on their own river. One of them has been passing the tribe."

"Did my young men take his scalp?"

"His legs were good, though his arm is better for the hoe than the tomahawk," returned the other, pointing to the immovable form of Uncas.

Instead of manifesting any womanish curiosity to feast his eyes with the sight of a captive from a people he was known to have so much reason to hate, Magua continued to smoke with the thoughtful air that he usually maintained when there was no immediate call on his cunning or his eloquence. It was only after a sufficient interval that he shook the ashes from his pipe, replaced the tomahawk, tightened his girdle, and arose, casting for the first time a glance in the direction of the prisoner, who stood a little behind him. The wary though seemingly 'abstracted Uncas caught a glimpse of the movement, and turning suddenly to the light, their looks met. Near a minute these bold and untamed spirits stood regarding one another steadily in the eye, neither quailing in the least before the fierce gaze he encountered. The form of Uncas 'dilated, and his nostrils opened like those of a tiger at bay; but so rigid and unyielding was his posture that he might easily have been converted by the imagination into an exquisite and faultless representation of the warlike 'deity of his tribe. The quivering features of Magua were less under control; his countenance gradually lost

its character of defiance in an expression of ferocious joy, and heaving a breath from the very bottom of his chest, he pronounced aloud the formidable name:

"Le Cerf agile!"

Each warrior sprang upon his feet at the utterance of the well-known appellation, and there was a short period during which the stoical constancy of the natives was completely conquered by surprise. The hated and yet respected name was repeated as by one voice, carrying the sound even beyond the limits of the lodge. The women and children who lingered around the entrance took up the words in an echo, which was succeeded by another shrill and plaintive howl. The latter was not yet ended when the sensation among the men had entirely abated. Each one in presence seated himself, as though ashamed of his haste; but it was many minutes before their meaning eyes ceased to roll toward their captive in curious examination of a warrior who had so often proved his prowess on the best and proudest of their nation. Uncas enjoyed his victory, but was content with merely exhibiting his triumph by a quiet smile—an emblem of scorn which belongs to all time and every nation.

Magua caught the expression, and raising his arm, he shook it at the captive—the light silver ornaments attached to his bracelet rattling with the trembling agitation of the limb, as, in a tone of vengeance, he exclaimed in English:

“Mohican, you die!”

“The healing waters will never bring back the dead Hurons to life,” returned Uncas, in the tongue of the Delawares; “the tumbling river washes their bones; their men are squaws; their women owls. Go call together the Huron dogs that they may look upon a warrior.”

Many of the Hurons understood the strange tongue in which the captive spoke, among which number was Magua. The cunning savage beheld and instantly profited by his advantage. Dropping the light robe of skin from his shoulder, he stretched forth his arm and commenced a burst of his dangerous and artful eloquence. However much his influence among his people had been impaired by his weakness for drink, as well as by a former desertion of his tribe, his courage and his fame as an orator were undeniable. On the present occasion his native powers were stimulated by the thirst of revenge.

He recounted the events of a fight between a party of Hurons and Uncas and Hawk-eye, in which the Hurons had lost several of their best warriors; and moved his auditors by reminding them of all the injuries the tribe had received at the hands of the *Cerf agile*. He then paused to look about him, in affected veneration for the departed, but in truth to note the effect of his opening narrative. As usual, every eye was riveted on his face. Each dusky figure seemed a

breathing statue, so motionless was the posture, so intense the attention of the individual.

Then Magua dropped his voice, which had hitherto been clear, strong, and elevated, and touched upon the merits of the dead. No quality that was likely to command the sympathy of an Indian escaped his notice. One had never been known to follow the chase in vain; another had been unwearied on the trail of their enemies. This was brave, that generous. In short, he so managed his allusion that in a nation which was composed of so few families, he contrived to strike every chord that might find in its turn some breast in which to vibrate.

“We will load the back of this Mohican,” he concluded, “until he staggers under our bounty and dispatch him after my young men, on their way to the happy hunting-grounds. They call to us for aid, though our ears are not open; they say, ‘Forget us not!’ When they see the spirit of the Mohican toiling after them with his burden of food and robes, they will know we are of that mind. Then they will go on happy, and our children will say, ‘So did our fathers to their friends, so must we do to them.’ What is a Yengee? We have slain many, but the earth is still pale. A stain on the name of a Huron can only be hid by blood that comes from the veins of an Indian. Let this Delaware die.”

The effect of such a speech, delivered in the nervous

language and with the emphatic manner of a Huron orator, could scarcely be mistaken. One warrior in particular, a man of wild and ferocious mien, had been conspicuous for the attention he had given to the words of the speaker. As Magua ended he arose, and uttering the yell of a demon, his polished little ax was seen glancing in the torchlight as he whirled it above his head. The motion and the cry were too sudden for words to interrupt his bloody intention. It appeared as if a bright gleam shot from his hand, which was crossed at the same moment by a dark and powerful line. The former was the tomahawk in its passage; the latter the arm that Magua darted forward to divert its aim. The quick and ready motion of the chief was not entirely too late. The keen weapon cut the war-plume from the scalping-tuft of Uncas, and passed through the frail wall of the lodge as though it were hurled from some formidable engine.

Duncan had seen the threatening action, and sprang upon his feet, with a heart which, while it leaped into his throat, swelled with the most generous resolution in behalf of his friend. A glance told him that the blow had failed, and terror changed to admiration. Uncas stood still, looking his enemy in the eye with features that seemed superior to emotion. Marble could not be colder, calmer, or steadier than the countenance he put upon this sudden and vindictive attack.

"No!" said Magua, after satisfying himself of the

safety of the captive; "the sun must shine on his shame; the squaws must see his flesh tremble, or our revenge will be like the play of boys. Go—take him where there is silence; let us see if a Delaware can sleep at night, and in the morning die."

Magua was content with his success, or too much occupied with his secret purposes to push his inquiries any further. Shaking his mantle and folding it on his bosom, he also quitted the place, without pursuing the subject which might have proved so fatal to the individual at his elbow. Notwithstanding his rising resentment, his natural firmness, and his anxiety in behalf of Uncas, Heyward felt sensibly relieved by the absence of so dangerous and so subtle a foe. The excitement produced by the speech gradually subsided. The warriors resumed their seats, and clouds of smoke once more filled the lodge. For near half an hour not a syllable was uttered, or scarcely a look cast aside—a grave and thoughtful silence being in the ordinary succession to every scene of violence and commotion amongst those beings who were alike so impetuous and yet so self-restrained. Each one sat silent and motionless.

When the chief who had requested the aid of Duncan finished his pipe, he made a final and successful movement toward departing. A motion of a finger was the sign he gave the supposed physician to follow; and passing through the clouds of smoke, Duncan was glad,

on more accounts than one, to be able at last to breathe the pure air of a cool and refreshing summer evening.

II

Instead of pursuing his way among the lodges, his companion turned aside and proceeded directly toward the base of an adjacent mountain, which overhung the temporary village. A thicket of brush skirted its foot, and it became necessary to proceed through a crooked and narrow path. The blaze of a large fire lighted the way of the chief and Duncan and gave a character of additional wildness to the rude scenery. At a little distance from a bald rock and directly in its front, they entered a grassy opening, which they prepared to cross. Just then fresh fuel was added to the fire, and a powerful light penetrated even to that distant spot. It fell upon the white surface of the mountain and was reflected downward upon a dark and mysterious-looking being that arose unexpectedly in their path.

The Indian paused, as if doubtful whether to proceed, and permitted his companion to approach his side. A large black ball, which at first seemed stationary, now began to move in a manner that the latter was unable to understand. Again the fire brightened, and its glare fell more distinctly on the subject. Then, even Duncan knew it—by its restless and sidelong attitudes, which kept the upper part of its form in constant motion while the animal itself appeared seated—to be

a bear. Though it growled loudly and fiercely and there were instants when its glistening eyeballs might be seen, it gave no other indications of hostility. The Huron, at least, seemed assured that the intentions of this singular intruder were peaceable, for, after giving it an attentive examination, he quietly pursued his course.

Duncan, who knew that the animal was often tamed by the Indians, followed the example of his companion, believing that some favorite of the tribe had found its way into the thicket in search of food. They passed it unmolested. Though obliged to come nearly in contact with the monster, the Huron, who had at first so warily determined the character of his strange visitor, was now content with proceeding without wasting a moment in further examination; but Heyward was unable to prevent his eyes from looking backward, in keen watchfulness against attacks in the rear. His uneasiness was in no degree lessened when he perceived the beast rolling along the path and following their footsteps. He would have spoken, but the Indian at that moment shoved aside a door of bark and entered a cavern in the bosom of the mountain.

Profiting by so easy a method of retreat, Duncan stepped after him, and was gladly closing the slight cover to the opening when he felt it drawn from his hand by the beast, whose shaggy form immediately darkened the passage. They were now in a straight

and long gallery, in a chasm of the rocks, where retreat without encountering the animal was impossible. Making the best of the circumstances, the young man pressed forward, keeping as close as possible to his conductor. The bear growled frequently at his heels, and once or twice its enormous paws were laid on his person, as if disposed to prevent his further passage into the den.

How long the nerves of Heyward would have sustained him in this extraordinary situation it might be difficult to decide, for happily he soon found relief. A glimmer of light had constantly been in their front, and they now arrived at the place whence it proceeded.

A large cavity in the rock had been rudely fitted to answer the purposes of many apartments. The subdivisions were simple but ingenious, being composed of stones, sticks, and bark intermingled. Openings above admitted the light by day, and at night fires and torches supplied the place of the sun. Hither the Hurons had brought most of their valuables, especially those which belonged to the nation in common; and hither, as it now appeared, the sick woman, who was believed to be the victim of supernatural power, had been carried also, under an impression that her tormentor would find more difficulty in making his assaults through walls of stone than through the leafy coverings of the lodges. The apartment into which Duncan and his guide first entered had been exclusively devoted to

her accommodation. The latter approached her bedside, which was surrounded by females, in the center of whom Heyward was surprised to find his missing friend David Gamut.

A single look was sufficient to inform the pretended leech that the invalid was far beyond his powers of healing. She lay in a sort of paralysis, indifferent to the objects which crowded before her sight and happily unconscious of suffering. Heyward was far from regretting that his mummeries were to be performed on one who was much too ill to take an interest in their failure or success. The slight qualm of conscience which had been excited by the intended deception was instantly quieted, and he began to collect his thoughts, in order to enact his part with suitable spirit, when he found he was about to be anticipated in his skill by an attempt to prove the power of music.

Gamut, who had stood prepared to pour forth his spirit in song when the visitors entered, after delaying a moment, drew a strain from his pipe and commenced a hymn that might have worked a miracle had faith in its efficacy been of much avail. He was allowed to proceed to the close, the Indians respecting his imaginary infirmity, and Duncan too glad of the delay to risk the slightest interruption. As the dying cadence of the strains was falling on the ears of the latter, he started aside at hearing them repeated behind him in a voice half human and half sepulchral. Looking round, he

beheld the shaggy monster seated on end in a shadow of the cavern, where, while its restless body swung in the uneasy manner of the animal, it repeated, in a sort of low growl, sounds, if not words, which bore some slight resemblance to the melody of the singer.

There was a strange blending of the ridiculous with that which was solemn in this scene. The beast still continued its rolling, and apparently untiring movements, though its ludicrous attempt to imitate the melody of David ceased the instant the latter abandoned the field. A speedy end was, however, put to every conjecture on the subject by the manner of the chief, who advanced to the bedside of the invalid and beckoned away the whole group of female attendants that had clustered there to witness the skill of the stranger. He was immediately though reluctantly obeyed; and when the low echo which rang along the hollow, natural gallery from the distant closing door had ceased, pointing toward his insensible daughter, he said:

“Now let my brother show his power.”

Thus called on to exercise the functions of his assumed character, Heyward was afraid that the smallest delay might prove dangerous. Endeavoring then to collect his ideas, he prepared to perform that species of incantation and those uncouth rites under which the Indian conjurers are accustomed to conceal their ignorance and powerlessness. It is more than prob-

able that, in the distorted state of his thoughts, he would soon have fallen into some suspicious if not fatal error, had not his first attempts been interrupted by a fierce growl from the bear. Three times did he renew his efforts to proceed, and as often was he met by the same unaccountable opposition, each interruption seeming more savage and threatening than the preceding.

"The cunning ones are jealous," said the Huron; "I go, brother; the woman is the wife of one of my bravest young men; deal justly with her. Peace!" he added, beckoning to the discontented beast to be quiet; "I go."

III

The chief was as good as his word, and Duncan now found himself alone in that wild and desolate abode with the helpless invalid and the fierce and dangerous brute. The latter listened to the movements of the Indian with that air of sagacity that a bear is known to possess, until another echo announced that he had also left the cavern, when it turned and came waddling up to Duncan, before whom it seated itself in its natural attitude, erect like a man. The youth looked anxiously about him for some weapon with which he might make a resistance against the attack he now seriously expected.

It seemed, however, as if the humor of the animal

had suddenly changed. Instead of continuing its discontented growls, or manifesting any further signs of anger, the whole of its shaggy body shook violently, as if agitated by some strange internal convulsion. The huge and unwieldy talons pawed stupidly about the grinning muzzle; and while Heyward kept his eyes riveted on its movements with jealous watchfulness, the grim head fell on one side and in its place appeared the honest, sturdy countenance of Hawk-eye, who was indulging from the bottom of his soul in his own peculiar and entirely noiseless expression of merriment.

"Hist!" said the wary woodsman, interrupting Heyward's exclamation of surprise; "the 'varlets are about the place, and any sounds that are not natural to witchcraft would bring them back upon us in a body."

"Tell me the meaning of this masquerade, and why you have attempted so desperate an adventure."

"Ah! reason and calculation are often outdone by accident," returned the scout. "But as a story should always commence at the beginning, I will tell you the whole in order. After we parted I placed the commandant in an old beaver lodge, where he is safer from the Hurons than he would be in the garrison of Fort Edward. After which Uncas and I pushed for the Delaware encampment, as was agreed; have you seen the lad?"

“To my great grief!—he is captive, and condemned to die at the rising of the sun.”

“I had misgivings that such would be his fate,” resumed the scout, in a less confident and joyous tone. But, soon regaining his naturally firm voice again, he continued: “His bad fortune is the true reason of my being here, for it would never do to abandon such a boy to the Hurons. A rare time the knaves would have of it, could they tie ‘The bounding Elk’ and ‘The long Carabine,’ as they call me, to the same stake! Though why they have given me such a name I never knew, there being as little likeness between the gifts of ‘Kill-deer’ and the performance of one of your real Canada rifles, as there is between the natur’ of a pipe-stone and a flint!”

“Keep to your tale,” said the impatient Heyward; “we know not at what moment the Hurons may return.”

“No fear of them. A conjurer must have his time, like a straggling priest in the settlements. We are as safe from interruption as a missionary would be at the beginning of a two hours’ discourse. Well, Uncas and I fell in with a return party of the varlets; the lad was much too forward for a scout; nay, for that matter, being of hot blood, he was not so much to blame. After the loss of the boy, I turned upon the Hurons, as you may judge. There have been scrimmages between one or two of their outliers and myself; but that is neither

here nor there. So, after I had shot the imps, I got in pretty nigh to the lodges without further commotion. Then what should luck do in my favor but lead me to the very spot where one of the most famous conjurers of the tribe was dressing himself, as I well knew, for some great battle with Satan—though why should I call that luck which it now seems was an especial ordering from Providence? So a timely rap over the head stiffened the lying impostor for a time, and leaving him a bit of walnut for his supper, to prevent an uproar, and stringing him up between two saplings, I made free with his finery, and took the part of the bear on myself, in order that the operation might proceed.”

“And admirably did you enact the character; the animal itself might have been shamed by the representation which you gave so well,” said Duncan, approvingly.

“Lord, major,” returned the flattered woodsman, “I should be but a poor scholar for one who has studied so long in the wilderness, did I not know how to set forth the movements and natur’ of such a beast. Had it been now a catamount or even a full-sized panther, I would have given a performance for you worth regarding. But it is no such marvelous feat to imitate the actions of so dull a beast; though, for that matter, too, a bear may be over-acted. Yes, yes; it is not every imitator that knows natur’ may be outdone easier than

she is equaled. But all our work is yet before us. Where is the gentle one?"

"Heaven knows! I have examined every lodge in the village, without discovering the slightest trace of her presence in the tribe."

"A bear," said Hawk-eye, "ought to climb; therefore will I take a look above us. There may be honey-pots hid in these rocks, and I am a beast, you know, that has a hankering for the sweets."

The scout looked behind him, laughing at his own jest, while he clambered up the partition, imitating, as he went, the clumsy motions of the beast he represented; but the instant the summit was gained he made a gesture for silence and slid down with the utmost haste.

"She is here," he whispered, "and by that door you will find her. I would have spoken a word of comfort to the afflicted soul, but the sight of such a monster might upset her reason. Though for that matter, major, you are none of the most inviting yourself in your paint."

Duncan, who had already sprung eagerly forward, drew instantly back on hearing these discouraging words.

"Am I then so very revolting?" he demanded with an air of wounded pride.

"You might not startle a wolf or turn the Royal Americans from a charge; but I have seen the time when

you had a better-favored look. Your streaked countenances are not ill-judged of by the squaws, but young women of white blood give the preference to their own color. See," he added, pointing to a place where the water trickled from a rock, forming a little crystal spring before it found an issue through the adjacent crevice; "you may easily get rid of the daub."

The deliberate woodsman had little occasion to hunt for arguments to enforce his advice. He was yet speaking when Duncan availed himself of the water. In a moment every frightful or offensive mark was removed, and the youth appeared again in the 'lineaments with which he had been gifted by nature. Thus prepared for an interview with Alice, he took a hasty leave of his companion and disappeared through the indicated passage. The scout witnessed his departure with 'complacency, nodding his head after him and muttering his good wishes; after which he very coolly set about an examination of the state of the larder among the Hurons—the cavern, among other purposes, being used as a storeroom for the fruits of their hunts.

Duncan had no other guide than a distant glimmering light, which served, however, the office of a 'polar star to the lover. By its aid he was able to enter the haven of his hopes, which was merely another apartment of the cavern that had been solely appropriated to the safekeeping of so important a prisoner as a daughter of the commandant of William Henry. It

was strewed with the plunder of that unlucky fortress. In the midst of this confusion he found her he sought, pale, anxious, and terrified, but lovely. Gamut had prepared her for such a visit.

"Duncan!" she exclaimed, in a voice that seemed to tremble at the sounds created by itself.

"Alice!" he answered, leaping carelessly among trunks, boxes, arms, and furniture until he stood at her side.

"I knew that you would never desert me," she said, looking up with a momentary glow on her otherwise dejected countenance. "But you are alone? Grateful as it is to be thus remembered, I could wish to think you are not entirely alone."

Duncan, observing that she trembled in a manner which betrayed her inability to stand, gently induced her to be seated while he recounted those leading incidents which it has been our task to record. Alice listened with a breathless interest; and though the young man touched lightly on the sorrows of the stricken father, taking care, however, not to wound the self-love of his hearer, the tears ran as freely down the cheeks of the daughter as though she had never wept before. The soothing tenderness of Duncan, however, soon quieted the first burst of her emotions, and she then heard him to the close with undivided attention, if not with composure.

"And now, Alice," he added, "you will see how

much is still expected of you. By the assistance of our experienced and invaluable friend, the scout, we may find our way from this savage people, but you will have to exert your utmost courage. Remember that you fly to the arms of your venerable parent, and how much his happiness, as well as your own, depends on those exertions."

Hawk-eye now came up to the couple, still dressed as a bear, but Alice had fainted.

"Bring on the gentle one," continued the scout; "we must make a push for the woods."

"'Tis impossible!" said Duncan; "fear has overcome her, and she is helpless. Alice! arouse yourself! now is the moment to fly. 'Tis in vain! she hears, but is unable to follow. Go, noble and worthy friend; save yourself, and leave me to my fate!"

"Every trail has its end, and every calamity brings its lesson!" returned the scout. "Here, wrap her in these Indian cloths. Conceal all of her little form. Nay, that foot has no fellow in the wilderness: it will betray her. All, every part. Now take her in your arms, and follow. Leave the rest to me."

Duncan, as may be gathered from the words of his companion, was eagerly obeying; and as the other finished speaking, he took the light person of Alice in his arms and followed on the footsteps of the scout. They found the sick woman as they had left her, still alone, and passed swiftly on, by the natural gallery, to

the place of entrance. As they approached the little door of bark, a murmur of voices without announced that the friends and relatives of the invalid were gathered about the place, patiently awaiting a summons to reënter.

“If I open my lips to speak,” Hawk-eye whispered, “my English, which is the genuine tongue of a white-skin, will tell the varlets that an enemy is among them. You must give ’em your ’jargon, major; and say that we have shut the evil spirit in the cave and are taking the woman to the woods in order to find strengthening roots. Practise all your cunning, for it is a lawful undertaking.”

The door opened a little, as if one without was listening to the proceedings within, and compelled the scout to cease his directions. A fierce growl repelled the ’eaves-dropper, and then the scout boldly threw open the covering of bark and left the place, enacting the character of the bear as he proceeded. Duncan kept close at his heels and soon found himself in the center of a cluster of twenty anxious relatives and friends.

The crowd fell back a little, and permitted the father, and one who appeared to be the husband of the woman, to approach.

“Has my brother driven away the evil spirit?” demanded the former. “What has he in his arms?”

“Thy child,” returned Duncan gravely in French;

"the disease has gone out of her; it is shut up in the rocks. I take the woman to a distance, where I will strengthen her against any further attacks. She shall be in the wigwam of the young man when the sun comes again."

When the father had translated the meaning of the stranger's words into the Huron language, a suppressed murmur announced the satisfaction with which this information was received by the assembled group of savages.

Hawk-eye, at the same time that he had presumed so far on the nature of the Indian superstitions, was not ignorant that they were rather tolerated than relied on by the wisest of the chiefs. He well knew the value of time in the present emergency. Whatever might be the extent of the self-delusions of his enemies and however it had tended to assist his schemes, the slightest cause of suspicion, acting on the subtle nature of an Indian, would be likely to prove fatal. Taking the path, therefore, that was most likely to avoid observation, he rather skirted than entered the village. The warriors were still to be seen in the distance, by the fading light of the fires, stalking from lodge to lodge. But the children had abandoned their sports for their beds of skin, and the quiet of night was already beginning to prevail over the noise and excitement of the evening.

When **Hawk-eye** found himself at a suitable dis-

tance from the lodges, he made a halt and spoke on a subject of which he was thoroughly the master.

"This path will lead you to the brook," he said; "follow its northern bank until you come to a fall; mount the hill on your right and you will see the fires of the Lake Delawares. There you must go and demand protection; if they are true Delawares, you will be safe. A distant flight with that gentle one, just now, is impossible. The Hurons would follow up our trail and master our scalps before we had got a dozen miles. Go, and Providence be with you."

"And you!" demanded Heyward, in surprise; "surely we part not here?"

"Surely not!" cried Alice, who had now recovered consciousness.

"The Hurons hold the pride of the Delawares; the last of the high blood of the Mohicans is in their power," returned the scout. "I go to see what can be done in his favor. Had they mastered your scalp, major, a knave should have fallen for every hair it held, as I promised; but if the young 'sagamore is to be led to the stake, the Indians shall see, also, how a man without a 'cross can die."

Not in the least offended with the decided preference that the sturdy woodsman gave to one who might in some degree be called the child of his adoption, Duncan still continued to urge such reasons against so desperate an effort as presented themselves. He

was aided by Alice, who mingled her entreaties with those of Heyward that he would abandon a resolution that promised so much danger with so little hope of success. Their eloquence and ingenuity were expended in vain. The scout heard them attentively but impatiently, and finally closed the discussion by answering, in a tone that instantly silenced Alice, while it told Heyward how fruitless any further remonstrances would be.

“I have heard,” he said, “that there is a feeling in youth which binds man to woman closer than the father is tied to the son. It may be so. I have seldom been where women of my color dwell; but such may be the gifts of natur’ in the settlements. You have risked life and all that is dear to you to bring off this gentle one, and I suppose that some such disposition is at the bottom of it all. As for me, I taught Uncas the real character of a rifle; and well has he paid me for it. I have been at his side in many a bloody scrimmage; and so long as I could hear the crack of his piece in one ear and that of his father in the other, I knew no enemy was on my back. Winters and summers, nights and days, have we roved the wilderness in company, eating of the same dish, one sleeping while the other watched: and before it shall be said that Uncas was taken to the torment, and I at hand—there is but a single ruler of us all, whatever may be the color of the skin; and Him I call to witness—that before the Mohican boy shall

perish for the want of a friend, good faith shall depart the 'arth and 'Kill-deer' become as harmless as the tooting we'pon of the singer!"

Duncan released his hold on the arm of the scout, who turned and steadily retraced his steps toward the lodges. After pausing a moment to gaze at his retiring form, the successful and yet sorrowful Heyward and Alice took their way together toward the distant village of the Delawares.

IV

Notwithstanding the high resolution of Hawk-eye, he fully comprehended all the difficulties and dangers he was about to incur. In his return to the camp, his acute and practised intellect was intently engaged in devising means to counteract a watchfulness and suspicion on the part of his enemies that he knew were in no degree inferior to his own.

As he approached the buildings, his steps became more deliberate, and his vigilant eye suffered no sign, whether friendly or hostile, to escape him. A neglected hut was a little in advance of the others and appeared as if it had been deserted when half completed—most probably on account of failing in some of the more important requisites, such as wood or water. A faint light glimmered through its cracks, however, and announced that, notwithstanding its imperfect structure, it was not without a tenant. Thither, then, the scout proceeded like a prudent general, who was about to feel

the advance positions of his enemy before he risked the main attack.

Throwing himself into a suitable posture for the beast he represented, Hawk-eye crawled to a little opening, where he might command a view of the interior. It proved to be the abiding-place of David Gamut. Hither the faithful singing-master had now brought himself, together with all his sorrows, his fears, and his meek dependence on the protection of Providence.

First making the circuit of the hut and finding that it stood quite alone and that the character of its inmate was likely to protect it from visitors, the scout ventured through its low door into the very presence of Gamut. The position of the latter brought the fire between them; and when Hawk-eye had seated himself on end, near a minute elapsed, during which the two regarded each other without speaking. The suddenness and the nature of the surprise had nearly proved too much for the faith and resolution of David. He fumbled for his pitch-pipe and arose with a confused intention of attempting a musical 'exorcism.

"Dark and mysterious monster!" he exclaimed, while with trembling hands he disposed of his spectacles and sought his never-failing resource in trouble, the rhymed version of the Psalms; "I know not your nature nor intents; but if aught you plan against the person and rights of one of the humblest servants of

the temple, listen to the inspired language of the youth of Israel and repent."

The bear shook his shaggy sides, and then a well-known voice replied:

"Put up the tooting we'pon and teach your throat modesty. Five words of plain and understandable English are worth just now an hour of squalling."

"What art thou?" demanded David, utterly unable to pursue his original intention and nearly gasping for breath.

"A man like yourself; and one whose blood is as little tainted by the cross of a bear or an Indian as your own. Have you so soon forgotten from whom you received the foolish instrument you hold in your hand?"

"Can these things be?" returned David, breathing more freely, as the truth began to dawn upon him. "I have found many marvels during my life among the heathen, but surely nothing to excel this!"

"Come, come," returned Hawk-eye, uncasing his honest countenance, the better to assure the wavering confidence of his companion; "you may see a skin, which, if it be not as white as one of the gentle ones, has no tinge of red to it that the winds of the heaven and the sun have not bestowed. Now let us to business."

"First, tell me of the maiden and of the youth who so bravely sought her," interrupted David.

"Ay, they are happily freed from the tomahawks of these varlets. But can you put me on the scent of Uncas?"

"The young man is in bondage, and much I fear his death is decreed. I greatly mourn that one so well-disposed should die in his ignorance, and I have sought a goodly hymn—"

"Can you lead me to him?"

"The task will not be difficult," returned David, hesitating; "though I greatly fear that your presence would rather increase than mitigate his unhappy fortunes."

"No more words, but lead on," returned Hawk-eye, concealing his face again and setting the example in his own person by instantly quitting the lodge.

V

The lodge in which Uncas was confined was in the very center of the village, and in a situation, perhaps, more difficult than any other to approach, or leave, without observation. But it was not the plan of Hawk-eye to affect the least concealment. Presuming on his disguise and his ability to sustain the character he had assumed, he took the most open and direct route to the place. The hour, however, afforded him some little of that protection which he appeared so much to despise. The boys were already buried in sleep, and all the women and most of the warriors had retired to the

lodges for the night. Four or five of the latter only lingered about the door of the prison of Uncas, wary but close observers of the manner of their celebrated captive.

At the sight of Gamut, accompanied by one in the well-known masquerade of their most distinguished conjurer, they readily made way for them both. Still they betrayed no intention to depart. On the other hand, they were evidently disposed to remain, bound to the place by an additional interest in the mysterious mummeries that they of course expected from such a visit.

From the total inability of the scout to address the Hurons in their own language, he was forced to trust the conversation entirely to David. Notwithstanding the simplicity of the latter, he did ample justice to the instructions he had received from Hawk-eye, more than fulfilling the strongest hopes of his teacher.

"The Delawares are women!" Gamut exclaimed, addressing himself to a savage who had a slight understanding of English; "the Yengeese, my foolish countrymen, have told them to take up the tomahawk and strike their fathers in the Canadas, and they have forgotten their sex. Does my brother wish to hear *Le Cerf agile* ask for his petticoats, and see him weep before the Hurons at the stake?"

The exclamation "hugh!" delivered in a strong tone of assent, announced the gratification the savage would

receive in witnessing such an exhibition of weakness in an enemy so long hated and so much feared.

"Then let him step aside, and the cunning man will blow upon the dog! Tell it to my brothers."

The Huron explained the meaning of David to his fellows, who in their turn listened to the project with that sort of satisfaction that their untamed spirits might be expected to find in such a refinement in cruelty. They drew back a little from the entrance and motioned to the supposed conjurer to enter. But the bear, instead of obeying, maintained the seat it had taken and growled.

"The cunning man is afraid that his breath will blow upon his brothers and take away their courage, too," continued David, improving the hint he had received; "they must stand farther off."

The Hurons, who would have deemed such a misfortune the heaviest calamity that could befall them, fell back in a body, taking a position where they were out of earshot, though at the same time they could command a view of the entrance of the lodge. Then, as if satisfied of their safety, the scout left his position and slowly entered the place. It was silent and gloomy, being occupied solely by the captive and lighted by the dying embers of a fire, which had been used for the purpose of cookery.

Uncas occupied a distant corner, in a reclining attitude, being rigidly bound, both hands and feet, by

strong and painful 'withes. When the frightful object first presented itself to the young Mohican, he did not deign to bestow a single glance on the animal. The scout, who had left David at the door, to see that they were not observed, thought it prudent to preserve his disguise until assured of their privacy. Instead of speaking, therefore, he exerted himself to enact one of the antics of the animal he represented. The young Mohican, who at first believed his enemies had sent in a real beast to torment him and try his nerves, detected, in those performances that to Heyward had appeared so accurate, certain blemishes that at once betrayed the counterfeit. Had Hawk-eye been aware of the low estimation in which the more skillful Uncas held his representations, he would probably have prolonged the entertainment a little in 'pique. But the scornful expression of the young man's eye admitted of so many constructions that the worthy scout was spared the 'mortification of such a discovery. As soon, therefore, as David gave the prearranged signal, a low hissing sound was heard in the lodge in place of the fierce growlings of the bear.

Uncas had cast his body back against the wall of the hut and closed his eyes, as if willing to shut out so contemptible and disagreeable an object from his sight. But the moment the noise of the serpent was heard, he arose and cast his looks on each side of him, bending his head low and turning it inquiringly in

every direction, until his keen eye rested on the shaggy monster, where it remained riveted, as though fixed by the power of a charm. Again the same sounds were repeated, evidently proceeding from the mouth of the beast. Once more the eyes of the youth roamed over the interior of the lodge, and returning to their former resting-place, he uttered, in a deep, suppressed voice:

“Hawk-eye!”

“Cut his bands,” said Hawk-eye to David, who just then approached them.

The singer did as he was ordered, and Uncas found his limbs released. At the same moment the dried skin of the animal rattled, and presently the scout arose to his feet in proper person. The Mohican appeared to know by instinct the nature of the attempt his friend had made, neither tongue nor feature betraying another sign of surprise. When Hawk-eye had cast his shaggy vestment, which was done by simply loosening certain thongs of skin, he drew a long glittering knife and put it in the hands of Uncas.

“The red Hurons are without,” he said; “let us be ready.”

At the same time he laid his finger significantly on another similar weapon, both being the fruits of his prowess among their enemies during the evening.

“We will go,” said Uncas.

“Whither shall we go?” asked the scout, after a pause.

"To the Lake Delawares; they are the children of my grandfathers."

"Ay, laō," said the scout in English—a language he was apt to use when a little abstracted in mind; "the same blood runs in your veins, I believe; but time and distance has a little changed its color. What shall we do with the Mingoes at the door? They count six, and this singer is as good as nothing."

"The Hurons are boasters," said Uncas scornfully; "their totem is a moose, and they run like snails. The Delawares are children of the tortoise, and they outstrip the deer."

"Ay, lad, there is truth in what you say; and I doubt not on a rush you would pass the whole nation; and in a straight race of two miles would be in and get your breath again before a knave of them all was within hearing of the Delaware village. But the gift of a white man lies more in his arms than in his legs. As for myself, I can brain a Huron as well as a better man; but when it comes to a race, the knaves would prove too much for me."

Uncas, who had already approached the door in readiness to lead the way, now returned and placed himself once more in the bottom of the lodge. But Hawk-eye, who was too much occupied with his own thoughts to note the movement, continued speaking, more to himself than to his companion.

"After all," he said, "it is unreasonable to keep

one man in bondage to the gifts of another. So, Uncas, you had better take the leap, while I put on the skin again and trust to cunning for want of speed."

The young Mohican made no reply, but quietly folded his arms and leaned his body against one of the upright posts that supported the wall of the hut.

"Well," said the scout, looking up at him, "why do you tarry? There will be time enough for me, as the knaves will give chase to you at first."

"Uncas will stay," was the calm reply.

"For what?"

"To fight with his father's brother and die with the friend of the Delawares."

"Ay, lad," returned Hawk-eye, squeezing the hand of Uncas between his own iron fingers; "'twould have been more like a Mingo than a Mohican had you left me. But I thought I would make the offer, seeing that youth commonly loves life. Well, what can't be done by main courage in war must be done by trickery. Put on the skin; I doubt not you can play the bear nearly as well as myself."

Whatever might have been the private opinion of Uncas of their respective abilities in this particular, his grave countenance manifested no opinion of his own superiority. He silently and quickly encased himself in the covering of the beast, and then awaited such other movements as his more aged companion saw fit to dictate.

VI

"Now, friend," said Hawk-eye, addressing David, "an exchange of garments will be a great convenience to you, inasmuch as you are but little accustomed to the make-shifts of the wilderness. Here, take my hunting shirt and cap, and give me your blanket and hat. You must trust me with the book and spectacles, as well as the tooter, too; if we ever meet again, in better times, you shall have all back again, with many thanks into the bargain."

David parted with the several articles named with a readiness that would have done great credit to his liberality, had he not certainly profited, in many particulars, by the exchange. Hawk-eye was not long in assuming his borrowed garments; and when his restless eyes were hid behind the glasses and his head was topped by the beaver, as their statures were not unlike, he might readily have passed for the singer by starlight. As soon as these dispositions were made, the scout turned to David and gave him his parting instructions.

"Are you much given to cowardice?" he bluntly asked, by way of obtaining a suitable understanding of the whole case before he ventured a prescription.

"My pursuits are peaceful and my temper, I humbly trust, is greatly given to mercy and love," returned David, a little nettled at so direct an attack on his manhood; "but there are none who can say that I have

ever forgotten my faith in the Lord, even in the greatest straits."

"Your chiefest danger will be at the moment when the savages find out that they have been deceived. If you are not then knocked in the head, your being a 'non-composser will protect you; and then you'll have good reason to expect to die in your bed. If you stay, it must be to sit down here in the shadow and take the part of Uncas until such times as the cunning of the Indians discover the cheat, when, as I have already said, your time of trial will come. So choose for yourself—to make a rush or tarry here."

"Even so," said David firmly; "I will abide in the place of the Delaware. Bravely and generously has he battled in my behalf; and this, and more, will I dare in his service."

"You have spoken as a man, and like one who, under wiser schooling, would have been brought to better things. Hold your head down and draw in your legs; their formation might tell the truth too early. Keep silent as long as may be; and it would be wise when you do speak to break out suddenly in one of your shoutings, which will serve to remind the Indians that you are not altogether as responsible as men should be. If, however, they take your scalp, as I trust and believe they will not, depend on it Uncas and I will not forget the deed, but revenge it as becomes true warriors and trusty friends."

"Hold!" said David, perceiving that with this assurance they were about to leave him; "I am an unworthy and humble follower of one who taught not the damnable principle of revenge. Should I fall, therefore, seek no victims, but rather forgive my destroyers; and if you remember them at all, let it be in prayers for the enlightening of their minds and for their eternal welfare."

The scout hesitated and appeared to muse.

"There is a principle in that," he said, "different from the law of the woods; and yet it is fair and noble to reflect upon." Then, heaving a heavy sigh, probably among the last he ever drew in pining for a condition he had so long abandoned, he added: "It is what I would wish to practise myself, as one without a cross of blood, though it is not always as easy to deal with an Indian as you would with a fellow-Christian. God bless you, friend."

So saying, the scout returned and shook David cordially by the hand; after which act of friendship he immediately left the lodge, attended by the new representative of the beast.

The instant Hawk-eye found himself under the observation of the Hurons, he drew up his tall form in the stiff manner of David, threw out his arm in the act of keeping time, and commenced what he intended for an imitation of his singing. Happily for the success of this delicate adventure, he had to deal with ears

but little practised in the concord of sweet sounds, or the miserable effort would without doubt have been detected. It was necessary to pass within a dangerously short distance of the dark group of savages, and the voice of the scout grew louder as they drew nigher. When at the nearest point, the Huron who spoke the English thrust out an arm and stopped the supposed singing-master.

"The Delaware dog!" he said, leaning forward and peering through the dim light to catch the expression of the other's features; "is he afraid? Will the Hurons hear his groans?"

A growl so exceedingly fierce and natural proceeded from the beast that the young Indian released his hold and started aside, as if to assure himself that it was not a real bear, but a counterfeit, that was rolling before him. Hawk-eye, who feared his voice would betray him to his subtle enemies, gladly profited by the interruption to break out anew in such a burst of musical expression as would probably, in a more refined state of society, have been termed "a grand crash." Among his actual hearers, however, it merely gave him an additional claim to that respect which they never withheld from such as are believed to be the subjects of mental disorder. The little knot of Indians drew back in a body and suffered, as they thought, the conjurer and his assistant to proceed.

It required no common exercise of bravery in Uncas



He Threw Out His Arm
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And the scout to continue the dignified and deliberate pace they had assumed in passing the lodges; especially as they immediately perceived that curiosity had so far mastered fear as to induce the watchers to approach the hut in order to witness the effect of the incantations. The least injudicious or impatient movement on the part of David might betray them, and time was absolutely necessary to insure the safety of the scout. The loud noise which the latter conceived it prudent to continue drew many curious gazers to the doors of the different huts as they passed; and once or twice a dark-looking warrior stepped across their path, led to the act by superstition or watchfulness. They were not, however, interrupted, the darkness of the hour and the boldness of the attempt proving their principal friends.

The adventurers had got clear of the village and were now swiftly approaching the shelter of the woods when a loud and long cry arose from the lodge where Uncas had been confined. The Mohican started to his feet and shook his shaggy covering, as though the animal he counterfeited was about to make some desperate effort.

"Hold!" said the scout, grasping his friend by the shoulder; "let them yell again. 'Twas nothing but wonderment."

He had no occasion to delay, for at the next instant a burst of cries filled the outer air, and ran along the

whole extent of the village. Uncas cast the skin and stepped forth in his own beautiful proportions. Hawk-eye tapped him lightly on the shoulder and glided ahead.

"Now let the devils strike our scent," said the scout, tearing two rifles from beneath a bush and flourishing "Kill-deer" as he handed Uncas his weapon; "two at least will find it to their deaths."

Then throwing their pieces to a low trail, like sportsmen in readiness for their game, they dashed forward and were soon buried in the somber darkness of the forest.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

HELPS TO STUDY

In Cooper's novels the Indian methods of fighting at this period are pictured with great skill. With the exception of the Iroquois, or Six Nations, the Indians were almost entirely on the side of the French and gave them valuable aid. Among the most important tribes were the Hurons, whose home was in Canada on the northern shore of Lake Huron. It is with this tribe that *The Last of the Mohicans*, from which the story is taken, largely deals.

I. What was Heyward's disguise? Why did he welcome the proposal to frighten away the evil spirit? What impression does Magua make upon you? What was his chief power? How did he use it in this case? Why did he wish to have the killing of Uncas postponed?

II. Describe the scene as Heyward and the chief proceeded to the cave. When did you first have any suspicion as to the true nature of the bear? Did the chief know it was not a bear? Why did he allow it to accompany them? For what reason did the sup-

posed bear oppose Heyward's attempt to begin an incantation? Did you have any idea of the beast's identity?

III. How did Hawk-eye get his disguise? How was the presence of Alice discovered? What plan did Hawk-eye form for her escape? Why did he not go with Alice and Heyward? What trait of character did this show?

IV. Whose aid did Hawk-eye secure? How did the Indians look upon David? How was this an advantage in the pursuit of Hawk-eye's plans?

V. How did the simple David carry out his part in trying to gain entrance to the hut? How did Hawk-eye aid him? Give in your own words the conversation between Uncas and Hawk-eye. What traits of character did each show?

VI. What was David's part in the escape? What new traits of character did he show? Contrast his principles with those of the scout. Quote lines that gave the common belief concerning David. How did this belief still further aid Hawk-eye's plan? What was the chief danger attending the escape from the hut? How did the fugitives know that their escape had been discovered? What is your feeling at the end of the story? Get a copy of *The Last of the Mohicans* and read more of the exciting adventures of Hawk-eye and Uncas, Alice and Heyward.

Give your opinion of Hawk-eye. What do you learn about his education? Find expressions that support your opinion. Quote sentences that show his pride in his pure English blood. Which character is the hero of the story? Give reasons for your answer.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Kidnapped—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Spy—J. Fenimore Cooper.

The Deerslayer—J. Fenimore Cooper.

The Yemassee—William Gilmore Simms.

The Refugees—A. Conan Doyle.

Ramona—Helen Hunt Jackson.

A Tour on the Prairies—Washington Irving.

THEIR NAME IS ON YOUR WATERS

Ye say, they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That, 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,—
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curled;
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say, their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away, like withered leaves
Before the Autumn gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore.
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
 Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
 Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
 Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusset hides its lingering voice
 Within its rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
 Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument,
 Though ye destroy their dust.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

HELPS TO STUDY

What statement is made in the first stanza? How is it answered in the same stanza? How does the poet prove that "their name is on your waters"? Locate the rivers and mountains mentioned. What States are mentioned? Make a list of Indian names in your section of the country. Are there any Indian names in your locality?

THE ARM-CHAIR OF TUSTENUGGEE

I

The windy month had set in, the leaves were falling, and the light-footed hunters of the Catawba set forth upon the chase. Little groups went off in every direction, and within two weeks the whole nation was broken up into parties, each under the guidance of an individual warrior. Many set forth in couples only, going as far as the Tiger river and the mountains of Spartanburg. Two warriors who followed this course were Conattee and Selonee.

A braver man and more fortunate hunter than Conattee never lived. But he had a wife named Macourah, who was a greater scold than Xanthippe. She was the wonder and the terror of the tribe, and quite as ugly as Tustenuggee, the Gray Demon of Enoree who enchanted everyone that fell into his clutches. Her tongue was the signal for "slinking" among the bold hunters of Turkey-town; and when they heard it, they said, "Now we know that poor Conattee has come home." The return of the husband, particularly if he brought no game, was sure to be followed by a storm of that "dry thunder," which never failed to be heard at the farthest end of the village.

Selonee, the companion of Conattee, was one of the handsomest lads in the whole nation. He was tall and

straight like a pine tree; had proved his skill and courage in several expeditions against the Chowannee 'red sticks, and had found no young warriors of the Cherokees, though he had been on the warpath against them, who could outwit him in stratagem or conquer him in actual blows. His fame as a hunter was not less great. He had put to shame the best wolf-takers of the tribe, and the lodge of his venerable father was never without meat. Selonee had formed a strong friendship for Conattee, and the two men always went out on the hunt together.

When the couple were well out of sight of the smoke of Turkey-town, the henpecked husband gave a loose rein to his spirits and made himself ample 'amends, by the indulgence of joke and humor, for the sober constraints which fettered him at home. Selonee joined with him in his merriment, and the friends continued happily on their way until they reached the Pacolet river. They then made for a cove between the Pacolet and the Thicketty, in which they had confident hopes of finding the game they sought.

Hereabouts they suddenly started a wolf of enormous size, which Conattee shot twice with his arrows. The wolf, however, in his last pangs, bounded into the waters of Thicketty creek; and Conattee, not wishing to lose him, threw off his fringed shirt of buckskin, laid his bow, arrows and leggins beside it, and leaped into the water in pursuit of the beast.

Selonee gave little heed to the movements of his companion after the first two or three vigorous strokes which he beheld him make. Such a pursuit, as it promised no peril, called for little consideration from this hardy and fearless race; and Selonee amused himself by striking into a thick wood which they had not yet traversed in search of game. There he started a she-wolf and found sufficient employment on his own hands to call for all of his attention. .

The wolf was lying on a bed of rushes and leaves, prepared by her under the roots of a gigantic Spanish oak. Her five cubs lay around her, keeping a perfect silence, which she had no doubt enforced upon them after her own fashion and which was maintained until they saw the man. It was then that the instincts of the fierce beasts could no longer be suppressed, and they joined in a short chopping bark at the stranger, while their little eyes flashed fire and their red jaws, thinly sprinkled with their first teeth, were gnashed together with a show of that ferocious hatred of man which marks their nature. Fortunately for Selonee, they were too feeble to make his approach to them dangerous. But the mother demanded greater consideration. With one sweep of her fore-paw she drew all the young ones behind her and began to move backward slowly beneath the overhanging limbs of the tree, ever keeping her keen, fiery eye fixed on the hunter. ^

Selonee was not disposed to suffer her to get off

so easily. The success of Conattee had given him just sufficient provocation to make him resolve that the she-wolf—who is always to be more dreaded than the male, as, with nearly all his strength, she has twice his swiftness and more than twice his ferocity—should testify more completely to his prowess than the victory just obtained by his companion could possibly speak for Conattee's. Selonee's eye was fixed on the wolf's, and the wolf's was never taken from him. It was his object to divert her eye, since he well knew that with his first movement she would most probably spring upon him. Without lifting his bow, he whistled shrilly, as if to his dog, and answered himself by a correct imitation of the bark of an Indian cur. The keen eye of the angry beast looked suddenly around as if fearing an assault upon her young ones from behind. In that moment the arrow of Selonee was driven through her neck, and when she leaped forward to the place where he stood, he was no longer to be seen.

From a tree which he had thrown between them, he watched her movements and prepared a second shaft. She made her way back slowly to her young, and before she could again turn toward him a second arrow had given her another and severer wound. Still, as Selonee well knew the singular tenacity of life possessed by these fierce animals, he prudently changed his position with every shaft and took especial care to place himself in the rear of some moderately-sized tree, suffic-

lently large to shelter him from her claws, yet small enough to enable him to take free aim around it. Nevertheless, he did not, at any time, withdraw more than twenty steps from his enemy. Divided in her energies by the necessity of keeping near her young, she was unable to pursue the hunter far. Carrying on the war in this manner, Selonee buried no less than five arrows in her body, and it was not until the sixth had penetrated her eye that he deemed himself safe in the nearer approach which he now planned.

It was the great boast of the Catawba warriors to grapple with the wolf and tear the still beating heart from the beast. Selonee, placing his bow and arrows behind a tree, took in his left hand a fragment of a bough while he grasped his unsheathed knife in the right. Though she could see but imperfectly, the wolf rushed upon him with open jaws. With keen, quick eyes and steady nerves, he waited for her approach; and when she turned her head aside to strike him with her sharp teeth, he thrust the pine fragment into her extended jaws and, pressing fast upon her, bore her back to the earth. The fierce brute sunk her teeth into the wood. Leaving it in her jaws, the Indian seized her with his freed hand, and, bearing her upward so as to yield him a plain and easy stroke at her underside, he drove the knife into it and drew the blade forward until resisted by the breast-bone. The wolf fell over and writhed a moment, then lay still. Selonee flayed her,

cut a fork in the ear of each of the young wolves and left them unhurt for the future sport of the hunter. This done, he returned to the spot where Conattee had dropped his equipment.

But where was Conattee during all this period? Some hours had elapsed since he had taken to the river after the wolf, and it was somewhat surprising to Selonee that he should have remained absent and without his clothes so long. This reflection made Selonee fear that some harm had come to his companion. He shouted to him, but received no answer. Could he have been seized with a cramp while in the stream and have drowned before he could swim out? Selonee reproached himself that he had not waited beside the river until the result of Conattee's experiment was known; the young hunter was troubled by many fears and doubts. With a mind filled with increasing alarms, each more unpleasant than the last, Selonee plunged into the creek and struck off for the opposite shore, at the very point where the wolf had turned, under the influence of the current, when Conattee went in after him. He was soon across and presently found the tracks of the hunter in the gray sand upon its margin. Selonee rejoiced in the certainty that the traces he followed would lead him to his friend.

But not so. He had scarcely gone fifty yards into the wood when the tracks died out at the foot of a

crooked fallen tree, one of the most gnarled and complicated of all the crooked trees of the forest. Here all signs failed. Conattee was not only not there but had left no sort of clue by which he might be followed further. This was the strangest thing of all. The footprints were distinct enough until they reached the crooked tree, and at this point they utterly disappeared.

Selonee searched the forest in every direction. Not a grove escaped his search—not a bay—not a thicket—not an island, but it was all in vain. Never was creature more miserable than Selonee. He called aloud until his voice grew hoarse and his throat sore; there was no other answer than the 'gibing echoes of his own husky accents. The day waned and night came on, and still the persevering hunter gave not up his search. Another day dawned, and his labor was renewed. Once more Selonee crossed the river and followed the tracks to the crooked tree, where all traces disappeared. He again shouted aloud the name of Conattee, imploring an answer, but the echoes died away into a silence that showed him that his quest was hopeless. Tying up the clothes of Conattee and taking his bow and arrows, Selonee turned his eyes homeward. The next day at noon he reached Turkey-town.

II

Selonee called the hunters apart from the women and told them his tale, to which they gravely listened.

"This is a strange story," said one of the old men, with a doubting smile.

"It is a true tale, father."

"Conattee was a brave chief?"

"Very brave, father," replied Selonee.

"Had he not eyes to see?"

"The birds have not better."

"And comes Selonee, the wolf-chief, to us with a story that Conattee was blind and could not see—a coward that could not strike a wolf—a fool that knew not where to set down his foot? Selonee has slain Conattee with his knife. See, it is the blood of Conattee upon the shirt of Selonee."

"It is the blood of the wolf," cried the young warrior, with natural indignation.

"Let Selonee go to the woods behind the lodges, till the chiefs say what shall be done to Selonee because of Conattee, whom he slew."

The young hunter drew forth the skin of the wolf he had slain and the tips of the ears taken from the cubs, and, leaving them in the place where he had sat, withdrew without further speech from the assembly of the chief warriors which was about to sit in judgment on his life.

The decision reached was that Selonee should be allowed a single month in which to find Conattee and bring him home, failing which he was to die.

"Will Selonee go seek Conattee?" asked the head

chief, "The windy month is for Selonee—let him bring Conattee home."

"Selonee would die to find Conattee," was the reply.

"He will die if he finds him not," answered the chief.

"It is well!" calmly spoke the young warrior. "Is Selonee free to go?"

"The windy month is for you," the chief replied.

Selonee returned to the spot where Conattee had disappeared. With a spirit no less warmly devoted to his friend than anxious to avoid the disgraceful doom that was the portion of failure, the youth spared no pains, withheld no exertion, overlooked no single spot, and omitted no art known to the hunter, to trace out the mystery which hid the fate of Conattee. But days of fruitless labor passed, and the faint, slender outlines of the moon which had been allotted him for the search gleamed forth a sorrowful light upon his path, as he wearily traced it backward to the lodges of the tribe.

Once more he resumed his seat before the council and listened to the fate which was in reserve for him. When the sentence was pronounced, he untied his arrows, loosened his belt, put a fillet around his head of the bark of a green sapling, and stood up ready for his end.

They led him forth to the place of execution—a little space behind the encampment where a hole had been dug for his burial. When he reached it, Selonee

took his station before it, the executioners, with their arrows, being already placed in readiness. The whole tribe had assembled to witness the event, the warriors and boys in the foreground, the squaws behind them. A solemn silence prevailed over the scene, and a few moments only remained to the victim, when the wife of Conattee darted forward from the crowd, bearing in her hand a peeled wand, with which she struck Selonee over the shoulders, exclaiming as she did so:

“Come, thou dog, thou shalt not die—thou shalt lie in the doorway of Conattee and bring venison for ~~his~~ wife. Must there be no one to bear meat to my lodge? Thou shalt do this, Selonee—thou shalt not die!”

A murmur rose from the crowd at these words.

“She hath claimed Selonee for her husband, in place of the dead Conattee. Well, she hath the right.”

No one could object. The widow had, in fact, exercised a privilege which is recognized by nearly all Indian tribes. It was evident, now that Conattee was gone, that nobody would provide for a woman who had no sons or male relatives, and who was too ugly and too notorious a scold ever to procure another husband to take care of her. Smartly striking Selonee on the shoulders, she repeated her command for him to rise and follow her.

“Thou wilt take him to thy lodge, that he may hunt venison for thee!” demanded the chief.

“Have I not said so?” shouted the scold. “Hear you not? The dog is mine; I bid him follow me.”

Selonee mournfully followed Macourah to her lodge, to become her hunter in place of the lost Conattee. And the screams and scoldings which had once been for Conattee were now his portion.

Meanwhile, what had become of Conattee, for whose fate his friend Selonee had been held responsible? After finding the dead wolf and skinning him, Conattee plunged into the forest, thinking that he heard the rustling of some animal in the bushes. Suddenly he came upon a gigantic and deformed pine tree, which lay prostrate along the ground and formed such a tangled covering that Conattee deemed it possible that some beast of prey might have made its den among the recesses of the roots. With this thought, he crawled under the spreading limbs and searched among them. Emerging from this search, he took a seat on the trunk of the tree and proceeded to pare away the particles of flesh which still clung to the wolf hide.

He had scarcely commenced the operation when two gigantic limbs of the fallen tree upon which he sat curled over his thighs and bound him to the spot. Other limbs, to his great horror, clasped his arms and covered his shoulders. He strove to cry aloud, but his jaws were grasped, before he could well open them, by other branches; and, with his eyes, which peered through little openings in the bark, he could see his

legs encrusted by like coverings of branches. Not a part of his person remained visible to himself. A bed of green velvet-like moss rested on his lap. His knees shot out a thorny growth; and his hands were enveloped in as complete a casing of bark as covered the remainder of the tree around him. Even his knife and wolf skin suffered in similar manner, the bark having contracted them into one of those huge bulging knots that so numerous deformed the tree. With all his thoughts and consciousness remaining, Conattee had yet lost every power of action. When he attempted to scream aloud, his jaws felt the pressure upon them but no sound emerged, no matter how hard he tried.

The poor hunter immediately conceived his situation—he was in the power of Tustenuggee, the Gray Demon of Enoree! The tree upon which he sat was one of those magic trees which the tradition of his people entitled the “Arm-chairs of Tustenuggee.” In these traps for the unwary the wicked demon caught his victims and exulted in their miseries. Here the victim usually remained forever, for it was not often that the power into whose clutches he had fallen suffered his prey to escape through a sudden feeling of pity and good humor.

The only hope of Conattee was that Selonee might suspect his condition, in which event his rescue was simple and easy enough. All that was needed was to hew off the limbs, or pare away the bark, and the victim

was uncovered, safe and sound. But how unlikely that this discovery should be made! Conattee had no voice to declare his bondage; he had no capacity for any movement by which he might reveal the truth to his comrade's eyes; and unless some divine instinct should counsel his friend to an experiment that he would scarcely think of himself, the poor prisoner felt that he was forever doomed to be a part and parcel of the tree.

While these painful thoughts passed through his mind, he heard the distant shoutings of Selonee. In a little while he beheld the youth anxiously seeking him in every quarter, following his trail to the very tree in which he was a prisoner bound, crawling like himself beneath its branches, but not sitting like himself to be caught upon its trunk. Vainly did the poor fellow strive to utter a few words, however faintly, informing the youth of his condition. The effort died away in the most imperfect breathing, sounding in his own ears like the faint sigh of some budding flower. With equal ill success did he aim to struggle with his limbs. He was too tightly grasped, in every part, to stir in the slightest degree a single member.

It was with horror that he saw Selonee depart as darkness came on. Miserable, indeed, were his feelings that night. The voice of the Gray Demon alone kept him company, goading him the livelong night with speeches of cruel taunt and mischievous reflection.

"There is no hope for you, Conattee, till some one takes your place. Some one whom you are willing to leave behind must sit in your lap before you can escape from mine," was the speech of the Gray Demon, who, perched on Conattee's shoulders, bent his huge knotty head over him and looked into the half-hidden eyes of the enveloped hunter with his own red ones, exulting in his prey.

With the dawn the hopeless heart of Conattee was refreshed as he saw Selonee again appear. He then remembered the words of Tustenuggee, that he could not escape until some one whom he would be willing to leave behind sat in his lap. The fancy rose in his mind that Selonee would sit on the tree, but could it be that he, Conattee, would consent to leave his friend there, imprisoned in the bark? Great was the temptation, and at one time he almost wished that Selonee would seat himself after his fatigue. As if the young hunter knew his wish, he drew nigh at that instant; but the better feelings in Conattee's heart strengthened as the other approached, and striving to twist and turn in his bondage and laboring to call out a warning, he manifested the noble resolution not to avail himself of his friend's position to relieve his own.

Indeed, as if the warning of Conattee had really reached the understanding of Selonee, the youth retraced his steps and hurried away from the place of danger. With his final departure, the fond hopes of

the prisoner sank within him; and when hour after hour had gone by without the appearance of any of his people and without any change in his condition, he gave himself up utterly for lost. The mocks and jeers of the Gray Demon filled his ears all night, and morning brought him nothing but despair. He resigned himself to his fate, with the resolution of a brave warrior and bold hunter who had never surrendered to fear.

III

Hope, however, had not departed from the bosom of Selonee. Possibly the evil destiny which had befallen him had made him resolve the more earnestly to seek still farther into the mystery which surrounded the disappearance of his friend. The day which saw him enter the cabin of Macourah found him the most miserable man alive. The hateful hag, hateful enough as the wife of his friend, whose ill-treatment was notorious, was now doubly hateful to him as his own wife and task-mistress. He now had to endure the taunts which had formerly been the portion of Conattee; Macourah made his life unendurable with her terrible tongue.

Selonee, determined not to live such an existence, resolved to make another effort for the recovery of his friend. His resolve went even farther than this. He was determined never to return to the lot which

had fastened upon him, but to pursue his way into more distant and unknown forests—a self-doomed exile—unless he could restore Conattee to the nation. On either hand he saw nothing but misery, but the worst form of misery lay behind him in the lodge of Macourah.

Macourah, however, was not the person to submit to such a determination. When Selonee darted from the cabin in haste, she readily guessed his decision and followed him, little doubting that those thunders—could she overtake him—with which she had oppressed the spirit of Conattee would have equal effect upon his youthful successor. Macourah was as gaunt as a grayhound and scarcely less fleet of foot. Besides, she was as tough as a squirrel in his thirteenth year. Therefore she did not despair of overtaking Selonee, provided he did not learn that she was upon his trail. For this reason, her first movements were marked with caution. She divined his aim to return to the hunting grounds where he had lost or slain his companion; and these hunting grounds were almost as well known to herself as to him. She followed him with rapid step and firm purpose.

The next day Selonee was utterly confounded to hear her shouts behind him, but it was with a feeling not entirely of dissatisfaction that he heard her. He hoped that on the spot where Conattee had disappeared he might be able to convince her that he had not mur-

dered her husband, and, indeed, to show her that Conattee was not murdered at all. He coolly awaited her approach, therefore, and proceeded to renew his statements, expressing a hope that the lost warrior might be restored to herself and the nation. But she answered his speech only with upbraidings and scolding and blows of her stick.

Selonee was in no humor now to obey the laws of the nation and follow her home. Though sorely tempted to pummel the Jezebel in return for the lusty whacks she had bestowed upon his shoulders, he forbore in consideration for his friend and contented himself with simply setting forward on his way, determined to elude the woman's pursuit by the exercise of all his vigor. Selonee was fleetier than the wild turkey, and Macourah, swift and strong as she was, soon discovered the difference in the chase when Selonee put forth his strength and spirit. She followed with all her pertinacity, quickened as it was by an increase of fury at that presumption which had ventured to disobey her commands; but Selonee fled faster than she pursued, and every additional moment served to increase the space between them.

The hunter lost her from his heels at length and turned his steps toward the spot where his friend had so mysteriously disappeared. Here he renewed his search with a painful care and minuteness, which the imprisoned Conattee all the while beheld. Once more

Selonee crawled beneath those sprawling limbs and spreading arms that wrapped up in their solid and coarse rinds the person of the warrior. Once more he emerged from the spot disappointed and hopeless. Almost at the same moment, to the horror of the tree-captive and the annoyance of Selonee, the shrill screams of the too well-known voice of Macourah rang through the forest. Selonee ran forward at the sound, and when Macourah reached the spot, the youth was out of sight.

"I can go no farther," cried the woman. "May the Gray Demon Tustenuggee take Selonee for his dog!"

With this delicate imprecation, the hag seated herself in a state of exhaustion upon the inviting bed of moss which formed the lap of Conattee. No sooner had she done so than the branches relaxed their hold on the limbs of her husband. The moment was too precious for delay, and Macourah beheld, with consternation, Conattee starting up in full life before her, and, with the instinct of his former condition, preparing to take to flight. She cried to him, but he fled the faster; she strove to follow him, but the branches which had relaxed their hold upon her husband resumed their contracted grasp, this time upon her limbs. The brown bark was already forming above her on every hand, and her tongue, allotted a brief term of liberty, was alone free to assail him. But she had spoken only a

few words when the bark encased her jaws, and Macourah was the prisoner of the Gray Demon.

Meantime Conattee pursued the flying Selonee and at length came up with him. Great was the joy of the two friends when they met, and long and fervent was their mutual embrace. Conattee described his misfortune and showed how the bark had encased his limbs; but he said not a word of his wife and her entrapment, and Selonee was left in the belief that his companion owed his escape to some change in the tyrannical mood of Tustenuggee.

"Let us be off," said Conattee; "we have nothing to wait for now."

"Yes," replied Selonee, "there is your wife. I forgot to tell you that Macourah is in search of you. I left her but a little space behind and thought to find her at our heels. I suppose she is tired, however, and is resting by the way."

"Let her rest," said Conattee, "which is something she never let me do. She will find me out soon enough, without making it needful that I go in search of her."

But Macourah never made her appearance again, and only Conattee knew what had become of her. He lived the rest of his life a merry, care-free existence, untroubled by the reproaches of a wife, while Selonee wed the fairest girl of the village and was happy. At length, in the fullness of time, both Conattee and Selonee went their way to the happy hunting-grounds, and

the Catawba tribe became but a memory in the country which had once been theirs; but Macourah still remains the prisoner of the Gray Demon in the gnarled tree, now gaunt and moss-covered and worm-eaten, and still vainly attempts to free her enchanted tongue and speak.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

HELPS TO STUDY

I. What time of the year was it when the story begins? Tell what you learned of the friendship between Conattee and Selonee. Who was Xanthippe? Give an account of the hunt and the mysterious disappearance of Conattee.

II. How was Selonee's tale received when he reached home? What sentence was passed upon him? How did he know when the allotted time had expired? What was the result of his search? How was the execution prevented? What fate had befallen Conattee? On what condition could he be freed from the enchantment of the Gray Demon?

III. What did Selonee decide to do? What two things led to this decision? Tell of Macourah's pursuit. How did it end? Why did the husband willingly resign Macourah to her fate? What had been his feeling about allowing Selonee to take his place in the chair? What does this show? Do you know any other Indian legends?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Rip Van Winkle—Washington Irving.

Urashima—Japanese tale.

The Bottle Imp—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Second Royal Mendicant—Arabian Nights' Entertainment.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crews augmented. The favorable signs which increased his confidence were derided by them as delusive; and there was danger of their rebelling and obliging him to turn back, when on the point of realizing the object of all his labors. They beheld themselves with dismay still wafted onward over the boundless wastes of what appeared to them a mere watery desert surrounding the habitable world. What was to become of them should their provisions fail? Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made, but if they were still to press forward, adding at every moment to the immense expanse behind them, how should they ever be able to return, having no intervening port where they might victual and refit? Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return became impossible? In such case they would be the authors of their own destruction.

On the other hand, should they consult their safety and turn back before too late, who would blame them? Any complaints made by Columbus would be of no weight; he was a foreigner, without friends or influence; his schemes had been condemned by the learned

and discountenanced by people of all ranks. He had no party to uphold him, and a host of 'opponents whose pride of opinion would be gratified by his failure. Or, as an 'effectual means of preventing his complaints, they might throw him into the sea and give out that he had fallen overboard while busy with his instruments contemplating the stars,—a report which no one would have either the inclination or the means to 'controvert.

Columbus was not ignorant of the 'mutinous disposition of his crew, but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance—soothing some with gentle words, endeavoring to stimulate the pride or 'avarice of others, and openly 'menacing the 'refractory with signal punishment, should they do anything whatever to impede the voyage.

On the 25th of September the wind again became favorable, and they were able to resume their course directly to the west. The airs being light and the sea calm, the vessels sailed near to each other, and Columbus had much conversation with Martin Alonzo Pinzon on the subject of a chart which the former had sent three days before to Pinzon on board of the *Pinta*. He desired that the chart might be returned, and Pinzon, tying it to the end of a cord, flung it on board to him. While Columbus, his pilot and several of his experienced mariners were studying the map and endeavoring to make out from it their actual position, they heard a shout from the *Pinta*, and looking up, beheld

Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted on the stern of his vessel, crying, "Land! land! Señor, I claim the reward!" He pointed at the same time to the southwest, where there was indeed an appearance of land at about twenty-five leagues' distance. Upon this Columbus threw himself on his knees and returned thanks to God; and Martin Alonzo repeated the '*Gloria in Excelsis*, in which he was joined by his own crew and that of the admiral.

The seamen now mounted to the masthead or climbed about the rigging, straining their eyes in the direction pointed out. The conviction became so general of land in that quarter, and the joy of the people so ungovernable, that Columbus found it necessary to vary from his usual course and stand all night to the southwest. The morning light, however, put an end to all their hopes, as to a dream. The fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud and had vanished in the night. With dejected hearts they once more resumed their western course, from which Columbus would never have varied, but in 'compliance with their clamorous wishes.

On the 1st of October, according to the reckoning of the pilot on the admiral's ship, they had come five hundred and eighty leagues west since leaving the Canary Islands. The reckoning which Columbus showed the crew was five hundred and eighty-four, but the reckoning which he kept privately was seven hun-

dred and seven. On the following day the weeds floated from east to west; and on the 'hird day no birds were to be seen.

Eager to obtain the promised pension, the seamen were continually giving the cry of land on the least appearance of the kind. To put a stop to these false alarms, which produced continual disappointments, Columbus declared that should anyone give such notice and land not be discovered within three days afterward, he should thenceforth forfeit all claim to the reward.

On the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken and forfeit all chance of the reward; the *Nina*, however, being a good sailer, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her masthead, and a gun discharged, being the 'preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.

The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement; but new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus, having observed great flights of small field birds going toward

the southwest, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting place. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of 'Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October, to alter his course to the west-southwest, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue in that direction for at least two days.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the farther they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colors, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships. Tunny fish played about the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican and a duck were seen. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green, as if recently from land, and the air, Columbus observed, was as sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville.

All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions, beguiling them on to destruction; and when on the evening of the third day they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into 'turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning home-

ward and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately the manifestations of the vicinity of land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Besides a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and above all a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, Columbus made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil

ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west and were plowing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterward in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Co-

lumbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and moreover that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterward adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man, at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race,

such as the imagination was 'prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions! Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies?

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked and, as they stood gazing at the ships, appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat richly attired in scarlet and holding the royal standard; while Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his brother put off in company in their boats, each with a banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on either side the letters F and Y, the initials of the 'Castilian monarchs Fernando and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

As he approached the shore, Columbus, who was disposed for all kinds of agreeable impressions, was delighted with the purity and 'suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. He beheld also fruits of

an unknown kind upon the trees which overhung the shores. On landing he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then, rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard and, assembling round him, the two captains and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

HELPS TO STUDY

Describe the feeling of the mariners. How did Columbus meet their mutinous disposition? How were their hopes alternately raised and dispelled? What signs of land were seen? Who finally sighted land first? Tell all you know about Columbus: his voyage, his return to Spain, and his last days. Some pupil should repeat Joaquin Miller's "Columbus."

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

The Discovery of America—John Fiske.

The Conquest of Mexico—William H. Prescott.

The Fair God—General Lew Wallace.

THE WILL TO CONQUER

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!

America! America!

God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!

America! America!

May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!

America! America!

God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

WOLFE AT QUEBEC

The great night came, starlit and serene. The campfires of two armies spotted the shores of the wide river, and the ships lay like wild fowl in convoys above the town from where the arrows of fate should be sped. Darkness upon the river, and fireflies upon the shore. At Cap Rouge the sick English commander, unperturbed and valiant, reached out a finger to trace the last movements in a desperate campaign of life that had opened in Flanders at sixteen.

Passing to the deck, silent and steady, no sign of pain on his face, he looked out upon the clustered groups of boats filled with the flower of his army, settled in a menacing tranquility. Steady, indomitable, silent as cats, precise as mathematicians, he could trust the soldiers, just as they loved his awkward, paint-twisted body and ugly red hair.

There came toward him an officer, who said quietly, "The tide has turned, sir." For reply the general made a swift motion toward the maintop shrouds, and almost instantly lanterns showed in them. In response the crowded boats began to cast away, and, immediately descending, the general passed into his own boat, drew to the front, and drifted in the current ahead of his gallant men, the ships following afar.

It was two by the clock when the boats began to move, and slowly we ranged down the stream, silently

steered, carried by the current. No paddle, no creaking oarlock broke the stillness. I was in the next boat to the general's, for it was my part to show the way up the heights, and I remained near his person for over two hours that night.

Once he turned to a young midshipman beside him and said, "How old are you, sir?"

"Seventeen, sir," was the reply.

"It is the most lasting passion," he said, musing.

It seemed to me then, and I still think it, that the passion Wolfe meant was love of country. A moment afterward I heard him recite to the officers about him, in a low, clear tone, some verses by Mr. Gray, the poet, which I had never read, though I have prized them since. Under those frowning heights, with the smell from our distant cannon in the air, I heard him say:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

I have heard finer voices than his, but something in it pierced me that night, and I felt the man, the perfect hero, when he went on:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Alike await the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Soon afterward we neared the end of our quest,

the tide carrying us in to shore; and down from the dark heights there came a challenge, satisfied by an officer, who said in French that we were provision-boats for Montcalm: these we knew had been expected. Then came the batteries of Samos. Again we passed with the same excuse, rounded a headland, and the great work was begun.

The boats of the Light Infantry swung in to shore. No sentry challenged, but I knew that at the top the French tents were set. When the Light Infantry had landed, we handful of volunteers stood still for a moment, and I pointed out the way. Before we started, we stooped beside a brook that leaped lightly down the ravine and drank a little water. Then I led the way, a ranger at one side of me, and a soldier of the Light Infantry at the other. It was hard climbing, but, following in our careful steps as easily as they might, the good fellows pressed eagerly after. Once a rock broke loose and came tumbling down, but plunged into a thicket, where it stayed; else it might have ruined us entirely. I breathed freely when it stopped. Once, too, a branch cracked loudly, and we lay still; but hearing nothing above, we pushed on, and sweating greatly, came to the top.

And now, while an army climbed to the heights of Abraham, Admiral Saunders in the gray dawn was bombarding Montcalm's encampment, and boats filled with marines and soldiers drew to the Beauport flats,

as if to land there; while shots, bombs, and shells were hurled from Levis upon the town, deceiving Montcalm. At last, however, suspecting, the French general rode toward the town at six o'clock, and saw our scarlet ranks spread across the plains between him and Bougainville.

In another hour the gates of St. John and St. Louis emptied out upon this battlefield a warring flood of our foes. It was a handsome sight, the white uniforms of the brave regiments of French regulars, mixed with the dark, excitable militia, the sturdy burghers of the town, a band of backwoodsmen in their rough hunter's costume, and whooping Indians, painted and furious, ready to eat us. At last there was to be a test of fighting in the open field, though the French had in their whole army twice the number of our men, a walled and provisioned city behind them, and field-pieces in great number to bring against us. I could plainly see Montcalm, mounted on a dark horse, riding along the lines as they formed against us and waving his sword, a truly gallant figure. He was answered by a roar of applause and greeting.

We waited while they formed. We made no noise, but stood steady and still, the bagpipes of the Highlanders shrilly challenging. At eight o'clock sharpshooters began firing on us from the left, and our skirmishers were thrown out to hold them in check or drive them from the houses where they sheltered.

and galled Townsend's men. Their field-pieces opened on us, too, and yet we did nothing, but at nine o'clock, being ordered, we lay down and waited still. There was no restlessness, no anxiety, no show of doubt, for these men of ours were old fighters and they trusted their leaders. From bushes, trees, coverts, and fields of grain came a constant hail of fire, and there fell upon our ranks a doggedness, a quiet anger, which grew into a grim patience.

We had seen the stars go down, the cold, mottled light of dawn break over the battered city and the heights of Charlesbourg; we had watched the sun come up, and then steal away behind the slow-traveling clouds and hanging mist; we had looked across over unreaped cornfields and the dull, slovenly St. Charles river, knowing that endless leagues of country, north and south, east and west, lay in the balance for the last time. I believed that this day would see the end of the strife between England and France for dominion here.

The public stake was worthy of our army—worthy of the dauntless soldier who had begged his physicians to patch him up long enough to fight this fight, whereon he staked reputation, life, all that a man loves in the world. I thought that Montcalm would have waited for Vaudreuil, but no. At ten o'clock his three columns came down upon us briskly, making a wild rattle; two columns moving on our right and one on our left, firing obliquely and constantly as they marched. Then

came the command to rise, and we stood up and waited, our muskets loaded with an extra ball. I could feel the stern malice in our ranks, as we stood there and took, without returning a shot, that galling fire. Minute after minute passed, then came the sharp command to advance. We did so, and again halted, and yet no shot came from us. We stood there inactive, a long palisade of red.

At last I saw our general raise his sword, a command rang down the long line of battle, and, like one terrible cannon-shot, our muskets sang together with as perfect a precision as, on a private field of exercise. Then, waiting for the smoke to clear a little, another volley followed with almost the same precision, after which the firing came in choppy waves of sound and again in a persistent clattering. Soon a light breeze lifted the smoke and mist well away, and a wayward sunlight showed us our foe, like a long white wave retreating from a rocky shore, bending, crumpling, breaking, and fleeing seaward.

Thus checked, confounded, the French army trembled and fell back. Then I heard the order to charge, and from nearly four thousand throats there came for the first time our exultant British cheer, and high over all rang the slogan of the Highlanders. To my left I saw the flashing broadswords of the clansmen ahead of all the rest. Those sickles of death clove through, and broke the battalions opposed to them, while we on

the right, led by Wolfe, charged the desperate and valiant French heavy infantry and the impetuous sharpshooters of the militia. As we came on, I observed the general sway and push forward again, and then I lost sight of him.

For a time I was in the whirl of the charge, fighting desperately for my life, thrust at by bayonets and cut at by sabers. Suddenly I found the riot die down and I was alone. Dazed as I was, I did not at first grasp the significance of the fact. I looked toward the town, and saw the French army hurrying into the St. Louis Gate; saw the Highlanders charging the bushes at the Cote Ste. Genevieve, where the brave Canadians made their last stand; saw, not fifty feet away, the noblest soldier of our time, even General Wolfe, dead in the arms of Mr. Henderson, a gentleman volunteer; and knew that the victory was ours.

SIR GILBERT PARKER.

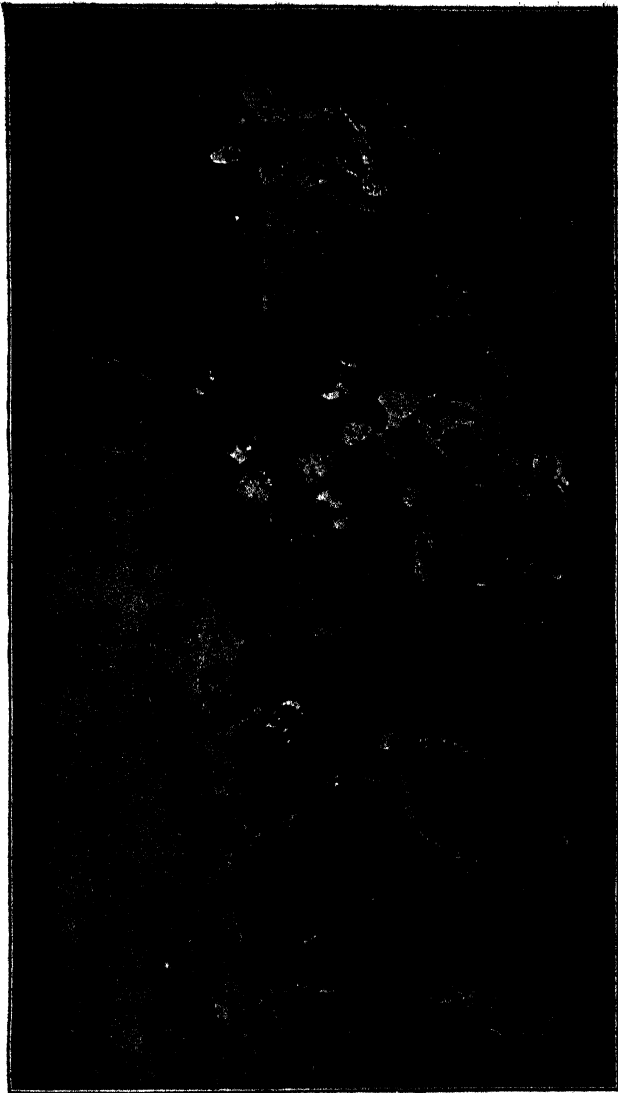
HELPS TO STUDY

What was "the great night"? Describe the starting of the boats and the silent journey down the river. Give the incident that seems almost prophetic of the death of the great English general. Read Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" and learn the stanzas you like best. Describe the ascent to the Heights of Abraham. Tell what happened the next day. Which army had the advantage? What was the result? How was it brought about? Open your history, and see whether you can find Wolfe's last words. They are often quoted.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Montcalm and Wolfe—Francis Parkman.

The Fight With France for North America—A. G. Bradley.



The Death of Wolfe
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CHRISTMAS AT OLD FORT LOUDON

I

It was Christmas in the Tennessee wilderness more than a hundred and fifty years ago. Fort Loudon entered on 'Yuletide preparations with great enthusiasm. The ball was indeed an affair of much splendor. Profuse wreaths of holly, with berries all aflame, decorated the walls of the great hall, and among them the lines of buffalo horns and the antlers of deer and the waving banners showed with 'enhanced effect. From the center of the ceiling the mystic mistletoe depended with such wide-spreading boughs that it might seem that no fair guest could hope to escape the penalty: this was the broad jest of the masculine entertainers.

The hosts, all the commissioned officers being present, were in full uniform, seeming brilliant against the decorated walls and in the great flare of the fire; even lace ruffles were to be seen, and many a 'queue' was braided and tied as fairly as the commandant's own. A huge Yule log, such as was not surpassed by any that had ever sent up sparks and flame at this sacred season, made the great chimney-place one vast scarlet glow. The door stood open, although the snow was on the ground, and the dark, bare branches of the rows of trees left in military order, down the center of the parade, whitely glimmered with frost and ice akin to the

chilly glitter of the wintry stars, which they seemed to touch with their topmost boughs.

The garrison had been surprised on the previous midnight by the sudden outbreak of the sound on the icy air of certain familiar old Christmas carols sung by a few of the soldiers, who had the memory and the voice to compass the feat and who had been wont for a time to steal off to the woods to rehearse in secret. They did this, in order to bring to the Yuletide, so surely coming, even to these far-away wilds, something of the blithe association and yet the spirit of 'sanctity of the old remembered Yuletides of long ago. The singers were summoned into the hall by the commandant, and the embers stirred up, and they drank his health and the king's. And now, all unseen in the darkness, the musicians were stationed at a little distance to mellow the sound, and were singing those old Christmas carols while the guests gathered. The rough martial voices rang out with a sort of 'jubilant solemnity natural to men whose progress through life was to the sound of the drum.

The beat pulsed through the open doors to the groups about the big Yuletide fires and those coming in out of the dark wilderness, not daring to stir without firelock, knife, and pistol for fear of a treacherous foe. And in the hearts and minds of the full-armed guests was roused a sentiment not new but half-for-

gotten, to hear in those confident, mellow, assured tones :

God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing ye dismay;
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day.

One would hardly have believed that there was so much finery in the settlement—of different dates and fashions, it is true, and various 'nationalities. The wife of one settler wore a good gown of brocade, although her husband seemed quite 'assured in his buckskins. Two or three heads were held the higher from a proud consciousness of periwigs and powder. There were many fine gowns of all colors, much lace and some beautiful ornaments.

The 'minuet was a splendid maze as the firelight glowed and flashed on the scarlet uniforms and the delicate, dainty tints of the ladies' gowns, giving out the gloss of satin and now and again showing the soft whiteness of a bare arm held upward to the clasp of a partner's hand in a lace ruffle and a red sleeve, in the graceful attitudes prescribed by the dance. The measured and stately step, the slow, smooth whirl, the swinging, changing postures, the fair, smiling faces and shining eyes, all seemed curiously enhanced by the environment—the background of boughs of holly on the walls, and the military suggestions of the metallic flashing of the arms resting on the line of deer antlers

that encircled the room: it was like a bird singing its roundelay perched in a cannon's mouth.

Captain Stuart, the commandant of the fort, had encountered a difficulty in these simple backwoods Christmas festivities which was altogether unexpected. He had diligently considered the odds against success, in which, however, the chief seemed the lack of proper refreshment, for one could not serve venison and buffalo and wild fowl to hunters as luxuries, and the limited compass and strictly useful character of the goods sent over the mountains to the fort rendered even the gathering of materials for the punch bowl a matter of forethought. But wheat bread was secured, and, with eggs and cheese, certain other palatable viands were made.

The soldiers were given a share in the entertainment appropriate to their military rank and in keeping with their taste. They were even now carousing gayly in their quarters, where there was more Christmas spirit in circulation than spirituous liquor, for the commandant's orders were niggardly indeed as to serving out rum, in view of their perilous situation so far from help, so alone in the midst of hordes of hostile savages—his parsimony in this regard passed with them as necessity. Therefore they drank their thimblefull with warm hearts and cool heads; the riotous roared out wild songs and vied with one another in wrestling matches or boxing encounters; the more sedate played

cards or dominoes close to the light of the flaring fire, or listened with ever fresh interest to the great stories told by the gray-headed drum-major who had served in foreign lands.

Even the Indians had been considered. In response to the invitation, they had sent the previous day their 'symbolic white swan's wings painted with streaks of white clay, and these were placed in the decorated hall. The gates of the fort that morning had been flung wide open to all who would come. The head-men and 'Oconostota, the king of the Cherokee nation, were escorted to the great hall of the officers' quarters, the latter on the arm of Captain Stuart himself. The Indian king, being a trifle lame of one leg—he was known among the soldiers as "Old Hop,"—was evidently pleased by the unusual attention and made the most of his infirmity, leaning heavily on the officer's arm. Arrayed in their finest fur robes with beautiful broad collars of white swan's down about their necks, with their faces mild and devoid of paint, seated in state before the great fire, the head-men were treated to French brandy, duly diluted, and the best Virginia tobacco offered in very curious pipes. These, with some medals imported for the purpose, were presented as gifts when the company was concluded, and the Cherokees accepted them with a show of much pleasure. Indeed, they conducted themselves always under such circumstances with a very good grace and a certain dig-

nity and propriety of feeling which almost amounted to good breeding.

This was maintained when, invited by the commandant, they witnessed the dress parade, especially elaborate in honor of the occasion; and they listened attentively when Captain Stuart made a short address to the troops on the sacred character of the day. After the tap of the drum had given a resonant "Amen!" the soldiers marched off upon the word and broke ranks, and such little observance as the fort could offer in commemoration of the event was over.

The Indians all realized this and were seen loitering out of the great gate, the commandant receiving their compliments upon the good behavior of his "young men" and their fine appearance. The Indians, with Oconostota at their head, then took their leave, after Stuart had made a complimentary speech.

He felt relieved that all had gone off so well and that they were rid of the Cherokees for the day.

II

But now the unforeseen was upon him, the fatally unexpected event for which none can prepare. An express had come after nightfall from over the mountains, bringing, besides the mail, rumors of another Indian outbreak on the South Carolina frontier. A number of settlers had been massacred, and the doers of the deed had escaped unpunished. Stuart, charging the man to say nothing of his news to blight the Christ-

mas festivities—since the reports might not be true—sent him to make merry among the soldiers.

Anxiety had now taken possession of that stout heart of Stuart's. When the settlers had begun to gather to the ball, the earliest arrivals brought no suggestion of difficulty. The next comers, however, had seen straggling bands of Indians across the river, but they were mentioned casually and with no sense of alarm. The guests to enter last had been somewhat surprised to notice numbers of canoes at the landing-place; and presently Captain Stuart was called aside by the officer of the day. He stated that in making the rounds he had learned that the sentinel at the gate had reported having observed bands of Indians lurking about on the edge of the woods, and that quite a number had come, singly and in groups, to the gate to demand admission. The gathering of the white people had roused their attention evidently. They had heard of the massacre on the frontier and feared some effort at reprisal. The scanty numbers of the garrison invited their blood-thirsty rapacity, but they were awed by the cannon, and although having vague ideas concerning the management and scope of artillery, they realized its terrible power.

Perhaps it was with some idea of forcing an entrance by surprise—that they might be within the walls of the fort and out of range of the guns at this critical juncture of the massing of the forces of the settlers and

the garrison—that a party of thirty or forty Cherokees suddenly rushed past the sentinel on the 'counter-scarp, who had hardly time to level his gun and to call lustily on the guard. The men on guard duty, at once turning out, met the onset of the savages at the gate and bore them back with the bayonet. There was the sudden, quick tramp on the frozen ground of a man running at full speed, and as Stuart dashed through the 'sally-port he called out, "Bar the gates! Bar the gates!" in a wild, imperative voice.

In another moment he was standing outside among the savages, saying blandly in Cherokee, of which he had mastered sundry phrases—"How now, my friends—my best friends!" and holding out his hand with his frank, genial manner first to one of the Indians, then to another.

They looked upon his hand in disdain and spat on the ground.

A Cherokee stepped suddenly forward—a man with a tuft of eagle feathers on his scalp-lock quivering with angry agitation, his face smeared with paint, clad in the buckskin shirt and leggings that the settlers had copied from the Indians, with pistols at his belt as well as a firelock in one hand—the barrel sawed off short to aid its 'efficacy. He had advanced one foot and he brandished his tomahawk—a furious gesture—but without immediate intention of using it, for now and again he thrust the weapon into his belt.

"The white captain calls on his friends—and where are they? Not on the outside of these great guns that bar us from our own. The fort is ours! Did we not bargain for it in solemn treaty? Did we not join the English in their wars against the French? And for what? That King George should build us a fort to protect our women and children, our old men and our boys, while the braves are away fighting King George's battles. And what does the great Earl of Loudon? He builds this fort, for which we have paid with our blood—and then he sends his redcoat soldiers to hold the fort from us and man our great guns and be a threat and danger instead of a protection. And the white men now gather together for grief to the red men and take the Indians' fort and turn the cannon against them!"

There was a moment of tense silence as Stuart faced the circle of angry faces. But when he spoke, he spoke quietly and effectively.

"If you say it is not well to shut the gates on this array of braves, I open them! I come here because I am sent; a soldier has no will of his own. The Earl of Loudon placed the garrison here. Perhaps if you send a talk to the new head-man, General Amherst, he will take the soldiers away. I go or stay according to orders; I march at a word. But to-night the children of the settlers make merry. I told you this morning of our religion. So the children make merry—you can

hear them now at their play. The parents bring them here and share their mirth, for this is the festival of the Child! Now your warriors are brave and splendid and terrible to look upon. If they go through the gates, the little children would be smitten with fear; the heart of a little child is like a leaf in the wind—so moved by fear. But say the word—and I open the gates.”

The Cherokee suddenly grasped Stuart’s hand in his own, gripping it hard for a moment, while with his other hand he waved a command for his men to retire, which they did, slowly, with lowering, surprised eyes and clouded brows.

“Go back!” he said to Stuart. “Hold the gate fast. You make your feast. Keep it. I believe your words. You are my friend.”

He turned suddenly and went down toward the river, the sad yellow moon sending his brown, lengthened shadow far along the stretches of white snow. Captain Stuart paused for a moment, leaning heavily against the gate; then as he slipped within it and into the shadow of the wall, he was full glad to hear the dancing feet, all unconscious of the danger that had been so near, and the childish treble scream of the unscalped children.

“A little more and there would have been another massacre of innocents,” he said, walking slowly across the parade. He took back the order concerning the

hour at which "tattoo" and "lights out" should sound. "For," he thought, noticing the cheerful groups in the soldiers' quarters, "I could get them under arms much more quickly if awake than by drumming them out of their beds in barracks."

He carried no sign of the agitation of the interview just past when he returned to the tinted swirl of the dancing figures in the flaring light of the great fire, made more brilliant by the glow of the holly boughs and the flutter of banners and the flash of steel from the decorated walls about them. He, too, trod a gay measure and never looked more at ease and care-free and jovially imperious than in the character of gallant host. Even in the gray dawn as he stood at the sally-port of the fort and there took leave of the guests, as group by group departed, he was as smiling throughout as though the revels were yet to begin.

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

HELPS TO STUDY

Fort Loudon is famous as the first building erected by English people within the limits of Tennessee. It stood on the south bank of the Little Tennessee River, about half a mile above the mouth of the Tellico. The site may still be traced in fading lines of earthworks, some crumbling stones, and an old well. The fort owed its origin to the Earl of Loudon, who was the commander of the British forces in America in the early part of the French and Indian War. Fearing that the Indians inhabiting what is now the State of Tennessee would go over to the French, Loudon sent Andrew Lewis to build a fort in that region. For a certain

period of time after the building of the fort, which was completed in 1756, the Indians were friendly, but swarms of settlers began to invade their lands, and the savages at length became hostile. Finally, a short time after the Christmas celebration described in the story, they laid siege to the fort. Captain Stuart was obliged to surrender to the Indians, because no help came from the outside and food was no longer to be obtained. By the terms of the surrender, the soldiers and the settlers were free to return to the eastern settlements, but on the march they were attacked by the Indians and all but a few were massacred. Stuart himself escaped.

I. Give an account of the preparations for the Christmas celebration. What was one of the chief difficulties to be overcome? How was the day spent? Describe the costumes worn at the ball; also the entertainment provided for the guests. What part did the Indians take in the festivities?

II. What news came at nightfall? What suspicious circumstances added to Captain Stuart's uneasiness? What traits of character do you find in the captain? At what time did he best show his quickness of mind in meeting danger? When did you admire him most? What pictures does the story leave clearly in your mind?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

The Pathfinder—J. Fenimore Cooper.
Tennessee History Stories—T. C. Karna.
The Yemassee—William Gilmore Simms.
Prisoners of Hope—Mary Johnston.
Old Fort Loudon—Charles Egbert Craddock.
Fairfax—John Esten Cooke.
Ramona—Helen Hunt Jackson.

A VENTURE IN 1777

In the closing days of the year 1777, Washington's army was at Valley Forge, twenty miles from Philadelphia, suffering all the hardships of war. There were but three or four thousand men, and they were starving and freezing in the bitter cold of the Christmas season. On the other hand, the British army was comfortably quartered in Philadelphia; the officers lived in the best homes of the city. Three of them were stationed in Mrs. Markham's house—Colonel Grimstone, Captain Verney, and Count Einstein. Mrs. Markham's husband, a colonel of the Continental army, was a prisoner in New York, and efforts were being made to have him exchanged for some British officer. On Christmas Eve, Tom Markham, a lad of sixteen and the eldest of three sons, saw the officers in his home examining a map, made by one Major Montresor, which showed the British defenses around Philadelphia. The officers promised the boys, by way of a treat, that they would take them around the lines next day on a tour of inspection. Tom went to sleep dreaming of the map and all that it would mean to General Washington, if he could see it.

I

The boys were up early, overjoyed to see a brilliant, sunshiny day. Mrs. Markham provided an ample luncheon, and with Verney and the colonel in front of the sleigh, and the twins and Tom well muffled up on the back seat, the party sped away, the snow creaking under the runners.

The twins talked, laughed and sang, while Tom sat still, thinking.

They paused again and again in Germantown and beyond it to inspect positions or to talk to officers. At Chestnut Hill they drove down the westward slope and finally came upon the farthest picket line below the hill. Verney, an engineer officer, thought a field work was needed at this point. Accordingly, the two officers got out, leaving their fur overcoats in the sleigh, as the air was now warmer and they had to tramp some distance through the heavy drifts of snow. The colonel had put Montresor's map in the pocket of his fur coat.

"We shall be gone half an hour, boys," said Verney. "Had we not better call a corporal from the fire yonder to stand by the horses?"

"Pshaw! man," said Grimstone, "they would stand till night. They are dead tired. Don't you want the map?"

"No," said Verney; "I know it by heart."

About a hundred yards distant was a great camp fire and just ahead of them an outlying picket of two soldiers, one on each side above the road. Tom sat on the front seat, the reins in his hand. Of a sudden a mad idea came into his mind.

The map was in the sleigh. The two officers were far away, tramping through the drifts. Before him lay the lonely highway. He would take the map to Washington. He forgot the peril of the mad venture now tempting him, or gave it but a boy's passing thought. His summers had been spent at a farm near

White Marsh and he knew the country well. The temptation was too much for him.

A man would have realized the difficulties and the danger for the smaller boys. Tom did not; a boy's mind is more simple. The risks for himself were merely additional temptations.

He stood up, the reins in his hand, and gazed anxiously after the retreating forms of the two officers. Then he turned to his brothers. "Get over in front, Bill; quick, and don't make a noise."

There was mischief in the air, as Bill at once knew. He climbed over the seat and waited.

"Hold fast, Harry," said Tom. "These horses are going to run away."

"Oh, let me out," cried Harry.

"No, hold on, and keep quiet."

"What fun!" cried Bill. "We are to have a ride all to ourselves."

"Do you whack the horses, Bill. They'll go. But—wait a moment." Tom gave one last look around him and ahead.

Beyond the picket the road ran straight for a mile. Tom's eyes roamed over the trackless vacancy of snow-clad spaces into which the highway disappeared. No one was in sight. He had his moment of final hesitation, but it was soon over.

"Are you ready, Bill?" he asked, handing him the whip.

"All right," said Bill, seeing desirable mischief ahead and enjoying the prospect.

Harry was less eager, but, ashamed to confess his fears, he said bravely, "Well, Tom, hurry up."

"Now," said Tom, "do you, Bill, hit the horses with the whip, not too hard. They'll go."

They did go, for Bill, enchanted, had to be stopped. In an instant they were off and away at a mad gallop over a much-used road.

"Look! look!" cried the colonel. "The horses have run away!"

The soldiers shouted, the picket ran down to the road, too late, and, furious at this unwonted treatment, the horses raced. A mile or more went by before the heavy snowdrifts of a less-used road lessened their speed. On a hillcrest Tom stood up and looked back.

"Guess we are safe, boys," he said. "It's good there were no horses about."

As the sleigh moved more slowly at a trot, Bill said, "It was a first-class runaway!" and Harry, reassured, asked if it wasn't time for lunch.

Tom said no, and kept his eye on the road, which by one o'clock became hard for the horses, as the drifts were heavier.

At last he pulled up for luncheon and to rest the team. As the twins were now pretty cold, Tom got out the fur coats left by the officers.

"There are only two," objected Harry.



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"Oh, I'll fix that," said Tom. And this was his way: he threw the heavy sable coat over the boys' shoulders, and while Harry put his right hand into the right sleeve, Bill put his left hand into the left sleeve. When Tom had them buttoned up, the two red faces being close together in the middle, he called them a double-headed bear and roared with laughter as he himself put on the colonel's coat.

"Won't he say things!" said Bill, and they went on, but now only at a walk. Harry did not like it, but, disliking to confess his fears, he kept quiet.

They met no one. The distant farms were hidden by the snow-laden forests. The drifts became heavier. Now they were off the road and now on. There were no marks of recent travel. It was Christmas; the farmers were at home. Both the twins had become silent, Tom more and more anxious as he missed his well-known landmarks.

At last a dead tree on the road let him know that he was about six miles from Valley Forge. The horses had come quite nine miles or more through tiring drifts. Now and then their feet balled and Tom had to get down and beat out the packed snow.

Finally the horses could do no more than walk. It was well on to four o'clock, but at this Tom could only guess. He began to be troubled about the twins and a little to regret having made his venture. If they came to a stop with no house in sight, what could he do? To

walk to the American camp would be hard even for him, and for the twins impossible.

Again he stopped the horses for a rest, a formidable drift lying ahead and filling the road.

By this time Bill had lost much of the joy of his chievious adventure. He began to think it was time for them to return home, and Harry had asked over and over how soon they would go back. Tom at length ceased to answer him as it drew toward evening.

There was a new sharpness in the air, a warning to Tom of what night would bring. He stood upon his seat and searched the white-clad land for a house or the wood opening which might lead to one. He saw no sign of habitation to which he could go in person for help. And how could he leave his brothers? Even to turn homeward in the narrow road among the drifts would have been, as he saw, quite out of the question. What else was there to do but to go on?

Even at this worst minute of his daring adventure the boy could have cried at the thought of failure. He felt the map under his waistcoat, thought of his father, a prisoner, and then cheering up the twins, used the whip on the weary horses, who plunged into the great mound of snow.

A trace snapped, the sleigh turned over on its side, the horses kicked, broke loose and galloped away down the road and were soon lost to view.

Tom got on his feet and looked for the twins. For

a moment they were out of sight. Then the huge drift began to shake, and their four legs were seen kicking above the snow, whence Tom pulled out the two-headed bear. Bill laughed, but Tom did not, and Harry looked his alarm.

All three, working hard, were able to right the sleigh, after beating away a part of the drift. After that they climbed in and ate what was left of the food, but were not quite so merry as before, while Tom, made savage by failure, would neither eat nor talk.

At last he stood up on the seat. "I hear something. Now," he said, turning, "mind you, if these I hear are British, we were run away with. Hush!" He heard in the sharp, frosty air the clink of sabers and soon the thud of horses' hoofs in the snow.

II

A moment after the runaway boys had heard the sound of horses in the snow, a dozen troopers of the Continental army were around them and a young officer rode up, while Harry whimpered and said, "Now we'll be killed."

"Why, hello!" cried the officer, "but here's a queer capture. Who are you?"

"I am Tom Markham, sir. My father is Colonel Markham, and these are my brothers."

When Allan McLane saw the two-headed bear he rocked with laughter as he sat in his saddle.

"And how did you get here?"

"We ran away with the horses of Colonel Grimstone and Captain Verney, and, sir, this was why we ran away." As he spoke Tom pulled out Montresor's map.

McLane opened the paper. "Yes, it is Montresor's own map. How did you get it?"

"They left it in the sleigh while they went to look at something this side of Chestnut Hill. Is it of any use, sir?" added Tom anxiously.

"Any use, man! If General Washington doesn't make you a colonel for this, there is no sense in man or boy trying to serve an ungrateful country."

Then the twins, feeling neglected, said, "We helped, too."

"I licked the horses," cried Bill.

"Aren't you cold, boys?"

"Yes, sir, but we never told Tom," said Bill.

"Good! my boy: you are a plucky lad. Take this two-headed animal, Sergeant. Mount one of them, coat and all, in front of you, and be quick, or we shall have them frozen. Put the little one on Smith's horse."

"Harry may have my coat," said Tom.

"Good," said the captain. "And you shall wear my own cloak, my lad, and ride with me."

Seeing Harry's look of fright and the ready tears, he added: "It's all right, youngsters. Don't you be afraid. We are all your friends and I know your father well."

Turning to Tom, he said: "This way, my lad. Give him a knee, Sergeant; so, a foot in my stirrup and up you go behind me. Now then, right about, by twos, march!"

He went off at a sharp trot with Tom's arms around his waist.

"Hold on to the belt," he said. "May I some day have a boy like you! I enlist you in my troop and you are now one of Allan McLane's rangers. Hold hard. The road is better, and I am going to gallop. Don't fall off!"

If ever there was a proud boy it was Tom Markham, for who did not know Allan McLane, the terror of outlying pickets, the hero of a dozen gallant adventures?

Soon the party reached Captain McLane's hut, where the two little boys stayed while Tom went on with the captain to General Washington's headquarters.

Presently McLane paused at the door of a small stone house, the only one in the lines. A sentry walked to and fro before it.

McLane went in and said to an officer: "Mr. Tilghman, ask the general to see me. It is important."

In a few minutes the officer returned. "This way," he said.

Tom saw seated before the fire a large man in buff-and-blue uniform. He rose, saying: "What news have you, Captain?"

"This lad, sir, brought from the town at some peril this map."

The tall officer considered the map a few moments and then said, looking up: "This is Major Montresor's own map and is invaluable. What is your name, my boy?"

"I'm a son of Colonel Markham, sir."

"A most gallant officer. And how, my lad, did you happen to get this map?"

Tom was a little disturbed by this authoritative gentleman. Being a boy, he had, of course, been left standing, while McLane and the tall man were seated. He understood that he must stand until requested to sit, but it did add a little to a certain embarrassment, rare for Tom.

"Tell your story, Tom," said McLane.

"Well, sir, the horses ran away and the map was in the sleigh." Tom paused. Action, not speech, was his gift, then as always.

"It is not very clear, but the lad is tired."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, without the least boyish desire to describe what was a bold and dangerous adventure.

"Never mind your story now. Captain McLane will tell me later. You are a brave lad, and if God had given me one like you I should have been glad."

Tom felt somehow that he was well rewarded.

"But," added the tall man, setting kind, blue eyes

on the lad, "this will make a great stir, and you will, I fear, suffer for it when you reach home."

"Yes, sir," said Tom. "And the twins?"

"Twins? What's this, McLane?"

"There were three in the business," replied the captain.

"Indeed. I wish there were as much spirit in the army."

"After all, sir," said McLane, "what can they do to a mere boy whose horses ran away?"

"But how are they to get to the city?"

"I will see to that, sir, and let Mrs. Markham know."

"Yes, yes, quite right. Now I must be excused." The tall man rose and shook hands with Tom, and bowed to the officer.

"Come, Tom," said McLane.

Tom made his best bow and they went out into the cold December night. Then Tom asked, "Who was that general?"

"Good gracious, my boy, I thought you knew! That was General Washington. He might have thanked you more. But that's his way."

"I think he said enough, sir."

McLane looked at the young face, now elate and smiling and then quiet in thought.

The lieutenant was waiting in the hut when Tom and the captain returned.

McLane said: "I shall be away for a day or more. Their mother must hear news of these lads. I leave them in your care, Lieutenant."

"Yes, sir," replied the officer, saluting.

The captain then said good-by, and was gone for three days.

Meanwhile the story was told by the troopers and soon repeated at the campfires, where the men amused themselves mightily with the twins and their narrative. Tom held his tongue, and, wandering around, saw the earthworks, and the ragged soldiers making shoes out of old blankets and plaited straw, or cooking frozen potatoes and decayed pickled herring, and growling over their diet.

He saw the army wagons come in with wood, the worn-out traces replaced by grapevines. He saw men on guard relieved every hour for fear of frozen feet, which were shoeless, and more than once a sentry standing on his hat for relief, with feet double wrapped in bits of blanket. He went through all the experiences of the American army in that terrible winter.

At dusk, three days later, McLane appeared again. The boys listened to his story with the greatest eagerness.

"You see, boys," he began, "now and then I go into Philadelphia to see the troops and where they are."

"But isn't that dangerous?" asked Tom, who knew well what was the fate of a spy.

“Well, rather. I should be hanged if I were caught, but you see they don’t catch me. Two days ago I rode with a trooper to a deserted barn, and there I put on a Quaker bonnet, an old woman’s clothes, shoes and horn spectacles; and with a crutch and a basket of eggs I got of a farmer, I walked down Lancaster Pike and hobbled over the floating bridge.

“Any one with provisions can get in and have a pass to get out, and I have been in town several times and am pretty well known as Mrs. Price. I sold my eggs, some of them to Sir William Howe’s cook. Then I went to your house.”

“Oh, and you saw mother?” cried Harry.

“Shut up,” said Bill; “I want to hear.”

“When I came to your house, I went to the back gate and was let in by a black cook—”

“That’s Nancy,” added Bill.

“I said I had eggs for sale. Then she took me to the hall and I sat down. There I saw that red-nosed colonel come in. I was knitting a stocking and was pretty busy, with my spectacles on. Your mother asked the price of my eggs and where I lived. When the colonel heard I lived near Valley Forge and had had a lift on a farmer’s cart to get to town, he asked about the troops here. I told him some fine yarns, and with this he went away. I should like to catch him and swap him off for your father.”

“Did you see Captain Verney?” asked Tom.

“Yes. I am a bit afraid of him. When he came through the hall, I had to turn my back because my garter was coming down.

“Your mother and I bargained for my eggs and at last the maid took them. Then I whispered, ‘Could I see thee alone?’ She said ‘Yes’ and took me into the parlor.

“I said: ‘Mrs. Markham, thee has no need to be troubled. The boys are safe at Valley Forge. The horses ran away.’

“When I told her this she cried, and just sat down and said: ‘I have been so distressed, but—I knew—Tom—was to be trusted.’ ”

“Oh!” exclaimed Tom, “did my mother say that?”

“Yes, she said that. I think the less you fellows talk at home of the runaway the better for you and your friend, Captain Verney. You see, the lost map will make a heap of trouble for him—and for you, too, if you are not careful.

“Then your mother began to ask questions, but I replied I was in a hurry, and that on New Year’s Eve she must get a pass for a chaise and man to meet you on the west side of the middle ferry about nine at night. I added, ‘The boys may have difficulty about a map. Best to see them alone before Grimstone can question them. It was very foolish for them to run away with that map.’

“When I spoke of the map she laughed and asked:

‘Was that why the horses ran away? Oh, Tom, Tom!’

“Then I said: ‘They can’t do anything to your boys.’

“‘No, but Mr. Verney and the colonel were much blamed and are very cross. However, that night I can see the boys alone. The officers—I mean the colonel and Captain Verney—are to take supper with Mr. Penn at his house over the river.’

“I asked if it was the place in the woods above the Schuylkill, the place he calls The Solitude. I wanted to be sure. Your mother said: ‘Yes. It is there, I believe.’ It set me to thinking.

“‘Of a sudden she turned on me and said: ‘You are no Quaker.’

“I laughingly replied: ‘No, madam, I am Captain Allan McLane, at your service.’

“This did scare her for the risk I ran, but I said there was none. She sent you her love, and that’s all my story. We found the horses, Tom. I will take one and my lieutenant the other.”

“I don’t like that,” said Tom.

“Spoils of war, sir; and now to get to bed.”

“And the fur coats?” asked Tom, anxiously honest.

“We will return Captain Verney’s, but I will keep the colonel’s. Now to bed, boys.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Tom.

“That was a fine story,” spoke up Bill. “I like real, true stories.”

"And it ends just right," remarked Harry.

"Oh, that is not the end," laughed McLane.

Then the boys were curious and questioned their friend, but he would tell them no more.

"To bed," he cried, and rolled them up in blankets on the cabin floor.

The end of the story was still better. The boys reached home in safety and were warmly welcomed by their mother. Colonel Grimstone, when he went to take supper at The Solitude, on the other side of the river, was surprised and captured by the bold McLane. The British officer was exchanged for Colonel Markham, who rejoined Washington. That was why the Christmas of 1777 was the finest the Markham boys ever knew in all their experience of fine Christmases.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

HELPS TO STUDY

I. What was the venture in 1777? Tell how it was carried out and what was the result. Tom did three things which would have made any boy happy. What were they?

II. Find out all you can about the winter at Valley Forge and tell it in class. Give your opinion of Captain McLane. What did he do to maintain his reputation as a darling officer?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Hugh Wynne—S. Weir Mitchell.

Janice Meredith—Paul Leicester Ford.

The Spy—J. Fenimore Cooper.

Horse-Shoe Robinson—John P. Kennedy.

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her decks, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HELPS TO STUDY

The *Constitution*, or "Old Ironsides," is the most famous ship of the American navy. It was built in Boston in 1798 and first saw fighting in the War with Tripoli (1801-05). When the War of 1812 began, the *Constitution* was commanded by Captain Isaac Hull. The ship had a narrow escape from a British fleet, and, on August 9, 1812, fell in with the enemy's frigate, *Guerrière*. The British vessel surrendered after a sharp fight. In December, 1812, the *Constitution* captured the *Java*, and in 1814 took three other British warships. In 1830 the Secretary of the Navy proposed to sell the old ship, but Holmes's poem aroused such enthusiasm in the country that it was decided to keep the *Constitution*, which may still be seen at the navy-yard near Boston.

What incident called forth this poem? Does the poet make one think of the *Constitution* as a wooden vessel or as a living, conscious being? How does he give that impression? Note the different terms used in speaking of the ship in the first and second stanzas? What substitute for selling it did he suggest? Why is such an alternative preferred? What is the reason for keeping the ship on exhibition at the navy-yard? Mention some objects of historical interest that are preserved at other places in our country. Is such preservation a good thing? Why? Read aloud the lines in the poem you like best.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Ye Mariners of England—Thomas Campbell.

The Revenge—Alfred Tennyson.

The Building of the Ship—Henry W. Longfellow.

Hervé Riel—Robert Browning.

The Loss of the Royal George—William Cowper.



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THE ALAMO

The great State of Texas was not always a part of the United States; it belonged to Mexico, the republic lying to the south. Its fertility and beauty attracted many settlers from the United States, who at last organized a State government under Mexico. The Mexicans, however, did not treat the Texans fairly, and the latter determined to set up an independent republic. In the war that followed there occurred some of the most heroic episodes in all history; the noblest of these was the defense of the Alamo, which is described in the following selection. The story is largely told in the words of one of the defenders, David Crockett.

The Alamo was one of the missions erected by the Spanish government in the outlying parts of Mexico. It was half a fort, half a religious station. It consisted of a church and some other buildings in an inclosure surrounded by stone walls twenty feet high and five feet thick. The Alamo was unused and in a partially ruinous condition in 1836, when the necessities of war made it the scene of the famous defense.

The fortress of 'Alamo is at the town of San Antonio de Bexar, on the San Antonio river, which flows through the town. Bexar is about one hundred and forty miles from the coast, and contains upward of twelve hundred citizens, all native Mexicans with the exception of a few American families who have settled there. Besides these there is a garrison of soldiers, and pedlars of every description, who resort to it from the borders of the Rio Grande as their nearest dépôt of American goods. A military outpost was established at this

spot by the Spanish government in 1718. Its site is one of the most beautiful in the western world. The air is 'salubrious, the water delightful, and the health of the citizens proverbial.

The gallant young Colonel Travis, who commands the Texan forces in the fortress of Alamo, received me like a man; and though he can barely muster one hundred and fifty effective men, will give a good account of himself if 'Santa Anna should make an attack on us with his whole host of ruffians. But one spirit appears to animate the little band of patriots—and that is liberty or death. They wish to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience and to govern themselves as freemen should be governed.

I found Colonel 'Bowie, of Louisiana, in the fortress, a man celebrated for having been in more desperate personal conflicts than any other in the country, and who has given his name to a knife of peculiar construction now in general use in the Southwest. I was introduced to him by Colonel Travis, and he gave me a friendly welcome and appeared to be greatly pleased that I had arrived safely. While we were conversing he had occasion to draw his famous knife to cut a strap, and the bare sight of it was enough to give a man a cold feeling up the backbone.

"Colonel," said Bowie, "you might tickle a fellow's ribs a long time with that little instrument before you'd make him laugh."

The colonel's life has been marked by constant peril and deeds of daring. A few years ago he went on a hunting excursion into the prairies of Texas with nine companions. They were attacked by a roving party of Comanche Indians about two hundred strong, and such was Bowie's science in this sort of wild warfare that after killing a considerable number of the enemy, he fairly frightened the remainder from the field of action.

I write this on February 19, 1836, at San Antonio. We are all in high spirits, though we are rather short of provisions; but no matter, we have a prospect of soon getting our stomachs full of fighting, and that is victuals and drink to a true patriot any day.

FEBRUARY 22. The Mexicans, about sixteen hundred strong, with their president, Santa Anna, at their head, are within two leagues of Bexar. Some of the scouts came in; they bring reports that Santa Anna has been endeavoring to excite the Indians to hostilities against the Texans, but so far without effect.

FEB. 23. Early this morning the enemy came in sight, marching in regular order and displaying their strength to the greatest advantage, in order to strike us with terror. But that was no go; they'll find that they have to do with men who will never lay down their guns as long as they can stand on their legs. We held a short council of war, and, finding that we should be completely surrounded and overwhelmed by numbers,

If we remained in the town, we concluded to withdraw to the fortress of Alamo and defend it to the last extremity. We accordingly filed off in good order, having some days before placed all the surplus provisions, arms, and ammunition in the fortress. We have had a large national flag made; it is composed of thirteen stripes, red and white, alternately, on a blue ground, with a large white star in the center. It is something like the United States flag and it is very handsome. As soon as our little band, about one hundred and fifty in number, had entered and secured the fortress, we set about raising our flag on the battlements. As the flag rose, one of the men burst forth in a clear, full voice that made the blood tingle in the veins of all who heard him:

Up with your banner, Freedom,
Thy champions cling to thee;
They'll follow where'er you lead 'em,
To death or victory;—
Up with your banner, Freedom.

Tyrants and slaves are rushing
To tread thee in the dust:
Their blood will soon be gushing
And stain our knives with rust;—
But not your banner, Freedom.

While stars and stripes are flying,
Our blood we'll freely shed;
No groan will 'scape the dying,
Seeing thee o'er his head;—
Up with your banner, Freedom.

The song was followed by three cheers from all within the fortress, and the drums and trumpets began playing. The enemy marched into Bexar, and took possession of the town, a blood-red flag flying at the head of the column to indicate that we need not expect quarter if we should fall into their clutches. In the afternoon a messenger was sent from the enemy to Colonel Travis, demanding an unconditional surrender of the garrison and threatening to put every man to the sword in case of refusal. The only answer he received was a cannon shot, so the messenger left us with a flea in his ear; and the Mexicans began firing grenades at us, but without doing any mischief. At night Colonel Travis sent an express to Colonel Fannin at Goliad, about three or four days' march from this place, to let him know that we are besieged.

FEB. 24. Very early this morning the enemy commenced a new battery on the banks of the river, about three hundred and fifty yards from the fort, and in the afternoon they amused themselves by firing at us from that quarter. Our Indian scout came in this evening, and with him a reinforcement of thirty men from Gonzales, who are just in the nick of time to reap a harvest

of glory, though there is some prospect of sweating blood before we gather it.

FEB. 25. The firing began early this morning, but the Mexicans are poor marksmen, for we have not lost a single man and our outworks have sustained no injury. Our sharpshooters have brought down a number of stragglers at a long range. The enemy have been busy during the night and have mounted two batteries on the opposite side of the river. They are determined to surround us and cut us off from reinforcement, or the possibility of escape by a 'sortie. Well, there's one thing they cannot prevent; we can still go ahead and sell our lives at a high price!

FEB. 26. Colonel Bowie has been taken sick from over-exertion and exposure. He did not leave his bed to-day until twelve o'clock. He is worth a dozen men in a situation like ours. This day a small party sallied out of the fort for wood and water, and had a slight skirmish with three times their number of Mexicans. They beat off the enemy, after killing three.

FEB. 27. The cannonading began early this morning; ten bombs were thrown into the fort, but fortunately exploded without doing any mischief. So far it has been a sort of tempest in a teapot, not unlike a battle in Congress, where both parties array their forces and fire away with sounding speeches, which contain about as much meaning as the report of a 'howitzer charged with a blank cartridge. Provisions are

becoming scarce, and the enemy are trying to cut off our water. This discovery has created considerable excitement in the fort.

FEB. 28. Last night our hunters brought in some corn and hogs and had a brush with a scout from the enemy beyond gunshot of the fort. They put the scout to flight and got in without injury. They bring accounts that the settlers are flying in all quarters, leaving their possessions to the mercy of the ruthless invader, who is literally engaged in a war of extermination more brutal than the ignorant savage of the desert could be guilty of. Slaughter is indiscriminate, sparing neither sex, age, nor condition. Santa Anna seems determined to carry out his threat and convert the blooming paradise into a howling wilderness. The cannonading continued at intervals throughout the day, and all hands were kept up to their work. The enemy, somewhat emboldened, draws nigher to the fort. So much the better.

FEB. 29. Before daybreak we saw General Sesma leave his camp with a large body of cavalry and infantry and move off in the direction of Goliad. We think he must have received news of Colonel Fannin's coming to our relief. We are all in high spirits at the prospect of being able to give the rascals a fair shake on the plain. This business of being shut up makes a man wolfish. I had a little sport this morning before breakfast. The enemy had planted a piece of ordnance

within gunshot of the fort during the night, and the first thing in the morning they commenced a brisk cannonade, point-blank, against the spot where I was sleeping. I turned out quickly and mounted the rampart. The gun was charged again, and a fellow stepped forward to touch her off: but before he could apply the match I let him have it, and he keeled over. A second stepped up and snatched the match from the hand of the dying man, but a rifle was handed me, and the next instant the Mexican lay on the earth beside the fort. A third came up to the cannon; my companion handed me another gun, and I shot this foe in like manner. A fourth, then a fifth, seized the match, only to meet the same fate; and the whole party gave it up as a bad job and hurried off to the camp, leaving the cannon ready charged where they had planted it. I came down and ate breakfast.

MARCH 1. The enemy's forces have been increasing in numbers daily, notwithstanding they have already lost about three hundred men in the several assaults they have made upon us. Colonel Bowie's illness still continues, but he manages to crawl from his bed every day, that his comrades may see him. His presence alone is a tower of strength. The enemy becomes more daring as his numbers increase.

MARCH 2. This day the delegates meet in general convention, at the town of Washington, to frame our declaration of independence.

MARCH 3. We have given up hopes of receiving assistance from Goliad or Refugio. Colonel Travis addressed the garrison and ended by urging them, in case the enemy should carry the fort, to fight to the last gasp and render the victory more disastrous to them than to us. This was followed by three cheers.

MARCH 4. Shells have been falling into the fort like hail during the day, but without effect. About dusk we observed a man running toward the fort pursued by a dozen Mexican cavalry. He was the old man who had gone to Goliad. We sallied out of the fort to his relief, for he was hard pressed. Before we reached the spot the Mexicans were close on the heels of the runner, who stopped suddenly, turned short upon his pursuers, and discharged his rifle. One of the enemy fell from his horse. The chase was renewed, but finding that he would be overtaken and cut to pieces, the old man turned and became the assailant in turn. He clubbed his gun and dashed among them like a wounded tiger, and they fled like sparrows. By this time we had reached the spot. In the ardor of the moment we followed some distance before we saw that our retreat was cut off by another detachment of cavalry. Nothing was to be done but fight our way through. We were all of the same mind.

"Go ahead!" cried I, and they shouted, "Go ahead, Colonel!"

We dashed among them, and a bloody conflict en-

sued. The enemy were about twenty in number, and they stood their ground. After the fight had continued about five minutes, a party was seen issuing from the fort to our relief, when the Mexicans scampered off, leaving eight of their comrades dead on the field. But we did not escape unscathed, for both the messenger and my friend, the beehunter, were mortally wounded, while I received a saber cut across the forehead.

MARCH 5. Pop, pop, pop! Bom, bom, bom! throughout the day. No time for memorandums now. Go ahead! Liberty and independence forever!

At this point David Crockett's journal ends, for he had no time to record the events of the last fatal day. The Mexicans had surrounded the Alamo with their army, which numbered about five thousand men. The one hundred and eighty defenders of the fort had held off this multitude for many days, but the odds were too heavily against them.

Early on the morning of March 6, 1836, the Mexicans advanced to the assault in dense columns. They were received by such a fire that they reeled back from the walls of the Alamo, leaving heaps of dead and wounded. Once more their officers, with entreaties and threats, urged them on to the attack. Once more the Mexicans recoiled from the terrible fire of the defenders. A third time the enemy advanced to the walls, planted the scaling-ladders and swarmed up the rounds.

This time the Mexicans were not to be denied. The handful of Texans could not defend the long range of walls at every point, and the enemy were soon pouring down into the inclosure of the Alamo. The Texans now retired within the buildings, which they continued to defend with desperate bravery, firing through the windows and doors at the oncoming Mexicans. The inclosure was covered with dead, but the Mexicans advanced in increasing numbers. Room after room was stormed, the Texans fighting to the last. Colonel Travis received a mortal wound, but struck down a Mexican officer with a final effort. Bowie, who was too sick to rise from his couch, continued to fire at the Mexicans until he was killed himself; the enemy shot him from a distance, for they feared to come near his terrible knife.

The battle went on until only six of the Texans remained alive. David Crockett was of this number. He stood alone in an angle of the fort, the barrel of his shattered rifle in his right hand, in his left his huge, sharp knife dripping blood. There was a frightful gash across his forehead, while around him lay a circle of twenty Mexicans, dead and dying.

The brave Mexican general, Castrillon, wished to save these few gallant men, but Santa Anna refused to grant quarter. The Mexican soldiers turned once more on the last defenders of the Alamo. Crockett sprang forward like a tiger toward Santa Anna, but a dozen

swords pierced his undaunted breast, and he fell dead on the floor. The other defenders perished at the same moment, and the Mexicans were the masters of the Alamo. But at what a cost! More than five hundred of them lay dead or wounded, the testimonial to the bravery and devotion of the Texan band.

The defenders had not made their sacrifice in vain. A little later the main Texan army, under Samuel Houston, met Santa Anna at San Jacinto. The Texans rushed on the enemy with the cry of, "Remember the Alamo!" and the Mexicans were not able to stand before them. In a few minutes a glorious victory was won, the victory which secured the independence of Texas and enabled the great commonwealth, some years later, to become a part of the American Republic.

On the monument erected to the memory of the heroes of the Alamo the following lines are inscribed:

"THERMOPYLAE HAD ITS MESSENGER OF DEFEAT;
THE ALAMO HAD NONE."

HELPS TO STUDY

State the situation in which David Crockett found Travis and his forces. Read the account of each day's happenings as given by Crockett and tell which one was most interesting. What were the last words he wrote? Give the story of the dreadful struggle which brought "liberty and independence."

When Leonidas with 300 Spartans was betrayed at Thermopylae, only one man escaped, and he was always looked upon with contempt by his countrymen. What reference to this incident is found in the inscription on the monument? Find an account of the battle of Thermopylae and compare it with that of the Alamo.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind:
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms:
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane
That sweeps the broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the 'serried foe.
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the sleepless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war her richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a 'Spartan mother's breast,
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood you gave:
No 'impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck nor change nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

HELPS TO STUDY

This poem was written by Theodore O'Hara, a soldier of the Mexican War, on the occasion of the removal to Kentucky of the ashes of his comrades who had fallen in Mexico. Quotations from the poem have been placed on slabs of stone and bronze tablets in Arlington Cemetery near Washington and in other national burying grounds for soldiers provided by the government.

Read the first four stanzas and tell what spirit fills them. What custom of military burial is referred to in the third stanza? What familiar pictures of warfare are described in the second and fourth stanzas? In which stanzas are we told of the battle where the heroes lost their lives? To what are the compact (serried) ranks of the foe compared in the fifth stanza? How did the Americans feel when the thunder of the advance was heard? Angostura is a plain near the battlefield. Why should a mother's breath sweep over it? The "stout old chieftain" was General Zachary Taylor. Where had "rivers of their fathers' gore" been shed? In which stanza is the demand made that the bodies of the heroes be removed? Read the lines. Kentucky is an Indian name meaning "dark and bloody ground," and was given because of the blood shed on that soil during the many battles among the Indians themselves. What "richest spoils" does their loving country claim? In which stanza are we told that the removal has been made? What is meant by "implous footsteps"? What is "Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone"? How does it sing the "deathless song"?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Magnolia Cemetery Ode—Henry Timrod.

Burial of Sir John Moore—Charles Wolfe.

The Blue and the Gray—Francis Finch.

Texas History Stories—E. G. Littlejohn.

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO FAYETTEVILLE

One day in 1814 a Frenchman traveling from Charleston to New York passed through Fayetteville. His name was Horace Say, and he was a friend of Lafayette. It pleased him that the people of North Carolina loved the great Frenchman well enough to ~~name~~ ~~village~~ a town after him. The place was only a little village, but it was very pretty; there were two long streets in the shape of a cross. In the center of the cross streets stood the old market house, then used as the town hall. Horace Say was so pleased with the town that he drew a picture of it and sent it to Lafayette. The latter hung it on the wall of his library, and when he saw his friend thanked him for it.

"I shall probably never see the place itself," he said, "but your picture has given me an idea of it."

But Lafayette did see Fayetteville. Many years had passed since the Revolution. Lafayette had served his own country as well as he had served ours, and his people loved him almost as much as the Americans loved him. The United States had grown to be a great nation. Everything had changed since Lafayette had seen the country, but the people had not forgotten him. When it was learned that he was coming to America, Congress offered to send one of the best ships in our navy to bring him over. But he would not accept it, saying:

“No; I had rather go in a regular passenger vessel as a private person.”

He landed in New York on August 15, 1824, accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette. This was the second time that Lafayette had visited America. His first visit was made when he was a young man; now his hair was white. When he came before he was unknown in our country; now he was one of the most famous men in the world. On his first voyage he was a stranger among strange people; now he came as the guest of the nation he had helped to establish. He came at first in war; he returned in the peace he had helped to win. Never before had any man received such a welcome. Thousands of people met him everywhere as he traveled through the country, trying to show him how much the American people honored him.

On March 4th he came in sight of Fayetteville. Then Lafayette said to one of his friends: “We shall see if Mr. Say’s drawing is a good one.” When he came to the town, he said that he would have known it from the picture.

In front of the town hall a large stage had been erected. Up to the very foot of this stage both sides of the long street were lined with eager spectators. The soldiers, too, were drawn up on each side of the street to salute the hero as he passed between their lines. Lafayette was driven in a carriage down the

street between the rows of cheering people to the platform. There he was met by Judge John G. Toomer, one of the most distinguished men in the State, who welcomed him in the name of the town.

Judge Toomer's speech was greeted with tumultuous cheers from the vast crowd, who showed in this way that they approved of what he said for them. And Lafayette liked it, too. In his reply he told the people how glad he was to be there and how much he appreciated their giving the town his name.

After this public reception was over, Lafayette was conducted to the home of Duncan MacRae, a prominent banker, by whom he was entertained. When the guests had retired from the dinner-table to the drawing-room, probably the youngest orator who has ever welcomed a famous man delivered an address to Lafayette. This was Duncan C. MacRae, aged four years, grandson of Lafayette's host. His grandfather put him on the table, and there he made his speech, to the delight of all the guests. The great Frenchman gracefully and playfully replied to the youthful orator's effort. That night a large public dinner was given to the visitor, followed by a grand ball.

The next morning an interesting incident occurred. One of those who had cheered Lafayette as he came into the town was an old gray-headed soldier, Isham Blake. At the battle of Yorktown, where Lafayette had won so much glory by his bravery, this old soldier

had been one of his bodyguard. He was anxious to speak to his general, so on Saturday morning he made him a visit. And the great Frenchman, famous in two continents, had not forgotten the humble soldier; he knew him at once, and, throwing his arms around his neck, embraced him.

That afternoon at three o'clock one hundred and fifty gentlemen attended a farewell dinner given in honor of the town's guest. Judge Toomer presided; on his right sat Lafayette and on his left Governor Hutchings, the two distinguished guests.

The same afternoon at five o'clock Lafayette bade farewell to the little town, which now felt twice honored: because it bore his name, and because he had visited it. Of course everybody regretted to see him leave. The soldiers escorted him to the South Carolina line, where they resigned him into the keeping of the escort from that State. There he told his North Carolina friends good-by and looked his last on the Old North State.

HELPS TO STUDY

As you know, the French people helped the Americans win the Revolutionary War. The best known of the French officers who served in America was Lafayette. Many years after the war, he visited the United States and was received with great honor everywhere.

Tell all you know about the part the French took in the Revolutionary War. Tell what you have heard of Lafayette's visit to America.

COLUMBIA'S REPLY TO FRANCE

"We therefore ask that the mortal remains of these young men be left here with us forever. We inscribe on the tombs: 'Here lie the first soldiers of the Republic of the United States to fall on the soil of France for liberty and justice.' Private Enright, Private Gresham, Private Hay, in the name of France I thank you. God receive your souls. Farewell."—*From the address of a French general at the burial of the first American soldiers killed in France.*

There let them sleep! My first, my fallen sons!

Inter them not where 'serf and 'vassal lie;
But where their valor met the thundering guns,
Far from the sceptered land of savage 'Huns—
There be their dirges sung.

Oh! France, free France, child of a 'Bastille's throes;

'Twas honor on thy battlefield to die!
Commit their ashes to that hallowed close;
But blend not with thy 'requiem of repose
One note of servile tongue!

Each drop of blood that crystaled on thy sod;

Each dying groan that rent the 'putrid air;
Each "good-bye" whispered to the trampled clod;
Shall burst 'florescent at the feet of God—
Freedom's victorious sacrifice.

**It shall not be in vain their blood was shed;
The flag of Liberty they planted there
Shall not be furled till every despot-head
Shall bend in homage! And to 'feudal stead
The slave and vassal rise!**

**Farewell, ye heroes—Enright, Gresham, Hay;
On far 'Elysian fields you've pitched your tents;
No more the bugle blast, no more the fray,
The weary march, the battle's fierce array—
No more the foe's advance.**

**In that fair realm, beyond the stench of wars,
Where is no dirge, no clash of 'armaments,
Be yours the peace that conflict never mars.
I, on my heart, engrave your hallowed scars,
And yield your dust to France!**

REAB.

HELPS TO STUDY

This is called "Columbia's Reply to France." When General Pershing reached France, he said, in a speech made at Lafayette's tomb, "Lafayette, we are here." That was a brief but forceful reply to France.

Where would the poet have our heroes buried? The Bastille was taken during the French Revolution, on July 14th, and that day is celebrated in France as we celebrate the Fourth of July. Explain "child of a Bastille's throes." The Greeks thought that their greatest heroes were translated without dying to the Elysian fields, where they lived in perfect happiness. Why should these men be "in Elysian fields"?

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY

This address was delivered at the unveiling of the Bartholdi statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," which was presented to the United States by France.

We dedicate this statue to the friendship of nations and the peace of the world.

The spirit of liberty embraces all races in common brotherhood; it voices in all languages the same needs and inspirations. The full power of its expansive and progressive influence cannot be reached until wars cease, armies are disbanded, and international disputes are settled by lawful tribunals and the principles of justice. Then the people of every nation, secure from invasion and free from the burden and menace of great armaments, can calmly and dispassionately promote their own happiness and prosperity.

The rays from this torch illuminate a century of unbroken friendship between France and the United States. Peace and its opportunities for material progress and the expansion of popular liberties send from here a fruitful and noble lesson to all the world. It will teach the people of all countries that in curbing the ambitious and dynastic purposes of princes and privileged classes, and in cultivating the brotherhood of man, lies the true road to their enfranchisement. The friendship of individuals, their unselfish devotion to each other, their willingness to die in each other's

stead, are the most tender and touching of human records; they are the inspiration of youth and the solace of age; but nothing is so beautiful and sublime as the spectacle of two great peoples of 'alien race and language transmitting down the ages a love begotten in gratitude and strengthening as they increase in power and broaden their institutions and liberties.

For unnumbered centuries to come, as liberty levels the people up to higher standards and a broader life, this statue will grow in the admiration and affections of mankind. The rays from this beacon, lighting the gateway to the continent, will welcome the poor and the persecuted with the hope and promise of homes and citizenship. It will teach them that there is room and brotherhood for all who will support our institutions and aid in our development; but that those who come to disturb our peace and dethrone our laws are aliens and enemies forever. I devoutly believe that, from the Unseen and the Unknown, two great souls have come to participate in this celebration. With the faith in which they died fulfilled, the cause for which they battled triumphant, the people whom they loved in the full enjoyment of the rights for which they labored, fought and suffered, the spirit voices of Washington and Lafayette join in the glad acclaim of France and the United States to liberty enlightening the world.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

HANDS ALL ROUND

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee and love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs!
O speak to Europe through your guns!
They can be understood by kings.
You must not mix our Queen with those
That wish to keep their people fools;
Our freedom's foemen are her foes,
She comprehends the race she rules,
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our dear kinsmen in the West, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

This morning as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial 'salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good-morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said; "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice; "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in the Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million 'peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer."

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letter to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!" Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am nothing more than its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart-breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when workmen do an honest piece of work, fitting rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, 'garish, and full of that 'egotism that blasts judgment.

"But, always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldiers and 'dreadnought, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of to-morrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

HELPS TO STUDY

How is each person "a flag maker"? How can you help to make the flag? What does the flag say it is? How does a flag live a "changing life"? What kind of deeds make it "strong with pride"? What kind make it droop?

OUR CAUSE

From the speech made at the opening of the war, April, 1917.

We are now about to accept gauge of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad to fight for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples—for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our rights. It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity toward a people nor with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has

thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

WOODROW WILSON.

WHEN THERE IS PEACE

“When there is Peace our land no more
Will be the land we knew of yore.”

Thus do our 'facile seers foretell

The truth that none can buy or sell

And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,

Shall we still strive for gear and store?

Will it be Heaven, Will it be Hell,

When there is Peace?

This let us pray for, this implore:

That all base dreams thrust out at door,

We may in loftier aims excel

And, like men waking from a spell,

Grow stronger, nobler, than before, *

When there is Peace.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A VISION

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares
and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not
lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn
war any more. But they shall sit every man under his
vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them
afraid; for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken
it. For all people will walk, every one in the name of
his god, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our
God for ever and ever.

MICAH.

DICTIONARY

a bom' i na tion: loathing; hatred.

ab horred': detested; strongly disliked.

ab stract' ed: a b s e n t - minded; dreamy.

ac' cla ma tions: praises; loud applause.

ad judged': awarded; bestowed; decreed.

ad mon' ished: warned; reproved.

ad' ver sa ry: opponent; enemy.

Ae ge an (e ge' an): a sea between Greece and Asia Minor.

Ae ne' as: a hero of the Trojan war and one of the legendary founders of Rome.

Ae' son: father of Jason and former king of Iolchos.

af firm' a tive: that which assents or agrees to something.

a gape': wide open; yawning.

ag' gran dize: to make greater.

Ai' e tes (i): king of Colchis and son of the sun.

Alain Chartier (a' lan shar' te a): a French poet and historian of the Middle Ages.

A la mo (a' la mo): a Spanish mission in San Antonio, Texas.

a' lien: foreign; strange.

am' a teur (tur): one who carries on some pursuit for pleasure and without pay.

am' bushed: hidden behind bushes or trees.

a mends': satisfaction for wrongdoing, or for something lacking.

an: if.

An gou leme (an' joo lame): a city of France.

a non': soon; presently.

an tag' o nist: opponent; adversary.

ap palled': terrified; shocked.

ap pease': to make quiet; to calm.

ap pa ri' tion: form; appearance.

ap' pel la tion: a name usually given by common consent.

arc: a curve.

ar' ma ment: weapons or equipment used in war; fleet of war vessels.

ai mo' ri als: coats of arms.

ar' o mat ic: having a rich or spicy odor.

ar' ro gant: very proud; haughty.

as sail' ant: one who assails or attacks.

as sured': confident; not afraid.

aug ment' ed: enlarged; increased.

aus tere': grave; rigid; severe.

au thor' i ta tive: positive; commanding.

av' a rice: love of money; miserliness.

a vaunt': begone; go away.

ax' is: axle; the support on which a body turns.

Az' ra el: the angel of death.

bale' ful: malignant; evil.

bas tile' (teel): a fortress; a strong outwork.

Bas till' (teel): a prison in Paris.

be guiled': deceived; deluded.

be nef' i cent: kind; helpful.

ber ser ker: a Norse warrior who fought with great fury.

biv ouac (biv' wac): temporary camp.

blithe: happy.

Bow ie' (boo' i): Colonel James, inventor of the bowie-knife.

bra va' do: swaggering; impudent boldness.

Bri' mo (bre): a witch huntress.

Cai ne' us (ki): a Greek hero.

ca jole': to fool; to flatter.

can' jiar: a scimitar or curved sword.

ca pa cious (ca pa' shus): roomy; holding a great deal.

car' a coled: turned in a zigzag course.

car a bi neers': cavalry.

Cas til' ian (yan): relating to Castile, in Spain.

cas' u al ly: by chance; accidentally.

cat' a mount: a wildcat; a species of small panther.

celes' tial ardor: divine fire; holy enthusiasm.

Con taur (sen' ter): a fabled monster, part man, part horse.

Chal ci o pe (kal ki' o pe): wife of Phrixus.

Chal' y bes (bees): mythical iron-workers.

cham' ber lain: the chief attendant on a king or noble.

Char le magne (shar' le man): King of the Franks, later Roman emperor.

Chi non (shi' non): a town in France.

Chi ron (ki' ron): the wisest of the Centaurs.

chron' i cler: a historian; one who records facts by dates.

Ci pan go (ci pan' jo): Japan.

Cir ce: a sorceress.

Coeur de Lion (kur' de leon): the lion-hearted.

Col chis (col' kis): a country on the border of the modern Armenia.

come' ly (kum): good-looking.

com mis' er a tion: pity.

common cause: the cause of the Swiss against the Austrians.

com pla' cen cy: self-satisfaction.

com pli' ance: yielding; doing what is wanted by another.

com pre hen' sive: extensive; full
com pul' sion (shun): being forced to do something.

Con' go: the largest river of Africa.

con' tro vert: to oppose in debate; to contradict.

coun' ter scarp: a raised place opposite a breastwork.

croft: a small field.

cross: mixture of blood, as in a half-breed.

crown: an English coin worth \$1.25.

crup' per: the looped strap that goes under a horse's tail.

cu' bit: a measure a foot and a half in length.

da' is: a raised platform.

dal' lied: loitered; idled.

Dam' a scene: made in Damascus.

- Dau phin** (do' fin): the eldest son of a French king; the heir to the throne.
- de cliv' i ty:** slope.
- de crep' it:** enfeebled; broken down.
- def' er en tial ly** (shal): respectfully.
- de' i ty:** a god; a divine person.
- Del phi** (del' fi): a town in ancient Greece where was a famous oracle.
- de lu' sive:** deceptive; misleading.
- de ri' ded:** mocked; ridiculed.
- de tach' ment:** a body of troops.
- dex' ter ous ly:** skillfully.
- di ls' ted:** enlarged; extended.
- dis pas' sion ate ly:** calmly; quietly.
- dōm' i neer ing:** acting the master.
- Dom re my** (dōn' re my): a village in France.
- Don Quix o te** (ke ho' te): the hero of Cervantes' novel of the same name.
- ~~dread' nought~~** the largest kind of battleship.
- Dul cin' e a:** the lady of Don Quixote's devotions.
- Du rin da' na:** the magical sword of Roland.
- dy nas' tic pur' poses:** ambition of royal families.
- eaves-dropper:** one who overhears.
- eer' y:** weird; scary.
- ef fec' tu al:** efficient; capable of doing something.
- ef fi ca cy** (ef' i ca si): ability to do something.
- e' go tism:** constant thought of self; self-consciousness.
- ell:** a cloth measure, 45 inches in length.
- e lude:** evade; baffle.
- E lys ian** (e liz' yan): a paradise of Greek mythology.
- em bold' ened:** made brave; encouraged.
- en cum' bered:** hindered; weighed down.
- en fran' chise ment:** freedom.
- en hanced':** increased.
- er' rant:** adventurous; chivalric.
- erst:** first; formerly.
- Eu mae us** (u' me us): a swine-herd faithful to Ulysses.
- Eu ryl' o chus:** one of the companions of Ulysses.
- Eux ine** (yoox' in): the Black Sea.
- ex' al ta tion:** raising up; elevation of spirit.
- Ex cal' i bur:** King Arthur's sword.
- ex' or cism** (sizm): the ceremony of driving out evil spirits.
- ex ter' mi na tion:** total destruction.
- fac' ile** (fas) **seers:** ready or fluent prophets.
- fain:** gladly.
- feint' ing:** making mock attacks.
- fas' ci na tion:** charm; strong attraction.
- fe ro' cious** (shus): fierce; savage.
- feu' dal:** of the Middle Ages.
- five-shilling piece:** about \$1.25 in United States money.

flag-bird: the Napoleonic standard
had an eagle on the end of the
flag-pole.

flor' cent: budding; bursting
into flower.

for' mi da ble: dangerous; power-
ful.

free boot' er: a soldier who plun-
ders.

gall: bitterness.

gam' boge: a gum resin used in
paint and medicine.

gar' ish: gaudy.

Gau court (go' coor): a French
officer.

Goef frey (jef' frey).

gib' ing (jib): sneering; mocking.

gi gan tic (ji gan' tic): immense;
huge.

Gilles de Laval (gil de lav al'): a
French noble.

glebe: the soil.

Glor' i a in Ex cel' sis: "glory in
the highest," a Latin psalm.

Go i to (go' ee to): a town in
Italy.

gor' y: bloody.

guise: likeness.

gust: relish.

Gu tier rez (Gu tee' rez).

Ha' des: the Greek world of the
dead; used sometimes for hell.

hap' less slug' gards: unfortunate
drones or lazy persons.

har' bin ger: forerunner.

hau' berk: a coat of chain mail.

hedg' ing bill: an instrument used
in cutting wood.

Hel' le: a child in Greek myth.

he red' i ta ry: passing from fa-
ther to son.

hight (hite): named.

hog' get: a sheep after the first
year.

hor' rent: bristling.

hos til' i ty: act of war.

how' itz er: a short cannon.

Huns: an ancient people of Mon-
golian blood who overran Europe
about 400 A. D.

hyp' no tize: to put into a kind of
waking sleep.

hy poc' ri sy: insincerity; preten-
sion to virtue.

Im mor' tals: the gods.

im pas' sive: unmoved; entirely
quiet.

im' pi ous: profane; ungodly.

im pos' tor: one who assumes a
name or character not his own.

im' po tent: feeble; lacking in
power.

im pre ca' tion: a curse.

im preg' na ble: proof against
attack.

in can ta' tion: the saying of mag-
ical words to bring about a spell.

in con sis' tent: disagreeing; con-
tradictory.

in' dis crim i nate: without mak-
ing exceptions.

in dom' i ta ble: unconquerable.

in ert' ness: lifelessness; heavi-
ness.

in' fi nite (nit): boundless; beyond
measure.

in stinc' tive ly: without fore-
thought; naturally.

in sur mount' a ble: incapable of being surmounted or overcome.
in' ter na tion al: relating to several nations.
in tre pid' i ty: valor; fearless conduct.
in vent' ive: good at contriving things.
I ol chos (e ol' kus): a country of ancient Greece.
is' o la ted: separated; placed alone.

jar' gon: a dialect; a language peculiar to some small group of people.

Jes' e bel: wife of Ahab, king of Israel; a name for a fierce, wicked woman.

jousts (jasts): combats with lances.

jo' vi al ly im pe' ri ous: genially insistent; jolly but firm.

ju' bi lant so lem' ni ty: solemn joy.

Kill-deer: the long rifle of Hawk-eye, the hero of *The Last of the Mohicans*.

kitch' en-knave: boy employed about the kitchen.

kitch' en-vas' sal age: kitchen servitude.

Lahire (la' eer): a French commander of the Middle Ages.

lam' en ta tion: loud grieving; wailing.

Lan' gous ous (gwer): inactive; listless.

lat' i tude: distance north or south of the equator.

leal (leel): loyal; faithful.

Le cerf agile (ash' eel): "the nimble deer." or "the bounding elk."

leech: physician.

leered: looked with impudence.

liege (lej): lord to whom one owes allegiance.

limn (lim): paint; picture.

lin' e a ments: features; the face.

lists: a field for knightly combat.

lit' ter: a conveyance.

ma lev' o lent: evil.

man' i fes ta tion: a showing; a revelation.

mas' cu line ret' i cence: silence of the male.

Me a cul pa (Latin): "my fault"; "I am a sinner."

Mec' ca: birthplace of Mohammed and sacred city of Mohammedans.

Mel ech Ric (mel' ek): a name given by the Turks to Richard the Lionhearted.

men' a cing: threatening.

men' di cant: beggar.

Mich ael mas (mik' el mas): the feast of St. Michael, September 29th.

min' a rets: lofty towers.

Min' u an: the name of a race of Greek heroes, the same as Min-yne.

min' u et: a stately dance.

Min' y ae: a race of heroes of northern Greece.

mit' i gate: to soften; to make milder.

mo' men ta ry: lasting but a short time.

mó men' tum: the power with which a body moves.

Mont' joy and **St. Denis** (den' y): the war cry of old France.

mor' ti fi ca tion: vexation; humiliation.

mu ez' zin: a Mohammedan crier of the hour of prayer.

mu' ti nous: rebellious.

na' tion al i ty: the people of a country; the country to which one belongs.

nig' gard ly: stingy.

N' Ko Ke to (nuh ko ke' to): "it does not matter," in an African dialect.

non-com' pos ser: a word formed from *non compos mentis*, meaning "mentally deranged."

nu' cle us: kernel; core.

O con' os to ta: head chief of the Cherokee Indians.

O lym' pus: a mountain north of Greece, the home of the gods.

om' i nous: foreboding evil.

op' po nent: adversary; enemy.

or' a cle: a place where prophecies were made; also the prophecies.

ord' nance: cannon.

or' i flamme (flam): a standard; ensign in battle.

Or phe us (or' fe us): son of Apollo and the great musician of Greek myth.

out raved': overcome in raving or shouting.

pa' gan: heathen.

pal' a din: one of the twelve companions of Charlemagne.

pal' a ta ble: pleasant to the taste.

par' si mo ny: stinginess.

Pe nel' o pe: the wife of Ulysses and queen of Ithaca.

Pen' te cost: a festival commemorating the descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost.

pe' on: a laborer in Mexico or South America.

per emp' to ry: positive; decided.

Per' se us: a hero of Greek myth.

per sist' ent: persevering; unchanging.

per' ti nac i ty (nas): perseverance; persistence.

pet' u lant ly: crossly; peevishly.

pha lanx (fal' anx): a close order of battle.

phi los' o pher: a lover of wisdom.

Phrix us (frix' us): a Greek hero.

peque (peek): vexation.

pla ca' ted: softened; appeased.

po' lar star: north star.

pol troon': a coward.

Pol' y phe mus: the largest of the Cyclops.

poop: deck at stern of vessel.

por tent' ous: threatening; gloomy.

pre' con cert ed: arranged beforehand.

prod' i gal: lavish.

pro dig ious (pro dij' us): enormous; immense.

prone: projecting; inclined to.

pro trude': to push out; to project.

pu' trid: rotten; spoiled.

pyg' mies: dwarfs.

quar' ter: a school term.
quesu (ku): a braid of hair; a pig-tail.
quer' u lous: cross; fault-finding.
ra pac' i ty: greediness; habit of seizing things violently.
re' as sured: renewed in courage.
red sticks: warlike Indians.
re frac' to ry: obstinate; stubborn.
re' gal: royal.
re lent' less ly: pitilessly.
rem' e gade: one who deserts his country, or side, to go over to the enemy.
***re pris' al:** any retaliation.
re qui em (re' kwi em): a hymn for the dead.
res' o nance: resounding; sending out sound.
rej' i nue: train of attendants.
reversed' arms: guns upside down.
rites: solemn ceremonies.
riv' en: split.
Rod ri' go San' chez (shez): one of Columbus's companions.
Ron ces val les (ron' se val' les): a vale in the Pyrenées Mountains.
reun' de lay: a song.
Rox' i nante: Don Quixote's famous horse.
ru' mi na tion: brooding thought.
run' ning a' muck: rushing out in wildness or frenzy.
ruth' less: cruel; merciless.
sa' gac' i ty: wisdom.
sag' a more: Indian chief.
sal' ly-port: a gate in a fort.
sa lub' ri ous: healthful.
sal' u ta tion: greeting.

San Ja cin' to (sin): a town in Texas.
sanc' ti ty: holiness.
san' guine (gwin) ex' pec ta tion: looking forward with confidence.
San' ta An' na: a Mexican president and general.
sar don' i cal ty: sarcastically; sneeringly.
scoff of sa' ges: joke of wise men.
scul' lion: kitchen menial.
se date' ly: quickly.
Se nor (sa nyor'): Spanish title corresponding to Mister.
se pul' chral: dismal; gloomy; suggestive of the grave.
serf: a kind of slave.
ser' ried: compact; in close rows.
shep' py: a sheep-pen.
shift: manage for yourself.
sig' net: a seal.
si gnor (se' nyer): Italian word for "Sir" or "Mister."
sim' per ing: smiling; smirking.
sor' tie (tee): a rally of troops from a besieged fort.
sov' er eign (soy): a British coin worth \$4.87.
Spar' tan: a person of great fortitude, like the Spartans of old.
spas mod' ic: jerky; at intervals.
spir' it lev' el: an instrument which measures the evenness of a surface by means of alcohol.
St. Mi cha el (ka): the chief of archangels.
sto' i cal: showing indifference to pain or pleasure.
stanch: true.
suav' i ty (swav' i tee): smooth politeness; softness.
sub merged': plunged under water.

subtle (sut' el): crafty; cunning.

suc'cor: help.

su'per nat u ral: above nature.

sup'pli ant: one who asks for something.

sur'coat: a garment worn over armor.

sus'tenance: that which supports life.

swooned: fainted.

sym bol'ic: representative.

sym met'ri cal ly: well proportioned.

sym'me try: good proportions.

tam'bor: Eastern drum.

Te lem' a chus (kus): the son of Ulysses.

te na'cious (shus): holding fast; unyielding.

te nac' i ty: fixedness; a strong grip.

teth' er'd: confined.

Thra'cian (shan): a person from Thrace, north of Greece.

thrall: a slave.

Ti phys (te' fiz): the pilot of the *Argo*.

to' tem: the emblem of an Indian tribe.

tran'sient (shent): momentary; a thing of a day.

tri bu'nal: court of justice.

trod wa'ter: moved the feet with the body erect.

trun'cheon (shun): the shaft of a spear.

tu mul'tu ous: riotous.

tur'bu lent clam'or: shouting; riotous noise.

U lys' ses (sees): king of Ithaca.

un per turbed': undisturbed; calm.

un prec'e dent ed: without example; something new.

un sa'vor y: disagreeable.

un scathed': unhurt.

un sieg' a ble: not to be besieged.

un wa'ry: off guard; careless.

up braid'ing: reproving; scolding.

u surp' er: one who seizes authority not his own.

van: a wing.

van'tage ground: a superior position.

var'let: a footman; the word also means "knave."

vas'sal: one who owes allegiance to a lord.

Vaux (vo).

ven'er a tion: respect.

vi'anda: food.

vik'ing: a Norse sea-robber.

vin dic'tive: revengeful.

vi'o la tion: a breaking; transgression.

viz'or: front piece of a helmet.

vul'ner a ble: capable of being wounded.

wa'ri ly: cautiously.

wench: a girl; a female servant.

wise a cre (a' ker): one pretending to great wisdom.

withes: bonds; ropes.

Xan thip pe (zan tip' e): wife of Socrates, and a noted scold.

Yen' gee: Indian word meaning "Englishman."

Yuletide: Christmas.

